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HENRY HOLT HAS A GOOD TALK

An Octogenarian Editor Discusses Digestion and Indigestion, Politics, Books and Many Things

A Review by
HENRY B. FULLER

GARRULITIES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN EDITOR. By Henry Holt. 460 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

WHEN an octogenarian sits down to his writing his first duty is to tell how he became one. So thinks Mr. Holt; and having seen his duty, he does it—does it in his very earliest pages. At the outset we get intimate and confidential paragraphs on digestion and indigestion, on exercise and hygiene, on drinking and smoking, on the alimentary canal and on the advantages of sprawling after the manner of the ancient Greeks. Then, the octogenarian having had an opportunity, the editor follows with his.

The editor shuffles along in an individual fashion that is at once careless, informal, colloquial and self-assured; and the reader willingly shuffles along with him, interested, amused, edified and highly content. The advantages enjoyed by the man past eighty over the youngsters who are still lingering in the callow seventies are set forth by the author himself. "The three years following eighty probably amount to as much as the nine years following seventy," he says. Here, finally, self-distrust is dissipated and self-confidence is installed: after eighty a man may have a free, assured hand in the exposition of all his views, opinions, fads, fancies, prejudices, experiences and recollections. No reader will be found to deny that Mr. Holt has taken full advantage of his situation.

Before very long, then, we meet with Henry Holt hectoring Yale—the Yale of the later '50s, yet with an eye, perhaps, on the Yale of a nearer date. He scores a Puritanism that lingered too long, with its recurrent "revivals" among the undergraduates; and he is severe on the mediævalism of the secret societies and on the agonizing "infamies" of Tap Day. In college he was a recalcitrant, rebelling against it all "from my innermost soul to the ends of my fingertips" (nor has he quite lost the gift of going against the grain since then); and he was not slow in arranging for himself an outside Pantheon which quite contravened the academic life and thought of the day. The Jupiter in this Pantheon was Herbert Spencer—John Fiske and Edward L. Youmans were closely flanking and supporting figures—perhaps the Vulcan and Mercury of it; while above them all spread, of course, the grand firmament of Evolution, with a new Valhalla-like rainbow that promised everything. In later years, with an experience widened by a life of journalism and publishing, this Pantheon underwent enlargement. Edwin L. Godkin and Francis A. Walker—he of Technology and the Census—were added; but Spencer, supported by Fiske, his chief follower and disseminator in the United States, remained Jove through all. When Mr. Holt can plump for Law he will listen to little about Providence; and when Lord Bryce, in a private letter, writes that American admiration of Spencer is not shared by English philosophers and historians, Mr. Holt is ready, publicly, with a tart and bristling answer. If the philosophers think lightly of Spencer, that is because of the "high-priori in their blood"; while as for the historians—well, how much, we wonder, did contemporary chroniclers think of Socrates and Aristotle? Consider twice, then, before causing an old man's world to shift and tremble beneath his feet!

The middle section of Mr. Holt's book pays formal homage to his "Four Great Teachers." Here we meet hero-worship in its most attractive guise; here loyalty, generosity and an admiring yet discriminating sympathy hold full sway. Walker, economist and statistician though he was, still warms the cockles of the octogenarian heart and starts the juices of appreciation coursing on their way. Admiration for Godkin seems to rest on a basis professional rather than broadly human, and here some of the discriminations become rather close:

> Godkin, I have always suspected, came [to America] to escape social tyranny. He could not brook social inferiority, or even the ascription of it. Had he been born in the peerage, or near it, I believe he would have stayed at home. * * * He cared as much for social position as for intellectual position, and, happily, he achieved it.
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> In England there was the risk of going in to dinner behind some Duke, even if that Duke were "but a foolish boy." If he went in behind anybody in America that might be because he went in behind everybody—with the hostess on his arm.

But for the dinner parties of today—alack and alas! Wine brushes up the wits; but as for "cold-water feasts"—out upon them!

> In America dinner parties have been largely wiped out by people who never saw one. Prohibition has not only hamstrung the festive board, but has sent the hip-pocket flask not only to them but to the balls and the races and the athletic games. * * *

Yes, Mr. Holt, as one who, toward the end of a long life, has learned how to live, is outraged, and says so.

Other things come to stir his indignation and to interrupt the pleasant flow of reminiscence. As a publisher he is troubled by the recent slump into pornography. Some of the books that lately have "successfully passed through the courts" seem to him worse than the ill-famed literature of the Restoration. How squeeze out these without suppressing our cherished Rabelais and Boccaccio—to say nothing of Shakespeare and the Bible? Why, that ought to be "simple enuf," says Mr. Holt in his reformed spelling; "the law would accomplish its purpose if limited to books first publisht within fifty, or even ten years of the objection." And, truly, why not?

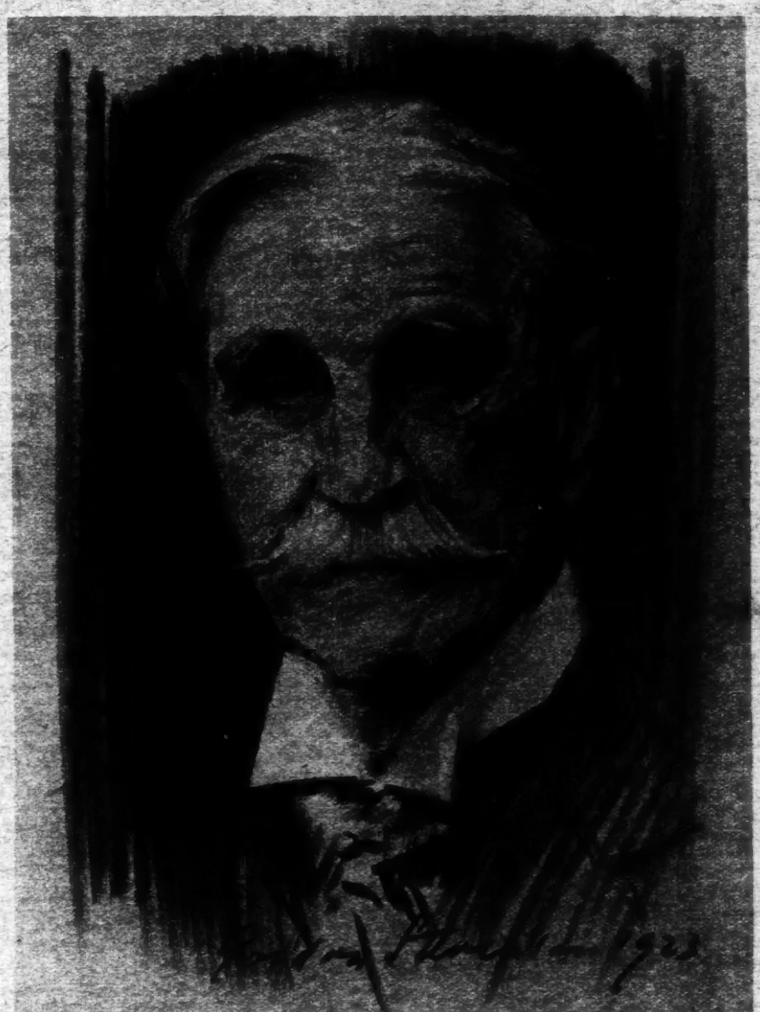
Also, he is dissatisfied with the still-persisting method of teaching Latin and Greek. Few, he says, expect to write or speak these languages, or to understand them when spoken. The general expectation is only to understand them as printed. Why, then, bother about moods and tenses and the prepositions that govern the dative? The original texts contain all these various features carefully inserted and arranged by competent native authors; so why not take them and enjoy them as they are, without struggling through a briar patch of "perplexing subtleties"? Who, save educators holding vested interests in the classics and determined to use works of literature as means of discipline, will say him nay?

There are some equally positive pages on spelling reform (as would be expected by any former reader of The Unpartisan Review); and indeed a certain measure of reformed spelling is employed throughout the present volume. "A few nationalized spellings drop into it," but not when our author is especially addressing our reason (rezon) or our feelings. He follows the recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board, yet adds, on his own responsibility, certain new forms, such as "bixes," "larj," "nolej," "offis" and "peopl." And all the consecrated reasons accompany.

Mr. Holt even attacks the decimal system. Others have favored the change to a duodecimal system, with the introduction of two new numbers between 9 and 0; but he himself has had dreams of a scheme which should involve "a change of the radix of numeration from ten to eight"—halving, quartering and so on, one supposes. However, he reluctantly confessed that it is enough of a job to get the metric system and a world's decimal currency without continuing to yearn over the virtually impossible.

Readers of the same "Unpartisan Review" (the "Unpopular Review" during its earlier days) will recall Mr. Holt's devotion to psychical research. He congratulates himself on the fact that today the psychological researchers are not persecuted, as the early evolutionists were, but are at worst merely laughed at as a set of inoffensive idiots. And he still remains loyal to James, Myers, Hodgson, Sidgwick and Crookes, who have now passed beyond, as well as to those who continue the work on this side of the veil.

Our author also hews a decisive line in economics. On the question of capital and labor he agrees with Walker, and with Mallock, that the workman's maintenance and the capitalist's property would not exist at all if the capitalist (or "enterpriser") were not there. As for those who simply see labor at work and say that "property is robbery," and for those who would adopt that gentler form of appropriation called the minimum wage, Mr. Holt taxes them with wanting the gate money without playing the game, or of playing the game without the leader. Employers have their feelings, and printers' strikes may have left their sting. Concluding chapters deal with such concerns as remain big and permanent—(*Continued on Page 27*)



Henry Holt.

From a Drawing by Gordon Stevenson.

Current Fiction Heroes

"I have seen some pictures, that, like 'The Covered Wagon,' are really fine."

By HAMLIN GARLAND

AS the father of two daughters and the uncle of various nieces I have followed with keen interest the public debates, sometimes humorous and sometimes bitter, over the loss of decorum in dancing, the growing indecency of the theatre and the inclination of men and women toward the vocabulary of the barroom and the morals of the roadhouse. In this line-up between the preacher and the manager I find myself, strange to say, on the side of the preacher. I find myself out of key with many of the present-day writers of criticism as well as of fiction.

Last year I had occasion to read some twenty or more of "the leading novels of the year," many of the scenes of which were laid in New York City, and this season I have been studying the American plays on the New York stage, and I confess to a feeling of weariness and disgust. The "young radicals" in fiction and the drama have driven me—temporarily—into the ranks of the conservatives.

I admit to certain old-fashioned prejudices. I don't like to see women smoke, and I don't like to hear them swear, even in plays. I am saddened when I find them writing (or defending) pornographic fiction, or performing as actresses in debasing dramas written by men. As an individualist I grant women equal rights with men, but I am not pleased when I see them taking on the vices of men. That kind of individualism seems a reverse, not an advance.

As I walk the pavements of Fifth Avenue, meeting swarms of young girls in flesh-colored stockings, with bobbed hair and painted lips, I wonder what their ideals of womanhood can be. On what model do they form their manners? What kind of mothers will they make?

In a recent issue of the Theatre Magazine I found the answer to this question stated powerfully and fully. It is especially valuable, for it comes from a man in the thick of this debate. Under the heading "The Red Lamp in the Theatre" he propounds these questions:

> What is the matter with the theatre? Who or what is to blame for the blight that has fallen upon it? Why is it gradually losing its importance, and at the same time the sympathy and support of people of taste and intelligence? * * *
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> The drama today is a reflection of the condition of the world as left by the aftermath of the great war. * * * The idle, profiteering, thoughtless public wanted to be amused * * * the playwright who could attract and entertain the mob became the lion of the hour. He gave them plays in which prostitutes were the heroines. * * * The red-lamp district was transferred from the "Tenderloin" to the stage. * * *
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> In better, saner times the red light symbolized danger—a leprous spot to avoid. * * * In America we are more progressive. There are no red lights in our side streets, but they burn—even more brightly—on our stage! The prostitute—that is the character our rapid-fire, up-to-date dramatist prefers to exploit for the fattening of his bank account. The youth just out of college, the virgin of blushing sixteen is shown the life of the harlot in all its unsavory, hideous details. * * *
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> These managers and authors say they give the public what it wants—but is the fare provided really what the public wants? Is not there another public, the public which flocked to see "Abraham Lincoln"? * * * Is it true that we want filthy plays? * * * After all, the great majority of the people are clean and right thinking. As to the libidinously inclined minority, they must be taught to stop thinking along prostitute lines. Wantonness, waste, jazz, gambling, drunkenness—all that is part of Satan's curriculum. * * *
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> A certain class of women playgoers like to see the prostitute on the stage. Perhaps they see in the hectic heroine what they might have been in other circumstances. *Weak, unmoral, barren by principle, they let their empty-headed daughters imitate the harlot in dress and manner*, and their sons go to ruin for her.

The italics are mine, but all that the editor says of abortive heroines upon the stage can be applied to present-day fiction.

The woman libertine is in process of glorification in book as well as in play. Robed in scanty silks and covered with jewels, she is depicted on the stage and scenes as living in ease and luxury without labor. To the shopgirl she must appear the supremely worth-while person. She has nothing to do with the grimy work-a-day world. She is entirely without purpose save that of selfishly enjoying herself—a parasite upon those whose toil keeps society moving slowly upward away from the brute, and her lovers are of the same purposeless type.

That such plays, such stories, are profoundly affecting the manners of our boys and girls cannot be disputed, and New York City is the chief centre of this baleful influence. The scenes of these stories, these pictures, these plays, are usually laid in the resorts of New York City. Managers are not friendly to plots laid in other, and especially inland, cities or towns, and magazine editors more and more demand similar themes and similar heroines.

The worst of this situation, to my mind, lies in the fact that New York, no longer predominantly American, is the jury of final appeal. Seen from the Middle West or the South, Manhattan is a city of aliens, with a vast and growing colony of European peasants, merchants and newly rich who know little and care less for American tradition. I also feel this. After being away on a lecture trip in the interior, I return each time to Manhattan as to a foreign port. The people in the street appear mean in stature and brutal in manner. It is in the small towns of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois that I overtake the vanishing America of my youth.

It is an occasional investigation of this sort which leads me to deplore the agencies which are sluicing out upon the youth of the village the moral filth of the city. Everywhere I go I find the Victrola belching the brazen clang of jazz, screaming the suggestive songs of the music hall and bawling the off-color jests of the Broadway cabaret. The "popular" magazine, with its flashy illustrations, its Arrow-Brand-Collar heroes and its "daring" heroines, is on every news stand, while the moving picture house offers the villager and the farmboy inspiring glimpses of the doings of New York's underworld. It is in this way that certain agencies of our great metropolis exploit and corrupt the small town.

No doubt I shall be called hopelessly fossilized when I say that I cannot endure the modern dances. It is not a question of religious precept with me, it is a question of decency. These grotesque movements (I am told) came up from the low dives of the South American harbors. "They are in effect a mixture of the jungle and the red-light resorts of Paris," one expert declares. This I can well believe; certainly the nudity of the women and the action of the men would indicate such an origin. I find them not only ugly but subversive of all that civilization has built up in the way of modesty in women and dignity in men. This, too, is an aftermath of the great war.

After reading a tableful of our illustrated magazines and making a round of our hotels and theatres, a stranger would naturally conclude that we are a nation of jazzers, lounge lizards, gourmandizers and profligates. Several of our distinguished visitors from Paris last year found our public dances shocking. What they thought of our plays and moving pictures I have not learned.

I resent the implications of such New York plays and New York pictures. Their characters are not American in the deeper meaning of the word. The men and women who made America, who cleared the forests, founded cities and established schools did not dance suggestive dances to the sound of a jazz band. They would look with amazement and disgust on the heroes and heroines of the present day sensational plays and books. Such literature does not make for a vigorous and forward-moving America. There is no saving grace in such drama as that which the editor of the Theatre Magazine so competently describes.

In this campaign of national corruption the motion-picture managers are admittedly the worst offenders. A few months ago in answer to a challenge I started out to see what was being shown on the screens of upper Broadway. For several afternoons I wandered up and down the street. In every house I found the same cheap appeal, the same scenes of rape, adultery, seduction. In the first picture a young man was paying off one woman in order to marry another. On the next screen a noted actor was lending his talent to a sweet and lovely confection which appeared to consist of a series of abductions, for frenzied girls were being throttled and thrown one after the other into dungeons. In other houses similar idyls were being shown to silent throngs—not one of these screens presented nobility, repose, reflection or natural grace. It was all false and some of it was base.

After several afternoons of this sort of thing I went home, depressed, musing on the audiences which supported this industry—I refuse to call it an art. I do not say that all pictures are of this low level. I have seen some that like "Robin Hood" and "The Covered Wagon" are really fine; but having had several of my own novels put on the screen, I know something of the scenario writing and something of the haphazard methods of production. However poetic the scenario may be it must pass through the director's lips and take its color from his personality, and I know something of the mechanical character of the acting. Only in exceptional cases is the production one of love for the art.

The influence of bad film dramas cannot be overstated. They not only pervert in their own field, they tend to distort the perspective of the writers of fiction and the spoken drama. The commercial success of the picture-play has set the young authors of the country to "jazzing" up the short story, and many of the serials of the popular magazines are now written with an eye to their subsequent use upon the screen. Thus aside from its pictures of vice and crime, the moving picture creates cheap fiction, cheap manners and cheap "stars," who become the adoration of millions of our boys and girls.

In trying to account for these qualities in our fiction and our drama I am led to remark that we cannot leave out of the problem the fact that for many years we have maintained an open gate toward Europe. We have permitted almost unrestricted immigration from the Old World with the result that we have, in all our large towns and cities, huge masses of undigested alien citizens whose presence is our greatest problem in education.

A recent statement puts the number of illiterates at nearly 2,000,000. Other millions can write and read a little. That this enormous population of foreign-born city dwellers has profoundly affected our moving-picture industry, our stage, our press and our fiction is incontestable. It may be said that the moving-picture house is their school, the illustrated paper their textbook. That they should also come to influence the publisher of fiction is inevitable.

In short, our fiction and our drama are in process of being Europeanized. The themes and the method of treatment are increasingly alien to our tradition. Since the war the number of our writers who are imitating the French, the Norwegian and the Russian has notably increased. Half the plays on our stage this year are said to be adaptations of farces from Vienna and Paris and several of our younger novelists are bringing to our fiction that eroticism which has so long been the peculiar province of "the French novel." In others the brutal plainness of speech of certain Scandinavian writers and the pessimistic animalism of modern Russian novelists appear, while many of the English novels imported by our publishers are of the decadent quality of Matisse and Archepenko. Design is lost. The sense of humor which should be a corrective, is absent. It would seem that we are importing the vices and not the virtues of Old World art.

All this is deeply antagonistic to me, for while not precisely a puritan, I come of New England ancestry. I was born on the border and lived there till after I was 21. My people were serious-minded folk. They rose early and worked late, giving little thought to their own pleasure. Their main concerns were the education of their children and the laying up of a small store to provide against old age. My father and my uncles were clean-lipped and chivalrous in their attitude toward women, and my mother shirked none of the duties and responsibilities of life either in her home or in service to the community. Our neighbors were of similar strain and like character.

Without doubt my outlook on life and art is colored by the bare-walled pioneer cabin in which I spent my boyhood. I concede that fact. I make no apology for the qualities I derived from that home of a transplanted New Englander. Perhaps, in my writings, I have overvalued the hardihood and chivalry of the men of that time and place but I certainly have not overstated the patient, uncomplaining heroism of those wives and mothers. With such a background it is natural that I should look with dislike upon vicious farces and the ape-like antics of the dance hall.

Most of the novelists who wrote of the Midland before the great war were somewhat similarly circumstanced, and their books are concerned with the men and women of the America I knew. They stand for right living and a sturdy faith in human progress. There is nothing decadent or cynical in William Dean Howells or Mark Twain. With all his rough humor Clemens's books are wholesome—and writers like William Allen White, Stewart Edward White, Henry B. Fuller, Owen Wister, Winston Churchill, Herbert Quick, Irving Bacheller and Booth Tarkington are carrying on the work.

Per contra, among the younger writers I sense a quality akin to the jazz band, the modern dance and the moving picture, and while I am willing to grant that each generation must have its chance to state itself in its own way I find myself revolted by an overinsistence on sex themes and by a kind of sad egomania in these writers. Their characters whine and complain and shirk. As poets they are obsessed with their own petty concerns. As novelists they have small sense of humor or proportion, and for the most part they are lacking in sound craftsmanship. After reading a few of them I am filled with a disgust of their futility and I return to Howells with a sense of getting back to broad culture, sanity, humor and good workmanship.

"It is curious," said one of my editorial friends, "how little maternal love enters into the fiction I have been reading lately. You wouldn't know that women ever were mothers." A highly significant observation.

Some of these books spring from the seamy side of war, but for the most part they convey the atmosphere of Greenwich Village which is (to paraphrase an old saying) not a place but a state of mind. States of mind change and these writers will change once they acquire a sense of the comic. They are so deadly serious! So was I at their age and hence I am inclined to think the time will come when they, too, will be elected (like myself) to the old fogies' club.

Indeed, the reaction is already setting in. Long skirts and grandmothers are returning to fashion. To the dismay of the moving-picture industry, censorship has actually arrived. The fathers and mothers of the nation have come to the conclusion that the wholesale vulgarization of youth shall stop. New York State has passed a law creating a Board of Censors, and other States are following her lead. An attempt to "clean up the screen" is being made by a voluntary association of authors, managers and reformers, and the industry is halting in a period of depression and change. No doubt it will emerge strengthened as well as purified. It is too marvelous as a vehicle of true recreation to remain in its present condition. Its reformers have my best wishes.

This improvement is likely to spread to the censorship of books, and, if it does, the publishers will have themselves to blame for it. The theory of a free press, like free speech, has its limits, after all. As we say in the West, "That kind of liberty kin be run into the ground." It is not safe to say "Youth can take care of itself." Education which comes from defilement may prove costly.

I believe in censorship. Over and over again I have been asked to sign a protest against the suppression of some indecent book, but I have always refused to do so, for I am certain that, on the whole, the restraining force is salutary. Censorship is, after all, only the organized collec-

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Present Tendencies in American Literature

Novels Devoted to Information—Criticism the Weakest Part of Our National Writing

By JOHN ERSKINE

AN opinion is widely held just now that American literature is going into a new chapter. For the last ten years we have been attending to the younger generation of all ages, in criticism, in the novel, in poetry, and an audience has grown up of keener sensitiveness, perhaps of more eager hospitality than writers as a whole have ever before found in this country; now comes the inevitable moment of pause, and we wonder, what next? Has the work of this decade been something to build on or something to react against?

The question is perhaps a literary one, more interesting for the writers and for those who are curious about the nature of art than for the average book buyer. The craftsman or the critic wants to know what is excellence in literature in order to attain it or to encourage it, and in particular he asks or ought to be asking at this moment how much of recent writing was sound and how much was only a nine-day's wonder; whereas the general reader need not bother his head about such questions, since in the immense number of books sure to be published he will find at least a few to his taste. It is from the craftsman's point of view, therefore, that I should like to ask what are the present tendencies of our literature, and I should like to suggest the answer of the critic rather than of the prophet.

The most hopeful sign in the literature of the moment is the large number of books, evidently serious in purpose, which find a ready audience. No one will dispute the large number, though some of us may not be sure that the purpose of the novels and the verse is serious. But it is, and it would seem ungenerous to doubt it. In the novels, especially, there is a tendency to get at some important aspect of life, to study some immediate problem or to plead for some fresh sympathy toward a problem neglected or misunderstood. Whether or not this is the right direction for the novel to take as art, it is certainly a serious direction, and a genuine interest in human society may well develop in our day, as it did in the Victorian period, into great novel writing. Twenty years ago we had hardly a dozen novelists whose concern with the life about them was strong; in retrospect the books that pleased us then, "David Harum," for instance, seem now pleasant rather than vital; they avoided the merely contemporary, but they also, for the most part, failed to capture life in its permanent meanings. Some of the novels now widely read are not exactly pleasant, and in a little time they may be neglected, but they show a sense of deep things, whether we choose for illustration Mrs. Wharton's "A Son at the Front" or Fannie Hurst's "Lummox" or Ludwig Lewisohn's "Don Juan." So much is gained, at least, and though the reader of Mrs. Wharton may not perceive the importance of Mr. Lewisohn's theme, and though his admirer may miss the point of Mrs. Wharton's book, yet an impartial judgment would recognize the thoughtfulness in both stories.

Our novels get some of their thoughtfulness from the mood of social inquiry that began before the war and came back upon us with renewed insistence after the armistice. We have cared most for books that could give us information at least, if not light. Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, Waldo Frank, Scott Fitzgerald, whether they know it or not, are all in the same American school of news-bringers—they mend our ignorance about what is happening. And the books that have brought the news without any attempt at fiction have been almost more popular than the novels—J. H. Robinson's "Mind in the Making" or Ludwig Lewisohn's "Upstream."

Yet the fact that the novel has caught so much of its seriousness from this type of book is perhaps a bad omen for the novel. Books that bring information, no matter how serious, are temporary in their appeal, and the great flood of information we have been reading our way through has educated the American public to ask of the novel a service that should be rendered by histories, essays and sociological reports. We are so hungry for news that we expect little else from the fiction we read, and if the book happens to be important for artistic reasons we may overlook its merits. The reviewers of Mr. Lewisohn's novel, for example, praise it for the author's courage or his sincerity in stating the truth about divorce and marriage. Such praise means only that the reviewer agrees with what Mr. Lewisohn says on that theme—as though the book were not a novel at all, but an argument. As a novel the book is not so well told as "Upstream," which has the dramatic movement, the clear-cut characterization, the imaginative illusion of good fiction. The reviewer who praises "Don Juan" for its subject matter is likely to dismiss as unimportant Mrs. Wharton's "Son at the Front," since it concerns the war, of which he did not approve, and the ennobling effects of war, in which he does not believe. The principle of this kind of criticism is the impulse which leads a man to say that Mark Hanna was a more gifted orator than William Jennings Bryan because we don't believe in free silver. Unless we can develop a sensitiveness to the art of fiction as well as to its subject matter, the outlook for the novel in the United States is not bright. There is no great danger that a novel excellent in form but inferior in content will ever be popular; there is no menace in "mere" art. The danger is that the public will grow accustomed to approving badly written books, provided that the theme or the point of view recommends itself to the readers.

Of course the novelist is interested in both the form and the matter; it is the audience, trained to read books of information, convinced of the duty to improve their minds, who give us cause to worry. Among the writers themselves the tendency is observed to dramatize their ideas and let their picture of life prompt in us the reflections which until recently would have been buried at us in undisguised harangues. "Babbitt" was a better book than "Main Street," and no doubt Mr. Lewis's new novel will show a further advance. Mr. Hume's "Wife of the Centaur" is more convincing than the earlier studies of the younger generation, and Elinor Wylie's "Jennifer Lorn" is obviously a work of art, even though the story happens to be smothered under the decorations of it. In many other novels of the past year we have observed a growing play of mind, more imagination, a more complete interpretation of life than we have been accustomed to; the question remains whether the audience will recognize such merits and encourage them.

In verse the situation is very much as in fiction, except that the poets of the last ten years have been less successful in finding serious themes. Their grasp of form has been nothing to boast of, and the things they have written about have been on the whole trivial. They had the great misfortune to be heralded by a stupid propaganda, and the verse-reading public has grown accustomed to notice, not whether a poem is good or bad, but whether it belongs in this school of verse or that. The novelists were more fortunate or more sensible; having something to say, they said it, and in general they abstained from critical controversy over their own work unless they were attacked. Whatever has been said for Mr. Dreiser's books or for Mr. Cabell's "Jurgen," came as defense, not as propaganda. The poets, however, began by advertising their wares, by attacking the poets who wrote before them and those who wrote now in any manner not like theirs, and by improvising crazy theories of poetry which could be illustrated in their own work but in the work of no other great masters. Out of the resulting excitement over free verse and formal verse we have learned how to argue in a personal and smart fashion, but we have not learned how to write nor how to criticize. One good thing remains—the widespread desire to write. After hours of reading poor manuscript we sometimes doubt if so much poetic ambition is a good thing for civilization, but in spite of our weariness it probably is; the artistic impulse is a sign of sanity, a sign too long absent from the routine of our pioneer lives. But now that the vogue of facile free verse has died down, we must be prepared to sit by in patience while the radicals of yesterday learn how to write sonnets. Sonnets have followed the "Spoon River Anthology"; ballades and triolets are feared later. Sonnet-writing, like swimming, should be mastered in early youth. There is something pathetic in seeing the middle-aged attempting such exercises. Just now the embarrassment is the greater because free verse permitted a career even to those who did not know how to pronounce the words they used. But though a mispronunciation is safely hidden in free verse, it protrudes painfully from any formal rhythm; when a sonneteer rhymes "these" with "vagaries," the best you can hope is that he intended the poem to be comic.

As far as I can see, American poetry must now begin all over again, with the one advantage that a large number of people are eager to write, and perhaps to know something about the art. It will be a long time before we can forget the false distinctions between the "new" poetry and the old, and can attend quite naturally to the essential differences between good poetry and bad. We must learn the technique that will fit what we have to say, and first we must get something to say. Mr. Masters had it in the "Spoon River Anthology," and he found also the right technique for the subject; I think he found an equally fine subject in "Doomsday Book," but the technique did not well fit the theme. Mr. Robinson has always found rich subjects, and sometimes an adequate treatment of them; how beautiful a poem his "Lancelot" is!—worthy, I think, to be read with the best narrative verse in the language. Mr. Frost has succeeded more than any one else in appropriating to himself a peculiar subject matter, and he is valiant in defense of the manner in which he writes his stories. I always feel the poems deserve a less casual and conversational treatment, and knowing as we all do the passion for his subject and his art which animates Mr. Frost, I still expect him to do master-work in a great style. Miss Millay's art is perfection in its kind; if we were discriminating readers we should know what the kind is—we would not say, as Miss Lowell did the other day, that Miss Millay is a writer of love poems, a writer less intellectual than some of her contemporaries. Miss Millay's subject matter is irony, and she has the genius to combine the irony with a passion for beauty and for life. If she seems less intellectual to Miss Lowell than she does to me, I believe in my heart it is because she can say lucidly just what she means. I have long feared that the "new" poets took their ideal of the intellectual life from Rodin's "Penseur."

These poets seem to me the ones who emerge from the last decade with an influence adequate to carry on into the next chapter of American art. Others of genuine ability, like Mr. Sandburg and Mr. Lindsay, are still experimenting; how they may settle down to write at last, no one can foretell. What we pray for, in all of these gifted people and in the youngsters who are rising fast, is a greater disposition to sing of the ideals their people want, to reveal us to ourselves by imagining what we passionately love. The novel throws light on life by studying it, poetry criticizes it by loving it. The bad theory of the new verse has misled the poets into writing as though they were novelists—they have portrayed the world they live in, in the physical sense, and have somewhat neglected to set down the more intimate world of our aspirations, our interests, our inner needs. Much of what we have been reading has been poetry seen in reverse, like a piece of embroidery on the wrong side; by looking at the America Mr. Masters does not like, in "Spoon River Anthology," we can guess the America he loves but won't tell us—the world he really lives in. But again, the audience may prefer the wrong side of the embroidery, the picture that comes as scandal and therefore as news. We shall see.

From what I have said it will be clear that I think our criticism the weakest part of recent American literature. From the elder generation we have had a few admirable critics still with us, but they have rarely said much about the new books. One critic of the first order, George Santayana, has won recognition in the last ten years; but he was already a distinguished philosopher, and he is the product of European rather than American culture. I mention him less to praise his beautiful writing than to remark that the growing appreciation of his work is quite the best hope I know for our art of criticism. Is it possible that we shall imitate his serene courtesy, his precision, his justice of word and phrase, his gift for seeing the subject in its largest relations? Two or three younger men follow his example with variations—Stuart P. Sherman, acute and vigorous defender of the Puritan tradition (Middle Western style); Carl Van Doren, the most competent historian of recent American fiction, and Van Wyck Brooks, a less vigorous, even at times a plaintive, champion of the life of art and the life of reason. Not many of our critics besides these—and I have taken a liberty in counting in Mr. Santayana—are at all distinguished for competence of style, for any wide acquaintance with books, nor for the temper that makes criticism just or profitable. For the rest, criticism has become with us a form of propaganda or a form of book advertising. Among the propagandists friend praises friend and foe knifes foe; "tell me the name of the author and the name of the reviewer and I'll tell you what will be the review—no need to read the book." Unfortunately, in this school of criticism the critic often feels it unnecessary to read the book; the name of the author gives him his cue. And the persons in the publishing house who attend to the jackets on the books, with their impartial disclosures about their contents, are also busy bringing the right reviewer and the book together. I doubt if this practice is harmful to the public; the puffing of books is so overdone that the public has learned to protect itself—or else the public is too dull to injure. The harm is to the author, who in our country rarely gets a review, favorable or otherwise, from which he can learn anything about his craft. The criticisms of one book do not help him to write the next.

If we could order these things according to our private convictions, the writers would probably ask first of all for a competent and unprejudiced critical tradition, and next for an audience that would appreciate the beauty with which a thing is said as well as the substance of the remark. The writers may or may not get their wish, and on that unsolved question depends the immediate future of American literature.

"Criticism has become with us a form of propaganda—friend praises friend: 'Tell me the name of the author and the name of the reviewer and I'll tell you what will be the review.'"

Our Theatre, Past and Present

A Vagabond Profession Now Respectable Even in This Country

A Review by
H. I. BROCK

OUR AMERICAN THEATRE. By Oliver M. Sayler, Author of "The Russian Theatre," &c. With twenty-five illustrations from drawings by Lucie R. Sayler. New York: Brentano's.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA: From the Beginning to the Civil War. By Arthur Hobson Quinn, Professor of English, University of Pennsylvania. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.

THE spectacle of an American theatre that crowds all the Roaring Forties along Broadway, Manhattan, with playhouses given over largely to foreign play writers has been viewed with admiration and alarm by many innocent citizens of a country which so carefully avoids the contamination of entangling foreign alliances. Theatres happily outside of Manhattan, all over the country, are likewise, if to a lesser degree, affected by this alien invasion. Now comes Oliver Sayler, whose origin lies in literary Indiana, but who has latterly been studying the Russians in their indigenous Moscow and their adopted New York, the Germans both there and here. And Mr. Sayler starts in to write about "Our American Theatre."

It is as much as to say that the theatre at least is ours. But not that only. Mr. Sayler discovers also "the American dramatist," whose name is Eugene O'Neill, and our American stage designers, who are Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson and Norman-Bel Geddes. These latter, it is admitted, have somewhat monopolized the fierce white light which in the interest of art and justice alike ought to be diffused about the premises for the benefit of the players and the play. But the reason is that they have been willing to learn—to take their cue from the innovating foreigners—while the playwrights have for the most part been like the Bourbons.

Yet at least two of the three designers are native in the strictest Yankee sense, and the one playwright who (in Mr. Sayler's arrangement) does not lag is native enough in spite of an Irish name, a stage ancestry, voyages before the mast and a penchant for Provincetown and Greenwich Village. Also (for what it is worth) two of the designers are Harvard men, and even O'Neill has a flavor of Harvard, having devoted a Winter to study with Professor George Pierce Baker, who (at last) has set the academic stamp upon a vagabond employment which even Shakespeare had not before been able to make safely respectable.

The gentleman from Indiana is quite willing to give credit to Harvard—"or Baker decked out with Harvard's crimson hood"—for this mercy: "From Athens, Ga., to Olympia, Wash., no son of a Methodist Bishop can be graduated without the knowledge that there is and always has been, and probably always will be, such a thing as a theatre." The saucy creature flourished even in the simple, rugged days of our colonies before the Revolution, as the second volume with which this article deals will lavishly convince the most skeptical.

But there is also the Carnegie Institute of Technology—which despises none of the arts—and Thomas Wood Stevens, who works wisely in some of them.

In lieu of the traveling company which travels no more, Carnegie is Pittsburgh's theatre. On the average of seventy-five to a hundred nights a season any one in the city may see a performance more nearly professional than amateur of a play, classic or modern, foreign or native, comic or tragic, familiar or original, for the price of his street car fare and the trouble to make his desires known in advance. In nine years nearly 210 plays have been presented thus far for a total of 1,200 performances, 50 of which have been new works seen for the first time on any stage.

So much for Pittsburgh in Mr. Sayler's chapter on "The Theatre in the College." Obviously there is life and hope in us, even if our dramatists do "lag." The chapter devoted to these gentry in the book is not, in general, either individually complimentary or collectively encouraging. But, as previously intimated, there remains O'Neill. Already translated and staged in several Old-World languages, he alone of our New World crew can, in Sayler's opinion, be matched with any of the outstanding European playwrights that are being translated and imported for our stage—any of them, from Galsworthy to Pirandello.

As for our producers, they are themselves only a product—a by-product—of things as they find them. The producer "may be an artist, a showman, a business man, a real estate broker, a gambler." But never (or hardly ever) do we (as the Europeans regularly do) "know, grow and cherish the producer as artist."

"Like Topsy and our once-lauded but now forgotten captains of industry, the poor things just growed." As the most energetic builder in a pioneer community becomes by suffrance its architect, so the American showman has become the American producer "of our dramatic art." The theatre was one of the community's gainful occupations. Hardly a business. Hardly a profession. Beset by blind chance and therefore alluring to the "gambler's instinct." Hence P. T. Barnum, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer, the Wallacks, the Frohmans—the tribe of the Elder Showmen. Of whom David Belasco remains as that and something more. And William A. Brady as that and still something else. After the Elder Showmen, their 'prentice boys grown up—George C. Tyler, George M. Cohan, Sam H. Harris, Edgar Selwyn, Al. H. Woods. After them, also, Florenz Ziegfeld, Charles Dillingham and the other beauty show people—though Dillingham's field is wider. And "Lee Shubert and Klaw & Erlanger, wrapped up in the manifold and absorbing intricacies of theatre owning, booking and leasing." So Mr. Sayler.

A so-called younger set seeking new things includes Arthur Hopkins, Winthrop Ames, John D. Williams, Brock Pemberton, William Harris Jr. And last, but not least, there is Morris Gest, an extraordinary figure not to be fitted into any card catalogue. "Host to Foreign Drama," Sayler labels him for the present—the man who "tasted the theatre from the side shows," and who "produced" the Moscow Art Theatre, even though it was Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko who produced the plays in the Art Theatre's repertory.

The author does not conceal a sincere admiration for Cohan (especially the Cohan of "Seven Keys to Baldpate") and for Belasco, whose work has survived and persisted on its own merits through two generations of diverse theatrical fashions.

Particular attention is paid to the Provincetown Players, the Washington Square Players and their heirs and assigns the Theatre Guild, and to the Neighborhood Playhouse—all as examples of intelligent building from the ground up toward the ideal and seemingly for the present unattainable full-grown institutional theatre. To the Provincetown Players, as incubator of "The American Playwright," Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Sayler gives perhaps more credit than most would consent to grant them on their merits. For even allowing O'Neill all the pre-eminence claimed for him (and the more because of allowing it) O'Neill would be O'Neill without or in spite of all the Provincetown Players in the world. Perhaps his arrival might have been retarded. Perhaps his arrival is not so complete, even now, as Sayler would have us think—in spite of the strength that is undoubtedly in him and the difference.

It remains true that the native playwright had his (or her) chance with the Provincetown group as he did not with the Theatre Guild. It remains true, also, that from the point of view of the public the Guild's contribution to the local theatre — imported from abroad though almost all of it has been, and that in approved brands—has been of more importance. Sayler is not the less justified in calling sharp attention to the point that the Theatre Guild does not maintain a repertory theatre and has not, in fact, a stock company—unless Helen Westley may be counted a stock company in herself. However, a nucleus seems to be collecting around Mrs. Westley.

Naturally, after his first-hand studies of the Russians and his conversion to their methods, the author does not miss the true significance and the implied promise of the little Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street. William Archer described it as "perhaps the most delightful of New York's side shows." But Sayler knows that it is more. Born with a silver spoon in its mouth, as it were, the endowment of the wealth and interest of the Lewisohn sisters, it has been from the beginning equipped after the fashion of what the Russians have taught us to call a theatrical "studio"—a training school, workshop and experiment station of all the allied dramatic arts. Sayler likes to think of it "as a laboratory built securely on the ground floor of an ultimate National Theatre, the superstructure of which is not yet even remotely conceived or planned."

There is the vision and the promise of what yet certainly is not.

Made up of collected magazine articles as it is, Mr. Sayler's book lacks form and concentration of aim. But it is full of arresting observations founded upon an extraordinarily complete and living knowledge of conditions and facts of the contemporary stage both in this country and in Europe. It provides a striking contrast to another recent volume on the American theatre, also founded upon a deal of knowledge. The other volume, "A History of the American Drama," deals with a dead past, most of which, except for the purposes of the specialist, might without irreparable loss be allowed to bury its dead decently in oblivion. To be sure, this is the day of the specialist, and he must be served with many scraps of paper.

By those who sit in the critical seats of the scornful, native American drama is apt to be held somewhat lightly. But this very thick and serious book treats as a matter of weight and substance every item. And it gets only so far as the beginning of the Civil War. Professor Quinn is conscientious, laborious, enthusiastic. Not a scrap of acted or written drama produced in this country before 1860 has seemingly escaped him. The quantity of the stuff is appalling. Copious samples carry no conviction of enduring quality in any of it. Professor Quinn thinks otherwise—and says so. But apparently he is of those blessed ones who expect little of their countrymen and loyally applaud all their well-intentioned efforts that do not fall below a very modestly set level.

None the less, it is a useful book which has been compiled, a reliable, solid volume to have around when separate facts are in dispute or in request in what, taken all together, offers a dreary perspective. After all, American drama has had a history reaching back three hundred years. In its actors, at any rate, it has had some high spots. Generally it has had a deal more history than most modern playgoers are even dimly aware of.

Who of such knows that the acted drama in North America goes back to 1606, or a year before the first permanent settlement of Englishmen at Jamestown in Virginia? Here you shall learn the fact. It was a masque written by Marc Lescarbot in French and performed at Port Royal, Acadia. Honors for the first recorded performance in English go to the County of Accomac on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. In 1665 three citizens in that remote country across Chesapeake Bay were haled to court and found "not guilty of fault" in their presentation of "Ye Bare and Ye Cubb." Thus early was had authoritative dramatic criticism from the Magistrate's bench.

William and Mary College students recited a "pastoral colloquy" in 1702 and otherwise indulged in play-acting. Professor Quinn has examined the evidence adduced to show that students of Harvard performed in 1690 the play of "Gustavus Vasa." He acquits them of that flagrant offense to Puritan principles. As late as 1761 David Douglas (the leading actor-manager of the time in America), after a Winter with his company in liberal Williamsburg, "invaded New England, taking with him a recommendation from the Governor of Virginia." But Douglas had to present "Othello" in the disguise of a "moral dialogue" concerning "a young and virtuous wife who, being wrongfully suspected, gets smothered (in an adjoining room) by her husband." Times have changed indeed to permit Professor Baker to make Harvard the head-nurse of the drama.

In those early days before the Revolution and the rise of industrialism, Charleston, Williamsburg and Annapolis, Md., were each better theatre towns than Philadelphia and New York. The folks in these parts were not accustomed—as their more Northern neighbors were—to confuse godliness with long faces. Unlike Queen Victoria, they were willing to

(Continued on Page 22)

Masks as Stimuli to a Mood.

The Apparition Scene From a Design by Robert Edmond Jones for Arthur Hopkins's Abstract Production of "Macbeth."

In the Mountains of Peer Gynt.

Bringing Design Into the Realm of the Revue.

From a Setting by Joseph Urban for the 1915 Edition of the Ziegfeld "Follies."

Six Months of Fictioneering

June to December in the Flow of Novels

By WILSON FOLLETT

HAVE you ever known a janitor who did not promise himself ever so often that he would buy a farm and "raise chickens, or a book reviewer who did not threaten—periodically, as it were—to chuck writing reviews forever and go in for earning an honest living? No more have I. The only trouble with these recurrent fits of petulance—in the book reviewer, anyway—is that they are mostly prompted by silly and smug considerations, rather than by any serious conviction of sin or incapacity. But it was only the other day that I heard a thing absolutely and ideally calculated to make any decent reviewer shudder at the conditions of his calling and yearn for a better way of life.

I am not alluding to the fact that this obituary notice of some novels of the latter half of 1923 has been demanded by the editor of THE TIMES BOOK REVIEW a full week earlier than the date first set, to the consternation of its author and the possible deprivation of a reader or two in whose interest I should have liked to use that week. No. I speak of something better worth recording as a nucleus of revolt.

Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Victory" was published in the United States, I believe, in the year 1915. Not a particularly remote period if you think of it arithmetically; but just try to remember what were the outstanding books of its Spring or Autumn season: who was then heavyweight champion, whether skirts were tight or full, how people danced, what were the current slang phrases, what brand of tobacco you were smoking, and how many pounds of sugar you could buy for a dollar. You will find, I think, that you will have some difficulty in recovering all those thousand realities which make up our sense of a time in which we are actually living. It takes an elderly person, or an exceptionally imaginative one, to project himself easily into a time when "Over There" had not been sung; when there were no Volstead jokes; when Freud, Jung and Adler were almost as little known as Coué; when "flapper" was only a word in H. G. Wells and the younger generation had not cut loose.

Well, there was such an era, and "Victory" was published during it, and "Victory" was reviewed for the first time, so far as investigation reveals, on a Sunday morning toward the close of last month. It was reviewed orally, in my hearing, by a lady in an old-fashioned paneled drawing-room; by a lady who, I think, has never commented on a book for publication in all her life, and who had not even known of the existence of "Victory" within years of the time during which any editor would have dreamed of finding space for a review of it. * * * The year 1915 brought forth, I perfectly understand, a good many columns about "Victory." I remember signing two of them myself and publishing them in "Reedy's Mirror," and finding them expostulated with in another column by Mr. Reedy and wondering which of us it was who knew something about Conrad. It was neither of us, nor was it anybody else; and every line of what everybody wrote might as well not have been written. "Victory" can be proved never to have been publicly reviewed at all. What was said of it in about two calm sentences by the lady in question was so final, so all-inclusive, so unanswerable, and, once said, so obvious as to knock on the head the reviewers' guild and render it astonishing that anything else should ever have been said.

I should like to make a reputation by larceny and at the same time to shift "Victory," for every reader, ton to the basis on which it was written. But, in the first place, I very much hope that the heroine of this episode is going to write to the most eminent of living and practicing novelists to inform him that "Victory" has found, after eight years, its first reader. And, in the second place, I must try to remember that I am dealing with 1923. That I have taken the lesson to heart I shall prove by not reviewing "The Rover" (Doubleday) until 1931, beyond the remark that Mr. Conrad has here provided, after three years of silence, a tale which is sure of its welcome from all those who have cared for either "The Arrow of Gold" or "The Rescue."

There is, however, one more prominent novelist represented in the current season to whom I want to come by the gate of reminiscence—Frank Swinnerton, the author of a really solid, humane and most pleasing novel called "Young Felix." My reminiscence touches the compact novella entitled "Nocturne"—which, published not so very many seasons later than "Victory," was accepted instanter by somebody, and so by everybody, as not only Mr. Swinnerton's masterpiece, but actually as a masterpiece. As a fact, it has two attributes of a modern masterpiece on the formal side — ideal compression and unity of time—and it also has, on the substantive side, a deeper feeling for the idiom, atmosphere and emotional life of its heroine than Mr. Moore ever had for his Esther Waters or Mr. Maugham for his Liza. All of which means that "Nocturne" is an uncommonly fine novel. But a masterpiece is, I take it, a performance which effects the ideal fusion of its formal attributes with its substantive attributes; and that "Nocturne" does not. It starts out to be a prodigy of technique — one of those undertakings which, as Henry James would have said, are condemned from inception to be either "art" exclusively or to be nothing — and, after playing the game almost through according to rules which are of the essence of the modern novel, it commits a wild, incriminating and seemingly wanton aberration from the rules. Having set out to keep within the consciousness of its heroine and, indeed, to maintain her throughout as object, subject, and point of view, it suddenly turns her adrift, adopts another modus operandi, and in effect adds a new subject, with a result about as unified artistically as a fine yacht "converted" by installing a motor. The motor will, to be sure, kick it along; but it has no place in the fine art of yacht-racing — a game which Mr. Swinnerton abandoned with "Nocturne," as if aware of a temperamental lack of adaptation to its requirements, and has not since resumed.

Frank Swinnerton as a Lecturer.

Drawn by Ryan Walker.

All of which means that we are entitled to serious doubts whether Mr. Swinnerton is a modern artist at all, in the sense of having assimilated the canons of the short story and of the lyric in their application to the modern novel—that is, in the sense in which persons so different from each other as Henry James, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Hergesheimer are modern artists. Mr. Swinnerton is, on the contrary, one of those realists whom we measure by purely substantive values, according to the amount and the value of the life which they transcribe in their books, rather than according to their achievement of significant form. "Young Felix" is a fine book because it is a fine and thoughtful portrait of the artist as a young man, because the hero has an interesting temperament and is worth writing about, because every one has a curiosity about the stages by which unsuccessful artists are made into successful producers of commercial advertising, because the situation of a young man who is in love with both his wife and his mother is an interesting situation, because Mr. Swinnerton is one of those writers who cannot be dull—in fine, for any reason you like, except the sheer art of the composition as a composition.

On the whole, most novels are not composed, nor is it in the nature of things that they should be. Rather, they are improvised—strung out by addition. As in life itself, one thing leads to the next, and there is little prevision or control of where the whole thing is going. There will always be the temperament which contends that this resemblance to life is the prime justification of the novel, and the opposite temperament which demands of art precisely the coherence and totality which life nowhere manifests.

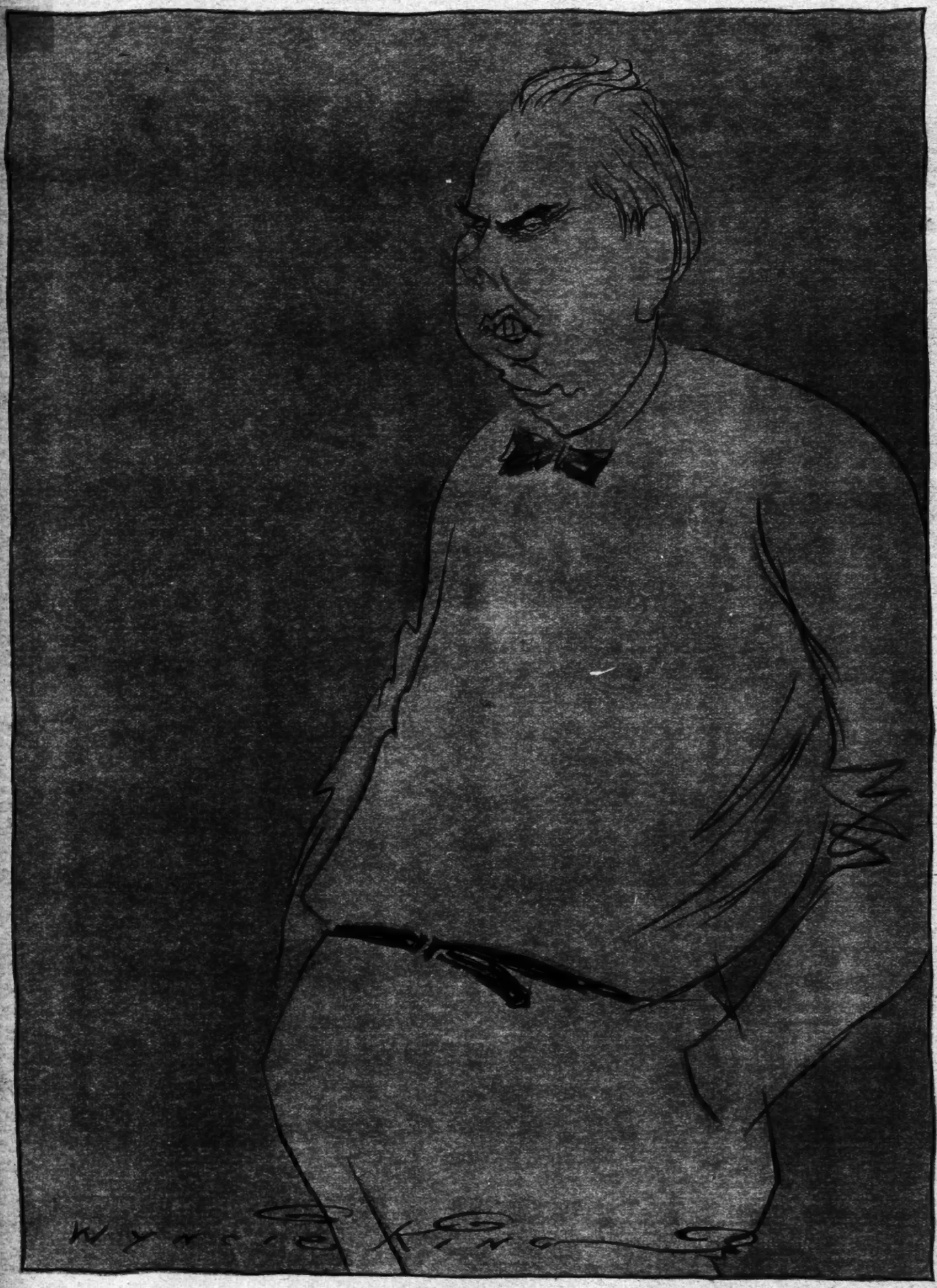
A novel of the recent season which has the naturalness and the complete lack of atmosphere of life is "J. Hardin & Son," by Brand Whitlock (Appleton). The element of distinction here is the portrait of the father, a wheelwright and a hand workman of a generation which put its ideals into the things which it made, and was, for the rest, not articulate. J. Hardin has, to the uttermost, what is called authenticity; but he occurs in a novel as standardized as the mail order wagons which succeeded the products of his shop. Of much the same complexion in respect to realism in treatment of typical aspects of American life are Mr. Meredith Nicholson's conventional story, "The Hope of Happiness" (Scribner), "Luther Nichols," by Mary S. Watts (Macmillan), an author who disappoints the reader by her lack of self-development from book to book, and, possibly a trifle less conventional than either, "Graven Image," by Margaret Widdemer (Harcourt). And, turning from the America of the present to that of the more or less remote past, we find that in "Croatan" (Little, Brown), a romance of the Jamestown settlement, Miss Mary Johnston has abandoned the amazing manner of "Michael Forth" for that of "To Have and to Hold"; also that Emerson Hough, in "North of 36" (Appleton), left a tale which may be put beside his best and most vigorous transcriptions of the realistic romance of pioneering. All of these are, at the worst and weakest, better than respectable samples of some modes which we have always with us—not less in 1923 than in any other year. So are "Jean Hugenot" (Holt), in which Stephen Vincent Benét writes his "Esther Waters," and does it better than in "The Beginning of Wisdom"; he wrote his own particular "This Side of Paradise"; and "Barbry" (Duffield), which shows Henry Milner Rideout perhaps a trifle nearer to recovering the intensity of the stories in "Beached Keels" than we have found him since that admirable and too-little-known volume.

The mention of "This Side of Paradise" reminds me of Mr. Cyril Hume, who, in "Wife of the Centaur" (Doran), takes his place as ranking member of the younger generation in the current season, at least so far as America is concerned. The difference between this and "Antic Hay" (Doran), by Aldous Huxley, is not fairly measured by the young Englishman's immense superiority in wit, in deftness, in the flexibilities, the sudden restraints and extravagances, of style; for the American, with all his occasional violence, his tendency to make up his orchestra exclusively of percussion, is honestly and intelligently interested in human behavior under stress, whereas Huxley is interested in nothing but the production of phantasmagoria for the amusement of the sophisticated and the horror of the prudish. His finished art is sterile, whereas Mr. Hume's rather wild virility bears the indication and the promise of something fruitful.

As clever in its own fashion as "Antic Hay," and as purely decorative in its significance, is "Jennifer Lorne" (Doran), by Elinor Wylie. In this story—which, in a phrase more aptly descriptive than any review of mine could possibly be, its author characterizes as "a sedate extravagana"—the art is in atmosphere, which is that of the mock-serious delicately edged with fatuity. The individual effects are so mild that you wonder what can come of them, but the cumulative impression is distinct and irresistible, in addition to being, under the deliberate archaisms and the eighteenth-century trappings, somehow modern. The magic of this book lies wholly in the tone hit upon and the marvelous consistency with which it is sustained to the end.

Two established artists are represented by works which I shall barely mention here—Mr. James Branch Cabell, who is quite himself in the third of his successive romances of Poictesme, the ironic fantasy called "The High Place" (McBride), and Miss Willa Cather, who, in "A Lost Lady" (Knopf), gives us in a very condensed novel the exquisite but fragile portrait of a weak woman who commits the crowning infidelity of not living up to her own charm. Every reader of novels will find these for himself. On the other hand, he might miss finding "The Puppet Master" (McBride), Mr. Robert Nathan's first novel since "Autumn"—a thing which has all the look of an airy trifle in the Gallic manner, but which unites extravaganza with a deep irony, and both with a deeper tenderness, in the story of a marriage of two dolls of a marionette theatre. With never one word too many, and inside 35,000 words all told, Mr. Nathan fabricates a whole which is as exquisite as the consummate details.

I pass over half an armful of novels which it would be a pleasure to discuss—Ludwig Lewisohn's "Don Juan" (Boni & Liveright) and "The Sun Field" (Putnam), by Heywood Broun, being perhaps the most interesting of them—in order to come, finally, to that one of all the American novels of the season which I personally have welcomed with the most excitement. "Heart's Blood" (Knopf), by Ethel Kelley, has already received plaudits to which I can hardly hope to add anything appreciable; but I can speak as a witness, for I knew a year before it was published that it is a great novel and that it is a great novel by an author who, before it, had made only some excellent little novels. Here, if anywhere of late, appears the very marrow of the thing which, in "Nocturne," goes hardly more than skin deep; here is the fusion of significant form with significant substance; here is the art of which we might say that it costs the giver more than it can ever be worth to him who receives, were it not that to make a thing is simply to fulfill a high and arduous requirement that one imposes upon one's self. If it were possible to avoid the inane suggestion that "Heart's Blood" is in any decipherable way autobiographic, I should like to remark that it is named for what it was written in. Think of a novel of Cape Cod which depends as little on local color and dialect as a Greek tragedy does. Then think of a plot turning on an episode which delighted Boccaccio, a bed chamber confusion which could never have occurred had not one party to it been mistaken in the identity of the other—contrived without the smallest Decameronic flavor, and representing a silently intense woman's self-surrender to the only man whom she has ever loved. Imagine the further irony of her having to receive this man as a proxy for her nearest friend, his wife, in order to protect him from the shock of knowing his wife's infidelity. There you have the nucleus. Miss Kelley makes the woman tell her own story before her self-inflicted death—a story without one false touch; an inevitable death. Such books do not come often. When they come, they stay.



Theodore Dreiser

A Caricature Drawn From Life by Wyncie King.

Mr. Dreiser Passes Judgment on American Literature

"We Have No Substance Today. We Have Very Little Today"

By ROSE C. FELD

H. G. WELLS, Arnold Bennett, D. H. Lawrence, Hugh Walpole, Joseph Conrad, Gilbert Cannan, these, says Theodore Dreiser, are the reigning American novelists.

"Americans?" he was asked.

"American," he replied and smiled sardonically.

It all came up in an interview in which he spoke as frankly and amazingly about many things, pseudo-realism in America, faulty criticism, sex and the domination of the Anglo-Saxon ideal.

The writer called him on the telephone to make definite the appointment he had promised.

"Come along right now," he said, and gave his address.

The house was one of a one-pattern row on a street near Washington Square. There were several names on the door-plate, but not that of Theodore Dreiser. Yet the address was correct. We rang and apologized to the middle-aged woman in boudoir cap and slippers who opened the door. We explained that we were certain we were wrong, but would she help us. Theodore Dreiser did live there, she told us—one flight down. She directed us down a row of dark stairs. We saw an open door and wandered through it. A heavy man, with open vest and shirtsleeves, was sitting at a dining-room table. Again we apologized and made inquiries.

"Oh, him," he said, and led us out to the next door. We knocked. A voice answered, and the man in shirtsleeves shuffled off. Mr. Dreiser invited us in. The room was on the street floor, one flight down from the stoop. Years ago, when the house had been inhabited by its original owners, it was probably the dining room. There was nothing conspicuous about it. It certainly did not look like the home of a writing man. In the corner was a washstand with the intimacies of toilet frankly displayed. There was a huge lump of coal in the grate. On the mantelpiece above it sat a fat Buddha. A couch, a table, a couple of chairs and a few books completed the furnishings. It was quite evident that this author was not being pampered. In the course of the interview the reason for it became obvious! The house belonged to his sister. Sisters, like valets, never let their perspectives grow dim.

Throughout the entire interview Mr. Dreiser never once gave the impression that he was nervous. His mind wasn't. Yet his hands kept playing with his handkerchief, which he continually folded and unfolded in accordion fashion. We started him off on the subject of realism and the rest was easy.

"Realism," he said, "is not literature; it is life. That is where most of our present-day writers are making their big mistake. They set out to write a novel of realism and then proceed to ignore life entirely. They choose one dark, dank, ugly corner of life and spend themselves lavishly upon it, forgetting that life consists of many corners and many open spaces. The realistic novel of America is not the torpid, sick neurasthenic novel. Life in America is not like that. It may be like that in Russia, or places where poverty is resignedly accepted as the lot of a mass of the people, but not here, not here. A foreign writer once said to me that people can't be poor in America. They can't stay poor. There is always a push upward. He was right. In the same manner the life, or the soul if you will, of an individual needn't stay poor. If the home life is rotten, the individual can get out. He gets some joy out of his job, his friendships, the whirl of action about him. What I am driving at is the fact that the portrayal of American life does not lend itself to Russian atmosphere, to a Dostoyefsky plot, to Gorki treatment.

"Yet if a stranger in this country decided to get the spirit of the people—the life of the people—through our present day novels, or, say, a goodly number of them, what would he think? This is a people that spends its hours in miserable suffering and useless agonizing. Take Evelyn Scott's 'Narrow House' for one, take a newer book, 'Undertow,' for another. Take Ben Hecht's 'Gargoyles.' These are examples that come to my mind. The first peoples her book with characters that show an intense poverty of physical comforts and a bitter poverty of soul. All hate each other, and they continue living together. It's like locking a lot of people into a pen and torturing them. If that is typical of the United States, I never saw it. It may be true of other countries but it's not true here.

"The same is true of 'Undertow.' The children hate the father, the father hates the children, all hate themselves. They continue to live in a weird dark cellar of life, groping about in anguish, yet not making any effort to get out of the dark and the terror. Now I may be as ignorant as a pig, but again I say that is not American realism. Ben Hecht does the same. It's as though these people consciously made up their minds not to give a picture—a realistic picture—of American life, but to paint something dark and sombre and drab and call that realism. And they paint on a ten-inch canvas.

"I confess there is something interesting about their canvases, small cornered as they are. Their distortions remind you of a Van Gogh, a Gauguin or a Cézanne. You can't tell whether the little canvas depicts Spring, Summer, Autumn or Winter. But it's rather attractive, repellently attractive. I suppose you can call it distorted realism if you are inclined to be kind. Yet the objection there would be, again, that the canvas is not large enough. A person's life cannot be told in a niggardly image of elongations twisting in pain.

"At any rate, one can not get away from the fact that right now we seem to be supporting a school of this new kind of writing. Whether or not there will ever be a master of this school or whether it will grow or die out, I can't tell. It's interesting to watch, however.

"Another school apart from this one and tagging after realism that has come before is the type of novel that fashions itself after Frank Norris. 'West of the Water Tower' is a case in point. Another is Ethel M. Kelly's 'Heart's Blood.' Brevity seems to be the essence of these writers. They use the short-story technique. There doesn't seem to be a person today who is interested in writing a well-rounded life picture.

"Life is larger than they paint it. It's really more gorgeous. If you want a great scene you can't get it in a miniature. The great realistic novels of the past, 'The Idiot,' 'Anna Karenina,' 'Madame Bovary,' 'The Brothers Karamazov,' could they have been written in the so-called present style of realism? Their authors needed breadth and length. They took the trouble to make their picture complete. The little canvases of today will never displace the larger ones of yesterday. They can't."

There was a pause. The handkerchief was let out and again folded meticulously. Mr. Dreiser went on:

"Form is another curse under which American writers are suffering. The critics are greatly to blame for this. A man writes a novel and how is it reviewed?

"'This book is a masterpiece. The hero is described in one sentence.' In other words, the critics don't give two straws about the substance of the book, but confine themselves to singing a paean of praise about its style. What happens as a direct result of this? Every young writer who wants to make a mark confines himself to form and lets the substance go. They strive after a quality of description, an alliterative feeling, 'Gertrude Stein' stuff that all the world considered a joke when it was born and now scrape to it so seduloously. The effect is the thing, the right word, the short sentence. And they're dishonest about it. They pretend at the same time to tell you a story, a life story. They don't.

"Walter Pater was interested in style but he was honest. He spent himself without measure to get the right word, the right feeling. When you pick up 'Marius the Epicurean' today you stick to it not because of its substance, for that is very modest, but because of the form. If you are interested in getting a story—and are honest—you lay the book down and turn to somebody who was equally lavish in giving you details of action.

"We have no Walter Paters today. We have no substance today. We have very little today."

Again a pause punctuated by the white action of his nervous hands.

"I don't like to be criticising American letters so bitterly, but there are so many things wrong with them. Take Irvin Cobb's statement about sex the other day. He said he was sick of the 'garbage' of the younger writers, who act as though they had just discovered sex. He said, I believe, that it gives him great pleasure to lose himself in a book of Emerson Hough or Rex Beach after reading their drivel. Or words to that effect. And the American public swallowed his statement in toto and felt very much better after taking the dose. Here was a man after their own heart.

"I, too, am sick of the exaggeration of sex in our novels of today. But the person who ignores sex is as much of a fool as the person who over-emphasizes it. You can't write a novel of realism and let sex out of the picture even as you can't write a novel full of sex and call it realism. Cobb said that our younger novelists are writing about sex as if sex had just been discovered. As a matter of fact it has just been discovered in American life and letters.

"Up to about 1900 this country was trying to make it appear that there was no such thing as sex. On the one hand there were people who acted, publicly at least, as though sex was something of which they had no knowledge. On the other hand, there were people who considered sex only in the light of crime. American life was built on untruths of this sort. 'The Scarlet Letter' was produced out of the feeling engendered by this blindness to things as they are. Even today you can pick up a paper and read of communities rising in wrath over the presence of a 'Fancy Woman.' It happened in Georgia only several weeks ago. She was publicly horsewhipped and driven out. We're full of that kind of hypocrisy.

"It's hypocritical because just as long as it's hidden nobody does anything about it. People take it for granted that certain things exist. But let a thing lift itself up in the eye of the public and what happens? A storm of abuse and a public horsewhipping. There are places today in the United States where the drama of 'The Scarlet Letter' could be re-enacted. Americans love that kind of thing. They like to see communities aroused to wipe out an evil which every man in his heart knows that he can privately condone. We're a nation of reformers. We like to set examples for our neighbors.

"Many of the younger writers disgusted with this sniveling hypocrisy have swung to the other extreme and do nothing but talk sex from cover to cover. I don't know which is worse. Neither is the truth. Neither is giving the subject its real value in life. Does it take a Frenchman or a Russian or a German to get his proportions straight? I don't know. What I do know is that they have produced and are producing art and we are not. We're not."

"Hamlin Garland, Will Paine, Stephen Crane, Henry B. Fuller, Frank Norris, Brand Whitlock—these are some of the people who could have made a real contribution to American literature if they hadn't been discouraged by the great American fear. Take Brand Whitlock. He can write. But when it comes to writing about women he falls down. He doesn't know how to treat them. They've got to fit into the picture of American idealism. Therefore he always has his men kiss the heroine's hand or touch the hem of her garment. That's not realism. That's not life. Put Brand Whitlock in France or Russia and he'd be a real writer. It's more national than individual, this fear, this reticence."

He looked around his place and smiled. It wasn't hard to imagine of what he was thinking.

"What's the cause of this thing you call fear of looking at the truth? Is it our youth?" he was asked.

"No. No. I don't think so. It's because we take our social keynote from England. And England isn't young. She's old. She's grown old in the tradition that certain things aren't done or spoken about—in public. We follow blindly because we have such a stupid, unreasonable respect for everything English. We don't admit it in so many words. We admit very few truths. But who are the reigning American novelists of today? H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, D. H. Lawrence, Hugh Walpole, Joseph Conrad, Gilbert Cannan. Yes, American. We have no respect for ourselves, for our own thoughts. We have to follow in the footsteps of those who know.

"That's what's put the damper on our own realists. England which writes in English doesn't do certain things. Therefore we can't do them. That's simple. And yet if we had any sense we'd appreciate that England is not famous for her realistic interpretation of herself. Who are the realists of England? Fielding, Smollett, Swift, Shaw, Moore. The first three are rarely mentioned by the man or woman of culture in England and the last two are out of it in polite society.

"Right now England is as poor as we in literature. And yet, and yet, we take our cue from her. Not from France and not from Russia. Not the Russia of the present, if you please, but the Russia of yesterday, the Russia of the great realists. Realism isn't one thing, it is many things. It is life as expressed by the temperament of the writer.

"Turgenev gives you one picture, sombre but full; Gogol another, a laughing one; Tolstoy worked in pain and gives you a novel like Anna Karenina, which is a moral bellyache; Dostoevski paints with a feeling of amazement that things can be as they are; Tchekoff is interested in the artistic problem. Each, however, spares himself no toil in making the picture complete and true.

"But we, we can't do this thing. We can't. Our god is respectability and he says certain things aren't done, or if done aren't spoken about."

As the Uncommercial Traveler

THE COLOR OF A GREAT CITY. By Theodore Dreiser. Illustrated by C. B. Falls. 286 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $3.50.

THERE have been many attempts to catch the light and shade of the City of New York and to transfer it to the written page, as in this new book by Theodore Dreiser. It is a fascinating subject, this vast city, which in every way but governmental is the capital of the Western World. Its life is as colorful as the life of Bagdad in the famed, and largely legendary, days of Haroun al Raschid, and infinitely more varied. And if New York is not ruled by a tyrant who chops off the heads of his subjects without notice, or orders them sealed up in sacks and thrown into the river, there is a tyranny of the city itself, albeit exercised in a more subtle manner, which is none the less heavy, its sentences no less severe, or their execution slower.

No writer has as yet done justice to New York; probably none ever will. The field is too vast for any single mind to comprehend it in its entirety or with that critical discrimination which is necessary to re-create it as a living whole. O. Henry, despite the fact that his eyes were a bit dazzled by the sun of romance, will always remain as the most successful and best-beloved interpreter of that portion of Manhattan's life stream on which he focused his attention. And perhaps O. Henry's success was due in no small part to the fact that he adopted as his watchword what has become New York's best-known slogan—"Watch your step!"

Dreiser has not always watched his step, and the book is uneven. In places he has missed the color he sought for the reason that his eye was not trained to perceive the tints and shades of that locality, or that phase of Manhattan life. But these failures are few. For the most part the author walked familiar ground and interpreted what he saw with authenticity and emotional appeal. Like O. Henry, Dreiser came to New York from another part of the country, so that he was able to view the city's varied and frequently puzzling phenomena with the detachment of an outsider. And in another way, also, he was more than well qualified for the task of this sort of a book: Theodore Dreiser, before he turned novelist, had been a newspaper reporter for many years, having learned this trade in Chicago and St. Louis, and "The Color of a Great City" is written throughout in the easy, reportorial manner that makes for pleasure in reading.

It is impossible to record here the many aspects of New York life on which Dreiser turns his penetrating glance. He ranges from a vanished seaside resort, namely, Manhattan Beach, in the days of the Oriental Hotel, to "Hell's Kitchen"; he writes vividly of the waterfront, of the pigeons in the parks, of the wonder of the ever-flowing rivers that embrace Manhattan Island; he catches the color and the laughter of "Little Italy"; he realizes the pathos of the Bowery Mission, and of the men and women who are ever looking for jobs, who strive valiantly for awhile, and then succumb eventually to the weight of the city—its unseen tyranny—perhaps to give their bodies over at last to the keeping of one of those same rivers. There are thirty chapters—thirty pictures—in the gallery of Dreiser's book, and offering sufficient variety to please any reader.

The keynote of the book is struck in the opening passage of the first chapter, which the author heads with the caption "The City of My Dreams."

> It was silent [he writes], the city of my dreams, marble and serene. It was an amazing city, so far-flung, so beautiful, so dead. • • • And then, after twenty years, here it stood, as amazing almost as my dreams, save that in the waking the flush of life was over it. It possessed the tang of contests and dreams and enthusiasms and delights and terrors and despairs. Through its ways and canyons and open spaces and underground passages were running, seething, sparkling, darkling, a mass of beings such as my dream city never knew.

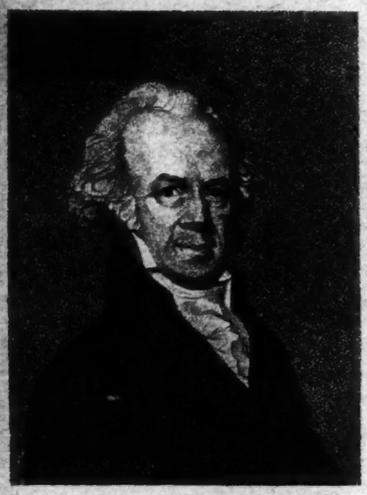
And this is the charm of Dreiser's book—it was always the life of New York which interested this precocious young reporter from the West. But he did not merely view this life, he undertook, in a measure, to live it. "Hell's Kitchen," for instance, he was unable to accept as the sink of the world merely because it was generally so regarded by city editors, on the word of the police. Dreiser went to live in "Hell's Kitchen." Perhaps Dreiser was unfortunate in the time of year he chose for his sojourn; it may have been that the gangsters were tired of murder and had postponed their pastime for a season.

But why they chose to dub it "Hell's Kitchen" I could never discover. It seemed to me a very ordinary slum neighborhood, poor and commonplace, and sharply edged by poverty. But just life, and very human life at that.

There is one notable chapter in which the author turns from life to revel in color and action, a chapter in which he describes a fire among the tall buildings of Manhattan. But mostly he is interested in life. It may be that many readers—since the book is a picture and not a tract—will feel that the author concerns himself too much with the bread line, the unemployed, the pushcart peddlers, the frequenters of the park benches. But it is a book that makes excellent reading; and it is immensely humane. And the illustrations by C. B. Falls are excellent.

Book Printing in America As One of the Fine Arts

Our Birthright, and How We Are Regaining It



Isaiah Thomas, 1749-1831. A Pioneer American Printer.

By FREDERIQUE WARDE

IT is an axiom among the unscrupulous that if you do a wicked thing with sufficient authority and decision in your manner an amazing number of people will submit without protest, and, moreover, that if you take the trouble to quote a few economic theories of the vaguer kind there will be a general impression that you are a public benefactor. In the case of printing an imposition on the public is quite easy, because to make or even appreciate a beautiful book requires that combination of idealism and technical interest that is only developed by education. As a general thing the reader is as unconscious of the printed page that conveys an author's thought as he is of the air that carries to him the sound waves from his dinner gong. "Unconscious," however, is not the downright word that it was in pre-Freudian times. Even when our brain is most intent on an author's thought we may be listening subconsciously to the angry complaint of our eyes at messy printing, at margins that stretch thinly around the page like a reluctant belt around a bulgy waist, and even (if we have been accustomed to beautiful typography) at the incongruity of using certain printing types to give atmosphere to a book. For a book has atmosphere as surely as a symphony has a key; and only popular ignorance has allowed bookmakers to substitute half-hearted discords for true music, at first because it was cheaper and finally out of simple carelessness.

When the steam press began heralding the iron age, its unheard-of speed could not be satisfied by the slow hand processes that papermakers had used for 400 years, so machine-made paper was produced in increasing quantities and decreasing qualities. The procession of inventions that followed contributed in all possible ways to the progress of bookmaking as an industry and to its dreary decline as a craft; but the new democratic spirit was so pleased with the idea of ubiquitous literature that each step was promptly hailed with enthusiasm. Under this artificial stimulus the more original type designers produced grotesque or meagre parodies of letters, while the more sophisticated sort fled to the type faces of a century before, whose quaint courtliness was alien to most steam-driven presses—and printers. The movement started by William Morris in 1890 was in part a protest against the type-composing machine, with its inhuman efficiency, and against the halftone photo-engraving, which required glazed paper. The complacent watchers of the March of Progress were suddenly informed that their books could not be compared to those printed in the fifteenth century, and that they had tacitly put on record their lack of taste and discernment.

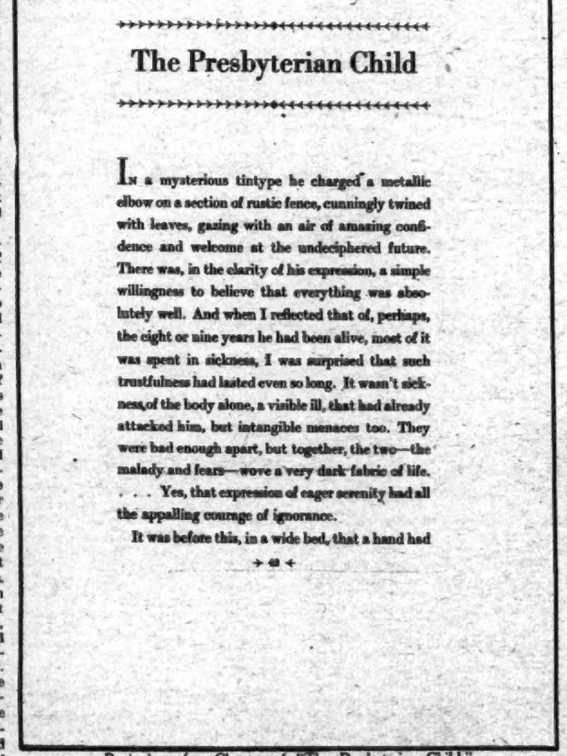
To see why the earliest printing was so passionately invoked as the standard of typographic beauty one need only glance at the history of early bookmaking. In 1450 the manuscript book, written by professional calligraphers and embellished with the luxuriant fancies of the illuminator, had a tradition of beauty that was many centuries old. It is as true of handwriting as of any other occupation, that what every one can do no one does well, for when writing was a profitable art the shaping of letters was reverently studied, and a personal eccentricity in handwriting was considered rather a disgrace to calligraphy than an indication of character. Printing, creeping obscurely on a suspicious world, had to assume the beautiful disguise of the craft it meant to overthrow. The Bible that is thought to be the first printed book (probably the work of Gutenberg in Mainz about 1450), is designed in scrupulous imitation of contemporary Gothic writing, and the extant copies, whether on vellum or on paper, have the same generous margins, the same wealth of illumination, that its prospective purchasers would have expected in a written book. Paper was made from linen rags; the wet pulp was drained on a hand-woven screen by a method which five centuries of experiment have failed to improve. Had these pioneers used such acid-bleached paper as we print on today only shreds of their work would have survived. The types were cast one by one in hand molds and printed on dampened sheets in a hand press, which gave that depth of "impression" which is one of the subtler charms of fine printing.

The German craftsmen who fled from the sack of Mainz in 1462 brought the new craft to other countries. Sweynheym and Pannartz went to Italy and found that the Italian manuscript hand had evolved a rounder letter, nearer the classic model. It was on this model that "roman" type, the letter we commonly use today, was copied and adapted for printing purposes by the Frenchman, Nicolas Jenson, at Venice in 1470. Since that time many type designers have returned to Jenson's letter, unwilling to believe that they could not improve on its simple dignity, yet somehow never quite surpassing it. By 1476 woodcut borders had begun to supplant hand illumination. Black letter grew in favor because it suited the massive folio pages of the period and also took up less space; and time and space counted then, when scholars were clamoring for the restored writings of ancient authors. Aldus Manutius, however, showed printers how to make books both light in color and compact by inventing the "pocket edition," for which he designed a type in imitation of contemporary informal script—the first "italic." This reaction from black-letter formality toward graceful lightness is best shown in the work of sixteenth century French printers, who first reflected and then surpassed their Italian models. The types of Claude Garamond (circa 1540) are distinct, yet not remote, from calligraphic letters. (A present-day revival of Garamond's type was used in Messrs. Grabhorn's "A Rill From the Town Pump," reproduced here.) Woodcut illustration was made to express the clean, frank lines of letterpress printing.

But before the last quarter of the sixteenth century copper-plate engraving had introduced an alien feeling. By allowing great delicacy of shading it dazzled the later printers and made type seem clumsy by contrast. During the next hundred years the men who could have coped intelligently with this new element were forced out of the craft by the bigoted censorships of the Reformation. The Elzevir editions, merely by being neatly printed, attained at this time all the undue fame of a good deed in a naughty world. As usual, however, the mountain gradually moved toward Mohammed; type faces became increasingly thinner and sharper. It was as though a Valkyr were to fall in love with Kay Nielsen and attempt by humble starvation to gain the fantastic slenderness of that engaging artist's creations. John Baskerville, midway of the eighteenth century, found how to put a smooth finish on his paper, so that it would not batter the hair lines of his delicate types. Engraved illustration reached its brilliant climax in France under Louis XV., and printers tried to make their letterpress reflect the sharpness of incised metal. Only material difficulties, not their sense of fitness, kept them from having entire books engraved on copper. The nearest approach to this artificial ideal was achieved by Giambattista Bodoni of Parma at the beginning of the nineteenth century; but the bleak brilliance of his folios was not within reach of the more practical printers. Less perfect but far more human were the imprints of such men as the "Father of American Printing," Isaiah Thomas, whose scholarly enthusiasm left a lasting respect for the art among booklovers in this country. It is well that it did, for during the nineteenth century we were too busy with labor-saving printing machinery to do more artistically than reflect English taste. When, in 1844, the younger Charles Whittingham revived the type designed by William Caslon a century before, American printers turned in relief to the gracious "old style" letter, feeling with their English cousins that after all this was the most suitable type for their common language. ("Dr. Johnson" is printed in Caslon type.)

In 1890 the growing discontent of a group of artists was given sudden publicity by the whirlwind entrance of the poet-Socialist William Morris into bookmaking. The Kelmscott Press was founded by Morris to prove that skilled personal devotion to printing as a handicraft would produce books as richly beautiful as the earliest masterpieces, and as legible (meaning by that not that you could read a page very quickly, but that you could read it with pleasure). Morris's greatest gift to printing was the tremendous interest he aroused among the laity in an occupation which had been placidly accepted as a technical mystery. There is a deceptive simplicity in the rugged Gothic pages of a Kelmscott book that emboldened the book buyer to argue about printing; and once the public is willing to argue and learn, art takes on new vitality. Morris and his friend Emery Walker started a rather exotic Private Press movement in England, from which trade printing rather held aloof; but in this country there was a quick response to the dictum of these two craftsmen: "All books might be at least comely and well-looking; and if to these good qualities were added really beautiful ornament and pictures, printed books might once again illustrate to the full . . . that a work of utility might be also a work of art, if we cared to make it so."

In this sentence we see the start of a new idea, namely, that all printing could be and ought to be fine printing, an idea which until recently received consistent support from only one printing house in America. I refer to the Merrymount Press in Boston, which was established by D. B. Updike in 1893. Mr. Updike may well be proud of the fact that he is "successful" from the commercial point of view, for his office has never made the least compromise with its extremely high standards; if the Merrymount imprint is on anything, from a book to a label, that thing is practically perfect of its kind. To the creative enthusiasm of the amateur Mr. Updike has added a scrupulous attention to technique, so that his work is in every sense professional. Now that the word "craft"



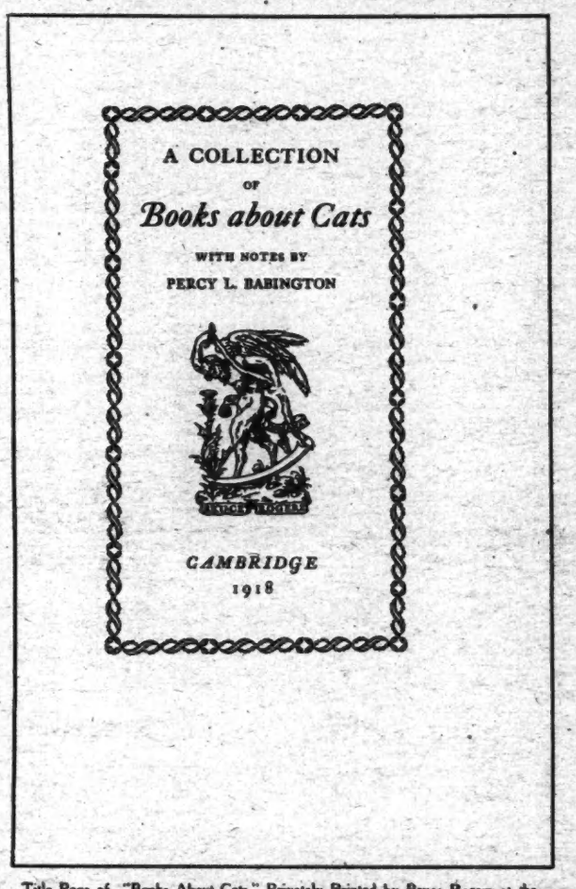
The Presbyterian Child

In a mysterious tintype he charged a metallic elbow on a section of rustic fence, cunningly twined with leaves, gazing with an air of amazing confidence and welcome at the undeciphered future. There was, in the clarity of his expression, a simple willingness to believe that everything was absolutely well. And when I reflected that of, perhaps, the eight or nine years he had been alive, most of it was spent in sickness, I was surprised that such trustfulness had lasted even so long. It wasn't sickness of the body alone, a visible ill, that had already attacked him, but intangible menaces too. They were bad enough apart, but together, the two—the malady and fears—wove a very dark fabric of life. . . . Yes, that expression of eager serenity had all the appalling courage of ignorance.

It was before this, in a wide bed, that a hand had

Beginning of a Chapter of "The Presbyterian Child."

(Alfred A. Knopf.) Designed by Bruce Rogers.



Title Page of "Books About Cats." Privately Printed by Bruce Rogers at the Cambridge University Press, England.

XIII
The Library

In sortem ac libertatem transiens filiorum Dei, qui stant super praesentia et speculantur aeterna.
Thomas à Kempis

THE second discipline of a retreat is the library. The novice might expect to find upon the shelves books of theology and devout learning, lives of saints, treatises upon ethics and such, and little else. He would be wrong. The monastery imposes no such limitations; rather it encourages, if it does not oblige, its inmates to read widely in any or all regions of this printed world, wandering whither they will. Some special literature or topic is advised. On first quitting the World there is likelihood that the recluse is too much under the influence of grief, cynicism, or scorn, and the best way to wash his mind of these impurities and restore it to a state of serenity is to steep himself in far-off things. Take Greek literature, for example. One need be no scholar in order to stumble about and grope one's way in Homer, in Plato, or Euripides, and thereby forget oneself. The strangeness of this Greek language, with its sup-

[91]

Left—Beginning of a Chapter of "Pro Vita Monastica."

(Atlantic Monthly Press.) Designed by D. B. Updike.

Right—Beginning of "A Rill From the Town Pump."

Printed by Edwin and Robert Grabhorn, of San Francisco for Private Distribution.

A RILL
FROM THE TOWN PUMP

NOON, by the North clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of 'town

has been appropriated by designers of lampshades, we are coming to speak of the typographer's profession as we do of the architect's, for in each case we ask an expert to solve certain structural problems by using his acquired knowledge and inherent good taste. Not every architect is so eminent or so secure in his artistic convictions that he will refuse to consider an obviously grotesque suggestion from a client, and most printers are equally obliging. But if you want a rococo bandstand or a book set in some distorted type, you do not search out Charles Platt for the one or D. B. Updike for the other.

At the time when the "Altar Book" was issued by the Merrymount Press (1896) printers generally were revelling in the second-hand magnificence of Kelmscott effects. The "Altar Book," however, in spite of the rich and massive look of its pages, has a deliberate originality that makes it the first distinctive American book of the post-Morris era. The type, designed by Bertram Goodhue for Mr. Updike and called the Merrymount font, was used in the folio Tacitus of 1904, as impressive a production as any private press imprint. But magnificence was not the only aim of this establishment; as Mr. Updike has said: "All work * * * in so far as it is paid for is commercial; and every piece of work may be artistic, which is nothing more than to be so agreeable to its purpose as to appear inevitable." Beautiful editions have been printed here for various publishers, quite without the sound of trumpets, and one can imagine Mr. Updike planning a railway ticket and making a really agreeable thing of it. Among the Merrymount Press's own publications is the "Humanists' Library" series, printed in the Montallegro type which was so happily designed by Herbert P. Horne after a Florentine model. These books, together with the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" (1906), with its title page designed by T. M. Cleland, are particularly valuable as showing how typography can serve to interpret an alien period without getting in the way of the author. Among the most recent books, "Dr. Johnson" (Atlantic Monthly Press, 1923,) gives this same consistent feeling of a past age, yet never merely copies an eccentricity; the book has simply provided a suitable typographic theme for Mr. Updike to improvise on. "Pro Vita Monastica" (also published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, 1923.) is another wise interpretation. The chapter heads in French Gothic type brood over the crisp Caslon text below them in the very spirit of a remoter life. Probably the most famous production of the Merrymount Press will always be "Printing Types: Their History, Forms and Use," written by Mr. Updike and published by the Harvard University Press last year and acclaimed by students everywhere as the classic history of the subject.

The sport of collecting representative imprints of one present-day printer and then waiting for time to vindicate one's judgment is gaining its devotees in all countries just now. The most fortunate players are beyond doubt those who watched, some twenty years ago, for that series of limited editions which were issued by Houghton Mifflin Company's Riverside Press in Cambridge. They were the creations of Mr. Bruce Rogers, whose typographic genius produced from 1900 to 1903 no less than a score of Riverside Press Editions, as well as several privately printed works, each one reflecting a different mood and period, and each one partaking of that curious quality of enjoyableness, that unique savor, which led so many enthusiasts to collect whatever they could find with the imprint "B. R." on it. A Rogers book may be as delicate as the "Sonnets of Ronsard" (1903), in which the text, in Caslon italic, is prefaced by the lacery of a sixteenth century Lyons border on the title page, or it may be as coolly classic in spirit as "The Idylls of Theocritus" (1906); but I have never seen a book designed by "B. R." which gave that feeling of preciosity that is sometimes discernible in English private press works. Mr. Rogers's printing is honest without being too earnest. For one thing, he has generally avoided the archaisms of the fifteenth century, and indicated a preference for the more consistent style of the mid-sixteenth century. The fact that he has twice captured the true spirit of the Jenson letter in designs of his own is explained when we find that he has not treated it as an archaic face at all, but as a design that was far nearer to the sophisticated half of the Renaissance than to its naïve beginnings. In other words, Mr. Rogers speaks practically every typographic language with a native inflection. The most pretentious work of his earlier period was the "Montaigne's Essays" in three folio volumes (Houghton Mifflin, 1903), printed in his gracious Montaigne type, with richly decorated title pages in the manner of Geofroy Tory. A mere descriptive catalogue of Rogers imprints would take more than my allotted space; I can only remark as representative such books as "The Song of Roland" (1906), in which Gothic type was used with hand-colored roundels patterned after the stained glass in Chartres Cathedral; the whimsical "Compleat Angler" (1909), and the Ives translation of Bernard's "Geofroy Tory" (1909), a book which is justly celebrated for the hundreds of beautifully arranged reproductions which have so influenced American designers. After leaving the Riverside Press Mr. Rogers designed the Centaur type face, in which he printed Maurice de Guerin's "The Centaur" in 1915. This is a book which might be called flawless in its beauty were it not that Mr. Rogers is still correcting what he considers defective details in the design of this masterpiece among privately owned fonts. Such books as "A Presbyterian Child" show his treatment of a trade publication which has extra-typographic interest. This and Hudson's "Ralph Herne" were printed for the publisher, Mr. Alfred Knopf, at the press of W. E. Rudge, where Mr. Rogers supervises the printing of most of his work.

The Grolier Club of New York City is now publishing a set of six books, each designed by an eminent American printer at the invitation of the club. The experiment of leaving the printers unhampered to their own devices is interesting; it has already brought out three characteristic books: a demure volume of poems from Mr. Walter Gilliss of New York, a sort of typographic minuet from Bruce Rogers, whimsically executed, and a spirited echo of the Renaissance from Mr. John Henry Nash of San Francisco (the home of those other gifted printers, Edwin and Robert Grabhorn). Of the remaining three books, one will be printed by Mr. Frederic Goudy, who is well known as a type designer; one by Mr. C. P. Rollins, whose imaginative skill is exercised at the Yale University Press, and one by Mr. T. M. Cleland, whose fine work as a printer has been overshadowed by the fame of his exquisite decorative designs. The age we live in cannot produce a decorative artist to match him, because Mr. Cleland is not a product of his time at all. He seems to express at first hand, now the exuberance of the high Renaissance and now the scented sophistication of the eighteenth century. Chronologically, he is the happiest and most incredible of accidents, one for which America may gratefully thank fortune rather than congratulate herself.

The public has learned to resent badly printed trade editions. Popular pressure has resulted in several such ingratiating unlimited editions as Doran's "Jennifer Lorn," this year, or "Maria Chapdelaine," which was printed by Mr. D. C. McMurtrie for Macmillan last year. The Oxford University Press has taken its responsibilities seriously, and even its advertisements in the papers are noticeably good. American university presses here in the East are enlisted in the triumphant minority. Such institutions as the Typographic Library of the American Type Founders Company in Jersey City are educating both printer and reader by showing them beautiful books of all ages. When the reader begins to look on the printing in the new books he buys as a gauge of his own artistic standards, fine printing will come out of the museum.

DOCTOR
JOHNSON
A PLAY
By
A. EDWARD NEWTON, *Esq.*
Author of
The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections | *A Magnificent Farce & Other Diversions of a Book-Collector*

BOSTON
The ATLANTIC MONTHLY *Press*
MDCCCCXXIII

Title Page of "Dr. Johnson."
(Atlantic Monthly Press.) Designed by D. B. Updike.

Gentlemen, the Ladies!

Four Women Writers Who Have Contributed Substantially to Our Literature

By JOSEPH COLLINS

WE have few possessions that do us more honor than our women writers. It would be easy to name a score of women novelists and essayists who are a credit to their country and its culture. Comparisons are still odious, but no one is likely to maintain that Edith Wharton, Agnes Repplier, Ellen Glasgow, Amy Lowell, Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield, Anne Sedgwick, Zona Gale and Edna Ferber have been outdistanced by their male competitors, and if Edward A. Robinson has a superior in the field of poetry in this country it is Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Mrs. Wharton and Miss Repplier are our most precious literary ornamentation. The former has the same mastery of the novel, technique, form and material, as the latter has of the essay, and they are both women of comprehensive culture which supplements their intuitions and discernments. "Ethan Frome" and "The Fireside Sphinx" are as durable as "The Scarlet Letter" and the "Vie des Abeilles." Mrs. Wharton did not begin to write until comparatively late in life. Stephen Crane had captured a degree of immortality with "The Open Boat" when he had scarcely more than half the years she had when her first novel was published. But hers was not a misspent youth. She had done that which even geniuses must do to gather rich harvest from their chosen field. She had observed, studied, pondered and reflected. She called her first book "Decoration of Houses." Thus did she prepare the canvas and develop the background upon which were to be displayed drawing and pigment that would excite the admiration of the English reading world: "The House of Mirth," "Ethan Frome," "Madame de Treymes" and "Glimpses of the Moon."

Amy Lowell.

Photo by Marceau, Boston.

Edith Wharton.

Agnes Repplier.

Ellen Glasgow.

From a Portrait by Prince Troubetskoy.

Her first fiction was a collection of short stories, "The Greater Inclination." They were like semi-precious stones with clean-cut facets and highly polished surface. In the beginning she was wont to restrict the field of her characters' activities to artistic and academic circles, but once she got "The Valley of Decision" off her mind she eluded them.

Her full stride came with a description of a cross-section of New York society when the tidal wave of wealth first swept over it. She called it "The House of Mirth," a novel which is an index of Mrs. Wharton's capacity as a novelist. She can create the genus homo, male and female, but she cannot always galvanize them into life. Her best creations have more head than heart, more mind than sentiment. Hence she is more successful with her female characters. Selden, Amherst, Lansing, Archer, all lack a quality, a composite of many elements of personality; the English have a short, ugly word for it, but in America and France it is called "red blood"; "Ethan Frome" is her only 100 per cent. male child, and his orientation was scarcely up to date, though it harmonized with his environment.

"The House of Mirth" carried Mrs. Wharton's name to Europe, and in her next book, "The Custom of the Country," she took her heroine, Undine, over and introduced her to the Faubourg St. Germain, whose traditions and ethics she knows so well, and to the European cities where rich Americans "font la roue" boast of their possessions and disparage by invidious comparisons those they are seeking to possess.

"A Son at the Front" was a labor of love and of justice. Mrs. Wharton did it for posterity. She has bestowed upon it her care, love, talents and gifts. It is a gem of the English language; each word conveys the idea the author wished to convey. It is cold-blooded, but it has humor and philosophy. Mrs. Wharton's love for France, her admiration for its people and her intimate knowledge and understanding of its actions and reactions are spread through it like honey through a comb. She has not chosen the most creditable types of her own country, whereas her French characters are picked with care and love. It is undoubtedly safe to assume that "A Son at the Front" will be an acknowledged document of the war period; future generations who wish to understand the psychology of the war and to study the life of that period will turn to it as naturally as we turn to the Memoirs of Saint-Simon in our endeavors to understand the Grand Siècle of France.

"Madame de Treymes" is another vivid example of Mrs. Wharton's understanding of France, of the upper class where traditions are ethics and family respect is a standard. It cannot be said that Mrs. Wharton is indulgent to her spiritual country. To be indulgent one must recognize faults and shortcomings: "L'Amour ne voit pas, et l'Amitié ne veut pas voir."

Years ago Mrs. Wharton, like Professor Lynyard of her own creation, eloped with an ideal; to satirize the false interpreters of human behavior. The idea germinated, fructified, matured. We have profited of it. She is the best exponent of the manners and customs of her time that this country has produced.

In her chosen field Miss Agnes Repplier has no serious competitor of her sex. She is the shining example that appreciation and praise do not spoil a strong character. There are few literary lights whose globes have been less bespattered with prejudice, passion, envy and jealousy. She has sailed the seas of interpretative literature for forty years and more without encountering a storm. The log of her journey has been published in a dozen or so small entertaining and instructive volumes. It would be hazardous to say our descendants will read them, but they will deprive themselves of pleasure and profit if they do not. Though Miss Repplier has written biography, history, current comments and "The Fireside Sphinx," which shows she knows the cat as a miser his pocket, her qualifications for the Hall of Fame will be determined by consideration of her essays, and the Committee of Admission will probably give more counts to her late than to her early books. Her literary career has not been subject to episodic interludes of progression or retrogression. It has been one of steady progress.

Miss Repplier's essays have always been distinguished for certain qualities—sane substance, orderly presentation, decorous garb. She presents her thesis and unfolds it tactfully and convincingly, thanks to her common sense and her culture, her humor and her choice of irony in preference to sarcasm. The reader feels that, though she knows the subject under discussion and that she has reflected upon it, she does not pre-empt it. One feels she has listened attentively to the ideas and formulations of others and that her purpose is to illumine, not to settle; to suggest, not to command.

Miss Repplier's first books, published forty years ago, were concerned wholly with literary and allied subjects. It is remarkable how apposite many of her reflections and criticisms are to the present day. Discussing the system of mutual admiration by which a little coterie of writers help each other into prominence, she wrote:

> This delicate game, which is now conducted with such well-rewarded skill by a few enterprising players, consists, not so much in open flattery, though there is plenty of that, too, as in the minute chronicling of every insignificant circumstance of each other's daily lives, from the hour at which they breakfast to the amount of exercise they find conducive to appetite. We are stifled by the literary gossip which fills the newspapers and periodicals. Nothing is too trivial, nothing too irrelevant, to be told.

It is a comfort to know that our ancestors outlived an infliction which we, in its throes, often fear may prove fatal.

Reading has done for Miss Repplier what Bacon said it was capable of doing. It has made her full, ready and exact. She has read widely and discriminatingly and has remembered or annotated prodigiously. The classics and ephemeral literature both furnish her with adorning and enlightening material. Whether she is speaking of Leopardi, of Eugénie de Guérin, Matthew Arnold, Walter Bagehot, W. D. Howells or Edgar Saltus, she shows you the mind of the writer under consideration.

Like the Greek dramatists who wrote their best plays in old age, Miss Repplier's best work is that of her late maturity. "Are Americans a Timid People?" published a few weeks ago, shows her mind has lost none of its prehensible and interpretative capacity and her pen none of its facility to write forceful, graceful English pregnant of thought, laden with common sense and spiced with humor. In "Counter-Currents" she has shown that an exceptional intelligence has been enlarged and intensified by an unusual culture, and that an enviable sensibility had been quickened and deepened by observations of a materialistic and predatory age and reflections upon its ramifications and precipitations. The essay entitled "The Modest Immigrant" in this volume is one of the finest examples of restraint tempered with humor that I know. "Points of Friction" revealed the sane, sympathetic, tolerant individual who had lived with the living and with the records of the dead and had learned therefrom to thrust the key of life dexterously into the lock of destiny's door.

Some of the subjects of that volume, such as "Living in History," "Woman Enthroned," "The Strayed Prohibitionist," indicate that now and then she has held the door open long enough to make a brief survey of the things the future has in store for us. She is a thinker as well as a critic, and her thought has the imprint of originality and her manner of expressing it the tradition of artistry.

It is to be regretted that essays are never best sellers. If we as a nation could take something that would stimulate an appetite for them, as one takes an aperitif to increase the pleasure and profit of eating, it would make for our advantage. We might amend the Constitution to the effect that no one shall be permitted to read more than two novels in succession unless he has read a volume of essays.

Ten years ago the person who said that Miss Amy Lowell was the jockey who would be selected from her sex to ride Pegasus entered for the wide-world race would not only have had his judgment questioned but his sanity. At that time she was tagged with a label bearing upon one side the legend "A Dome of Many-Colored Glass" and on the other:

> When you, my dear, are away away,
> How wearily goes the creeping day.

The self-appointed committee of one to select the mount read the label and passed quickly on. If he tarried, echoes of the strokes of Pegasus's hoofs achieving Mount Helicon ridden by pre-Victorian jockeys sounded in his ears. Miss Lowell, apparently indifferent to the decision, was "eagerly scanning the future which was soon to possess her." The horizon was obscure, but the faint, fleecy clouds of the high heavens made sky writing which said: "Be manly, mandatory, militant, masterful; destroy the drowsy syrups that are medicining the poets of the world to sleep." Like Constantine, she became a crusader. He pledged himself to deliver the Holy Sepulchre, she to liberate Pegasus from the stable where he was being killed by soft hands and stale food.

Her accomplishments of the last decade ("Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," which first indicated her "time" or "class," was published in 1914) have given her "place" in the race. They reveal a wondrous in-

(Continued on Page 23)

Poets Who Sing at the Christmas-Shopping Season

Edna St. Vincent Millay and Three Others Represented in New Volumes

A Review by
PERCY A. HUTCHISON

THE HARP-WEAVER and Other Poems. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. 91 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

CAESAR REMEMBERS, and Other Poems. By William Kean Seymour. 56 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

THE TEMPLE, and Other Poems. Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley. 151 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

STORM IN HARVEST, and Other Poems. By Edward Steese. 93 pp. New York: The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc.

THE poets are unlike the birds in one respect at least—they know no seasons. They sing as gayly when Winter winds howl outside and snows whirl as they do when leaves are young upon the trees or Summer heat lies heavy on the earth. Or perhaps not. Perhaps it is that they compose their song in the more propitious season, but reserve publication for the time when the Christmas shopper is abroad in the land. If the latter hypothesis be the correct one, then the poets were very busy a few months back, for the Christmas list of poetry for 1923 is a long one. To be sure, there is nothing this year to match the little volume of a year ago from the pen of A. E. Housman, but that was not to be expected. Housman's "Last Poems" were nearly, if not quite, unmatchable. Yet the average this Winter is high, and apparently the number of volumes by the home-breds is larger than a twelvemonth ago. Several of these have been on the shop tables for some time, and the echo of their singing has already been transmitted by the critics and reviewers. Others seem to have been more tardy in making their presence known. But not for that reason may they be overlooked, especially since among them are Edna St. Vincent Millay, William Kean Seymour, from overseas, and Arthur Waley, with a cycle or at least the portion of a cycle, from Cathay.

The title poem of Miss Millay's volume "The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems," the composition for which she was awarded the 1922 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, is probably already known to some readers, as it received previous publication in pamphlet form. The poem is exquisitely beautiful in a very wistful and profound sort of way, and even without knowing what poems "The Harp-Weaver" had to contend against, one can be certain none was more deserving of the honor of the award. Miss Millay is most felicitous at pouring new wine into old bottles. She selects the bottles with the eye of a connoisseur; and the wine from her press is distinctive and ingratiating.

For her prize poem the author chose the old ballad form, which she has simplified even further, if that was possible, and to which she has given just the slightest touch of erudition—the result being a "popular ballad" turned precieuse, so to speak. The theme, in reality no newer than the form, has likewise undergone transmutation under the skilful treatment of this poet of precocious imagination and mature intellect. The theme is this same gift of imagination as being worth more than riches, which abstract thesis Miss Millay proves by an objective projection and not by argument.

The little son remembers his mother when he was "knee-high."

"Son," said my mother,
When I was knee-high,
"You've need of clothes to cover you,
And not a rag have I.

"There's nothing in the house
But a loaf-end of rye,
And a harp with a woman's head
Nobody will buy."
And she began to cry.

The night before Christmas, as he was crying himself to sleep because of the cold, he sees his mother, "sitting on the one good chair," weaving marvelous clothes of golden and scarlet threads as her hands hurry over the harp strings. She sings as she weaves. And then in the morning

There sat my mother
With the harp against her shoulder,
Looking nineteen
And not a day older.

A smile about her lips,
And a light about her head,
And her hands in the harp-strings
Frozen dead.

And piled up beside her
And toppling to the skies,
Were the clothes of a king's son,
Just my size.

Miss Millay is a natural lyrist, and if her verse seems at times to be somewhat negligent, it is this very freedom from care which constitutes a large part of the charm exercised upon the reader. In more than one poem there exists an abandon—or a seeming abandon—which is reminiscent of the Irish poets at their best. And since this abandon, this seeming abandon, is, of course, one of the lyric tests, Miss Millay is proved a true poet thereby. Moreover, Miss Millay is able to accomplish the very difficult feat of carrying this negligence, this apparent abandon, this complete freedom from care, over to her sonnets; and this to a degree seldom attained since the days of the Elizabethans, when sonneteering was a graceful art and an end in itself. And even if this complete detachment of the poet from his theme has occasionally been achieved since Sidney and Shakespeare, it had never, so far as the reviewer is aware, been achieved by a woman poet. One cannot imagine Christina Rossetti or Elizabeth Barrett Browning writing that propinquity had urged her on to love and then ending her sonnet with the lines

Think not for this, however, the poor treason
Of my stout blood against my staggering brain,
I shall remember you with love, or season
My scorn with pity—let me make it plain:
I feel this frenzy insufficient reason
For conversation when we meet again.

Miss Millay's fame is growing space; and it is needless to say that she will go far. There is, however, an inherent weakness in poetry which is so purely lyrical as hers—it loses its effectiveness in proportion to its bulk. Simplicity in the mass can come to appear more shadowy than it actually is. For this reason the Irish lyrists lost the hold they would have made secure had their work been less voluminous. Miss Millay shows a deepening of mental powers and a broadening range of curiosity which should enable her to avoid this pitfall if her love of negligent drapings is not given too free play.

William Kean Seymour is an English poet whose verse has attracted comment that is more than favorable in his own country, and who has been making steady progress toward recognition here. His poetry is characterized by that firmness of touch and that carefulness which are the mark of the artist brought up in a land where centuries of predecessors have established tradition through supreme attainment. His poetry is in marked contrast to that of Miss Millay for this reason. This is not to be taken to mean that Mr. Seymour's verse is artificial. But it has a manner, an air, that Miss Millay's poetry lacks. On the other hand, it does not—and for the same reason—exercise the same kind of charm over the reader. Its beauties, and they are genuine beauties, are more studied, they are selected and achieved with a critical sorting. "Caesar Remembers" has much of the hardness of the Roman epigrammatists in its lines, although it may be open to question whether the sentiment is Latin. However, there is no valid reason against a modern's imputing something of the romantics' mood to the ancients, even if they showed little of it themselves. The stony-tempered Caesar may easily have been, and possibly was, a prey to just such a regret as Seymour imputes to him.

Caesar, the proud man,
Sat in his tent
Weary with victory,
With striving spent.

Where the gray Chilterns
Coiled and slept
That hard-lipped Emperor
Vigil kept.

Out on the hill-slopes
His helmed host
Piled stark ramparts
Rimmed with frost.

But Caesar cared not
For dyke and wall,
Faint and remote
Came the bugle's call;

Soft in the shadows
He saw and heard,
A Roman garden
A Roman bird.

"Worlds to conquer!—
But Caesar falls
To add one song
To the nightingale's!"

Soft in the shadows
The tired man heard
A woman's laughter,
A woman's word—

Caesar, shivering,
Heard repeat
Spades on the hillside,
Sentries' feet.

Also in marked contrast to Miss Millay the English poet has a liking for the consonants, but he so groups and places these consonants that his verse, while marching slowly, does not stumble or move pedestrianly. The dramatic sharpness and impact of the short piece entitled "Srâmoman," with the note that it is written for a ballet, is due as much to the sounds of the words as to the words themselves. Srâmoman, dying, calls for the slave girl Saicha to dance for him that he "may pass the Shadows unafraid." But behind the curtain is stationed Srâb with his "curved, monstrous blade," and his orders from the dying monarch and tyrant. The dance ends.

The dance ends. How like a dying bird she flutters!
Goldenly she falls, and shivers, and is still.
"For the soul of Srâmoman pray, O ye people!
The years are sorrows the gods fulfill."

Srâb moves swiftly. The chattering blue monkey
Squeaks, and a girl screams.
"Saicha, arise!
Thy little feet shall go afar with Srâmozan."
The sword smites hissing in a storm of sighs.

Space will not permit quoting from Mr. Seymour's sonnets, which have something of the Meredithian air and manner; or from his nature pieces, with a beauty quite their own. The book numbers but 56 pages, and still fewer titles, but it is a volume having a value in inverse ratio to its size.

The stock musical-show line:—"Queer people, those Chinese," is not better illustrated than by the fact that they were writing poetry before the Occidentals could even lisp in prose. When Arthur Waley speaks in the preface to his Chinese collection "The Temple and Other Poems" of a book of odes the earliest of which seems to date from about the year 1753 B. C., and the latest from the year 600 B. C., the imagination is staggered. It is not this early poetry, however, which Mr. Waley gives us in his third volume of translations, but compositions lying in the main between the seventh century B. C. and the beginning of the Christian era. And Mr. Waley has in this book turned to a form of Chinese poetry with which he has not hitherto concerned himself, namely, the "fu," or ballad. But whereas the ancient ballads of the Western World (if the Western World can, in view of the above, lay any slightest claim to antiquity) are of the folk, and were passed from mouth to mouth for generations before ever they were written down; these early Chinese ballads were a highly erudite form, composed with great care and in accordance with strict rules.

The translator, in addition to rendering into English some sixteen of these "fu," provides a prose preface of sixty pages devoted to a history of Chinese poetry and a discussion of the metrical composition demanded of the ballad writers. Thus the book is one that has educative value as well as affording considerable pleasure. No one who wishes to pass as well read can neglect Chinese poetry now that some small portion of it has been made available in translations that are both accurate and pleasing.

The subject-matter of the several "fu" of Mr. Waley's book shows considerable range, including wine, monkeys, war, love, poverty and the dance. The translator states explicitly that the translations should be read aloud, and not merely scanned by the eye, as he has throughout written with care as to the metrical effect, that being of even greater importance in Chinese poetry than the meaning of the words. Although none of these ballads is long, none is short enough for quotation. Two which offer the widest sort of contrast are the "fu" about the Wansun, a species of small, tailless ape, in which the reader will be surprised at the minuteness of the poet's observation, and "The Ballad of Mulan," written in Northern China during the domination of the Wei Tartars, fifth century A. D.

This late ballad is the story of a Chinese maid who for twelve years fought disguised as a man in the army of the Khan in the place of her father, and because none of her brothers was old enough to go to the wars. The ballad is an epic compressed into three score lines, the whole exhibiting a vigor of imaginative language, power of movement and of searching humanity not surpassed in any one of the English and Scottish ballads. After twelve years of wandering and fighting, when the victorious Khan asks what she desires for reward she replies,

Oh, Mulan asks not to be made
A counselor at the Khan's court;
She only begs for a camel that can march
A thousand leagues a day,
To take her back to her home.
Arrived at her home,
She opened the gate that leads to the eastern tower,
She sat on the bed that stood in the western tower.
She cast aside her heavy soldier's cloak,
And wore again her old-time dress.
She stood at the window and bound her cloudy hair;
She went to the mirror and fastened her yellow combs.

The title-piece, "The Temple," is the longest and, from a Chinese point of view, obviously the most important ballad in the book. It is awesome in its grandeur and in the profundity of its religious significance. The briefest of quotation must suffice.

To the east there opens the Jade Image Hall,
Where white Buddhas sit like serried trees.
We shook from our garments the journey's grime and dust,
And bowing worshipped those faces of frozen snow,
Whose white cassocks like folded hoar-frost hung,
Whose beaded crowns glittered like a shower of hail.

It has been the reviewer's lot to read a great deal of undergraduate verse, but his misfortune to read but little undergraduate poetry. "Storm in Harvest, and Other Poems," by Edward Steese, a senior at Princeton, comes, therefore, as an agreeable surprise. It would be too much praise to announce that Mr. Steese is a full-fledged poet; but he has in him the making of a poet. The reader will feel that he has followed Stevenson's advice to the effect that the way to learn to write is to begin by imitating; and will be able to guess with tolerable certainty the poet the young Princetonian was concerned with last before setting out on a composition of his own. But Steese ranges over many subjects and has a mastery of many diversified forms. And he is not, as is the case with so many beginners—especially today—so exclusively preoccupied with himself that nothing outside himself can have existence. His verse has promise, if not importance; and his next volume should be a marked advance on his trial flight.

"THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS"

A Wood Cut by Howard Whitford Willard. To Illustrate a New and Limited Edition of the Book by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Giant Handel" in a New Biography

Crowded Drama of a Great Musician's Life

A Review by
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL: His Personality and His Times. By Newman Flower. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

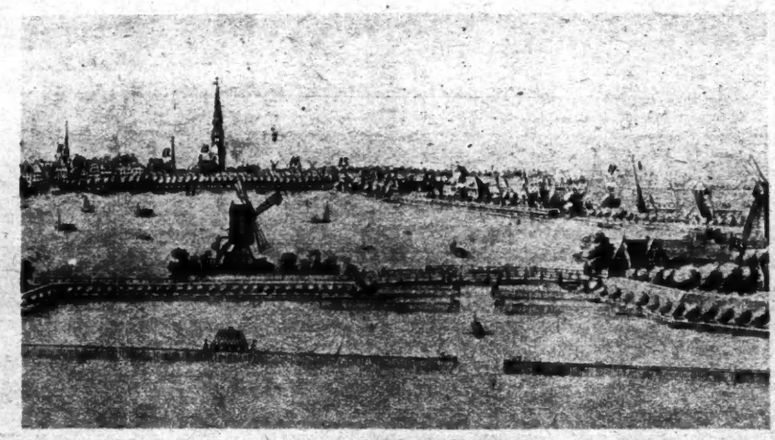
IT is not necessary to be versed in music to enjoy, or even to appraise, this vivid, entertaining book. One might indeed be tone-deaf, or as indifferent to the concord of sweet sounds as the great Sir Walter, or Bottom himself, and yet read it with pleasure, for its rich and varied human interest, for its crowded drama and the romantic form and color of the times in which Handel lived so masterfully his full and inspiring life. There would seem to be that in the conditions of the art of music which makes for forceful and picturesque personalities, and quaint, eccentric character, in a greater degree than the conditions of any other art than that perhaps of the stage. Musicians and actors, particularly when they have been producers and impresarios as well as artists, are called upon to be men of action also, involved as they are in strenuous contacts with the general world of men and women, the life, the passions and politics of theatres and opera houses, the management of audiences, the swaying of multitudes, subject to demands upon them such as the more withdrawn lives of writers and painters more rarely encounter. A recluse dreamer of genius such as Bach, for instance, may live much the same egocentric life as that of the poet, but musicians such as Handel and Wagner must combine with that the activities necessary to placing before the world the work they have created in solitude. It is not enough for them to be musicians; they must be "fighting" managers, exploiters of their own genius, as well. They must be dreamers and practical men, too, resourceful in the generalship and business of their art as well as priests of its peculiar mystery.

So in this book Mr. Newman Flower's expressed aim is to present Handel the man as well as Handel the musician, "the striking personality that never admitted defeat, but rose superior to whatever powers a surfeit of enemies could and did exert." "No attempt," he says, "has been made in this volume to survey the works of Handel in any technical sense, nor to deal with his music in any technical form." The various "adventures" from youth to age through which the "daemon" of Handel's genius led him, from the little feudal town of Halle to Florence, to Rome, to Venice, to Hamburg, to Hanover, even to Dublin, and always to London, with a final resting place in Westminster Abbey as the chief musical glory of his adopted land—this is the main theme of Mr. Newman Flower's dramatically handled narrative. The story is, of course, a familiar one in musical history, though probably not so familiar to us today as it was to our grandfathers, and one, at all events, that bears telling again, particularly as it is told by Mr. Flower. For Mr. Flower has made it alive as it has never been made before, and from his long studies in his subject matter, and the access he has enjoyed to new sources of information, his book is a great deal more than a mere retelling, but, in certain important particulars, a fresh contribution to Handel biography. These corrections and additions are thus summed up by himself in his preface:

> The accepted story of the "Water Music," for instance, which began with Mainwaring, and has gone on ever since, is quite incorrect, as recent investigation in Germany proves. Again, Charles Jennens has always been credited by every biographer with compiling the libretto of "Messiah." That a poor parson employed by Jennens did the work has not hitherto been recorded in the Handel books. Delvings into the archives of Prince di Ruspoli at Rome have revealed some interesting details concerning Handel's Italian journey. I am also indebted to the authorities of Halle University for much new matter bearing on Handel's birthplace. From my own collection, which includes the Aylesford transcripts—the copies of Handel's works made by his amanuensis, Christopher Smith, and which were given to the Earl of Tylsford by Jennens after the death of the composer—I have derived certain points of interest, especially concerning "Jupiter in Argos," that mystery work of Handel's which was never performed, and of which I have the copy of the songs Smith made for him.

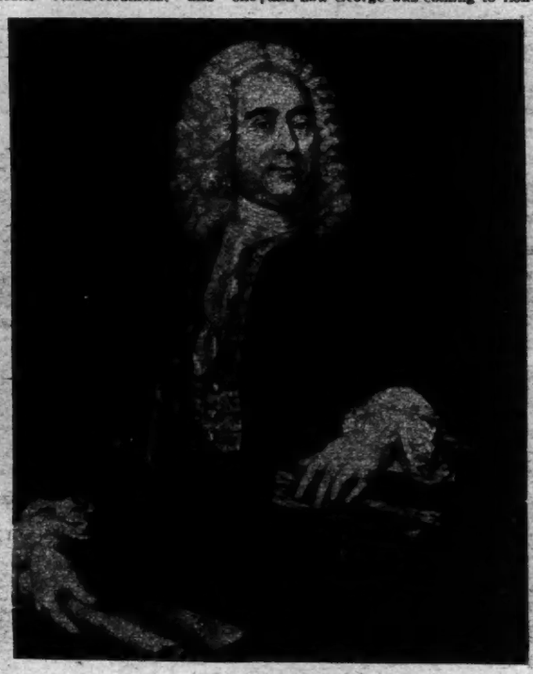
So much for Mr. Flower's new matter, which, however valuable, adds nothing essential to the lay reader's appreciation of Handel himself or his career. That career from first to last was one of rarely energetic independence. The lives of few great men inspire one with so constant a respect and admiration. In addition to his genius as a musician, Handel was, from the beginning, unusually endowed with "character," and what one might call an adventurous "efficiency." Mr. Flower has much to say of his "enemies," but he rather overrates their importance and influence, except in so far as they invariably served to bring out Handel's strength of character and mobile resourcefulness; and one after the other proved the instruments used by his shaping will for every new success. Strong character was in Handel's family, and his grim, music-hating father, the famous barber-surgeon of Halle, had been a fighter before him; and in handing on his dogged courage to his famous son he had provided him with a lifelong asset the employment of which in the frivolous art of music he would, of course, have sternly disapproved. From this father Handel derived that manly and prudent fear of patronage which throughout his life did so much to safeguard the independent development of his genius. In his young manhood this and that princeling offered him the hospitality of his little court, but Handel, early wise to the servitude which the acceptance of such offers would have entailed, preferred to pay his own way by hard work—as in his visit to Italy—seeking no patronage but that of the public, and learning his art as he passed from one managerial enterprise to another.

His acceptance of the post of Kappelmeister to George, Elector of Hanover, afterward George I., was only partially an exception, for he accepted it on conditions allowing him to come and go much as he pleased, and, having captured London during one of his absences from Hanover, that absence finally drifted into a permanent truancy, by which hangs the famous story of the "Water Music" above referred to.



View of Hamburg in 1727.

Showing the Opera House (No. 16), in which Handel's English Operas Were First Given in German.



The Last Portrait of Handel

For it was during this extended truancy, while still ostensibly the Kappelmeister, that his patron was suddenly called to fill the English throne. Handel had gone on putting off his return to Hanover, and now George was coming to London—as his King. It was a ticklish dilemma, but Handel preferred to face it with his usual philosophy, though, according to Mr. Flower, the story of George's protracted displeasure is unfounded. "Far from giving any expression to the royal anger, if it existed, King George set about patronizing Handel ere he had scarcely settled down on the throne." Handel's opera of "Rinaldo" had already made him too much of a London institution, and the King was too proud of his countryman's musical prestige there for him to nurse his very natural resentment for long. Instead, one of the first acts of his reign was to attend a performance of "Rinaldo," and the "Water Music" was expressly composed by Handel for a concert given on the Thames, at a water fête organized for the royal diversion by Baron Kielmansegge, the husband of George's mistress.

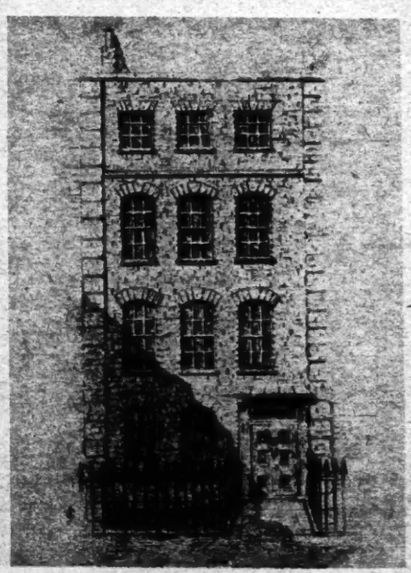
The vicissitudes of Handel's musical life in London make one of the most dramatic stories in the history of any art. Never have been greater fluctuations of fortune, nor has an artist been exposed to such caprices of public taste, such alternations of triumph and neglect, or challenged by such sudden onsets of organized hostility. Unexpected obstacles were always looming up in Handel's path. Now it was the success of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," which, suddenly taking the town, drew away from his audiences, beginning to be surfeited with his Italian singers. Now it was the hatred between George I. and the Prince of Wales, in whom it was enough that Handel was his father's protégé for him to become his enemy and organize against him "The Opera of the Nobility," for which his own singers were seduced from him, till the time came when Handel's success with oratorio, his triumph with "Messiah" in Dublin, brought George II. back on his side again. Famous English writers of the day had taken sides for and against him. At the outset, Addison had vainly mocked his Italian operas in The Spectator, but later a stronger satirist was to hurl his epigrammatic lightnings on his behalf, when Pope hailed him as the Master in "The Dunciad":

> Strong in new arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
> Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
> To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul he comes,
> And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.

Then surely never had impresario a more exasperating experience with the "temperamental" egoists of his various companies, imported at vast expense from Italy: Senesino, Cuzzoni, Farinelli, Carestini and the rest. Is there any arrogance in the world to compare with that of a great opera singer? And amid all the good reading which Mr. Flower's book provides, nothing is so entirely satisfying as the diverting anecdotes of Handel's robust methods with some of these popinjays, male and female. The famous story of his taming Cuzzoni is worth reading. No sooner arrived in London, "the first thing she did was to quarrel with Handel at rehearsal. He wished a song rendered in a certain way; she insisted on singing it in another. The combat was short and sharp. Handel threatened to throw her out of the window. He had actually seized her by the waist with a view to putting the threat into operation, when she succumbed. Although he probably never understood women, he always knew how to master them." He was no less expert in mastering the male egoists of his companies, too. Carestini had sent back to him the beautiful song in "Alcina," "Verdi prati," as unworthy for him to sing. "Handel could ill afford," says Mr. Flower, "to risk a quarrel with Carestini, but he did not hesitate. He called a carriage and drove to Carestini's rooms. He sprang in upon the singer with all his fury raging. 'You dog!' he cried, 'don't I know better as yourself vat is good for you to sing? If you will not sing all the songs vat I give you I will not pay you ein stiver!' The sight of the outraged master storming up and down the room impressed Carestini. He had nothing more to say. He sang the song."

There are other anecdotes, too, of the humbling of these lords of the larynx at the hands of certain gentlemen of the period which are exceedingly gratifying. That, for instance, of Farinelli swaggering uninvited into a reception given by the Prince of Modena. So soon as the Prince caught sight of him "he flamed with indignation. Quickly he edged his way through the crowd toward Farinelli, and when he reached him he exclaimed in a voice not loud but full of protest: 'Get out, fellow! None but gentlemen come here!'"

These are but glimpses to be found of the moving, multi-colored world which Mr. Flower has made live so vividly again in these vivacious pages. Whether or not we agree with the crotchetty Samuel Butler that "Handel was a greater man than Homer," at least the equal of Shakespeare, and immeasurably the superior of Bach, we cannot but read this history of him as a man with an exhilaration such as few recent biographies have brought us.



Handel's House, 1875.

Handel Lived Here —Then 57 Lower Brook Street, Hanover Square— For 34 Years, 1735, Till His Death in 1759.

Paris, the Literary Capital of the United States

French Atmosphere For American Writing

By MERLE SCHUSTER

Paris.

CUSTOMS inspectors at the Gare Saint Lazare have been puzzled by the troupe of little black boxes that seems to arrive with every boatload of Americans. The mysterious little case is carried gently, almost ceremoniously, into the douane. Its owner guards it more than half a dozen trunks of frill-fashioned silk stockings. Too heavy for an overnight bag, too small for a valise, is it possible that this is a new variety of kodak? Is there perhaps some recent standardization of hand baggage in these United States? For these little black cases are noticeably uniform in size, weight and color.

The fact is, the little black cases are portable typewriters, brought to Paris by the literary insurgents of America. Each one represents, potentially, the great American novel. Chicago must surrender its leadership as the literary capital of America to Paris.

In Paris the American author seems to get the right perspective of his native land. Three thousand miles away, he finds himself better able to interpret or criticise the land of the free. Permeated by the French atmosphere, he suddenly develops a huge interest in America, and this interest, in turn, expresses itself usually in the form of a full-sized novel. More important novels by American authors have been written in Europe during the last twelve months than in any city in the United States.

Take, for example, "Babbitt," than which there is no more characteristic American novel. Sinclair Lewis wrote it abroad. The contrast of the foreign business man inspired him, perhaps, to write a more biting satire on the American business man than if he had chosen to write about Babbitt in the midst of Babbitta.

Frederick O'Brien comes to Paris to write his South Sea stories. He is here now, working on a new book when he is not watching the world go by his table on the terrasse of Vetzel's Café, opposite the Opéra. Not very long ago he was the centre of an American group at the Café de Dome, on the Boulevard de Montparnasse. In the opposite corner of the same café Sinclair Lewis was having a Cressonière with another group of Americans. The spectacle of two of the most successful American writers in the same small café, neither recognizing the other, was by no means unusual.

Willa Cather's latest novel, "The Lost Lady," was written last year in Paris. She came here to escape the social whirl of New York's literary circle. Tourists come here to enjoy a round of gayety such as they can find only in Paris. But Willa Cather sought quiet here, and she found it. Certainly there is no city in the world like Paris; one finds here whatever one looks for.

Robert Service makes his home in Paris. He takes frequent trips to New York to arrange to have his books published there, but he writes his poetry here. He came to this city ten years ago to collect his verse into a volume; he married a Frenchwoman and found the atmosphere of Paris so conductive to his best work that he has been working here ever since.

Then, of course, there is the case of probably our most distinguished woman novelist. For ten years Edith Wharton has been doing her work in Paris. She came here during the war to do Red Cross work, and she has chosen to remain in Paris. Her novels are well known in France as well as in America, partly because she also writes in French and is a regular contributor to the best French magazines. Her name is not infrequently to be found in the table of contents of La Revue des Deux Mondes.

Like Edith Wharton, Dorothy Canfield Fisher came to Paris during the war to work for the blind. She, too, has been writing her novels here ever since. In fact, the French influence is dominant in at least her best-selling novel, "Rough-Hewn," and can be traced in her latest book, "Raw Material."

To follow the work of these important writers who have been doing their best work in Paris is interesting enough, but it is perhaps more interesting to note that more and more of the younger generation in literature are finding Paris a haven for attacks on American customs and culture. The fever for writing a book in Paris seems to have infected almost every "young intellectual in America." It is amazing to count the number of American books that were born or are being born in Paris in 1923.

Donald Ogden Stewart wrote a letter to Deems Taylor that describes the fever in his unique style. It read: "Deems, dear, I'm going to have a novel. Break it gently to Mary; tell her about the birds and flowers first, you know what to say. And Deems, I am going to Paris to have it. . . ." Then followed all the symptoms—over-eating, circles under the eyes, irritability, &c., &c., until a woman friend said when she read it, "I've had three children myself, but Don seems to know more about it than I do!" The sad truth is that Stewart never did succeed in giving birth to his novel; it turned out to be just another parody, christened "Aunt Polly's History of Mankind."

Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote a novel called "Hardigut" in Paris last year. Her publisher bought the book before he saw it. "Hardigut" was advertised in the advance catalogues of Boni & Liveright as the forthcoming first novel of the woman, sometimes called the greatest poetess since Sapho. Every one expected "Hardigut," a medieval allegorical romance, to be the sensation of the 1923 publishing year. When Miss Millay returned to America with the completed manuscript "Hardigut" suddenly died. It wasn't published. No one knew what had happened to the book. Rumor has it that the publishers asked Miss Millay to call at their offices to discuss certain publishing details. When she got there she asked to see her manuscript for a moment, and then with a gesture that befits only a woman genius tore it up and scattered the fragments. Her admirers whisper something about "literary conscience." The cynics add something about her Nancy Boyd prose style endangering her reputation as a poet.

Gilbert Seldes recently returned to New York. He had left his duties as editor of The Dial to go to Paris last Summer to join the little group of serious writers. In a tiny little court apartment on the Ile Saint Louis, where not even the incessant honking of the Paris taxi horns could disturb, he completed his book on "The Seven Modern Arts." He lived at the time with Louis Galantière, Paris literary correspondent of The New York Tribune, who when not in the throes of translating Jean Cocteau's "Le Grand Ecart" for an American publisher, is deciding which of the two titles shall grace the cover of his first novel soon to be finished. Galantière's work is so well thought of here that those in the know will not be surprised if he is awarded the prize last year given to Raymond Radiguet for "Le Diable Au Corps." Radiguet's book is now being translated for American publication. Galantière is an American citizen of French extraction.

Harold Stearns, of course, does all his writing in Paris. "The Young Intellectual in America" was accomplished somewhere between the Boulevards Montparnasse and the Delmabre Maison de Bains. At present, when he is not writing his Paris Letter for "Town and Country" or drinking an Amer Picon at American headquarters in Paris—The Dome—he is working on a new tome, probably another attack on civilization in the United States. In that atmosphere he finds himself best able to collect his resentments against America and Americans.

Side by side with the writers of the last generation who have chosen to do all their work in Paris, such as Alvan Sanborn, Ezra Pound and F. Berkeley Smith, all of whom have married into French families and are completely Francophile, we find such strange mushrooms in the literary field as Gertrude Stein. In her atelier here she evolved "Geography and Plays" that opens with the incomparable lines:

Sweet tea, sweet tea.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet tea.
* * *

Accompanied by several trunks of household effects, from dishpans to dusters, Anzia Yezierska breezed into Paris last Summer to get atmosphere for the last story in her forthcoming book of short stories. Knowing only the one French word "oo," which she thrust into the face of a taxi driver with the address of her destination on a slip of paper, "they say" she managed to get quite an unusual atmosphere.

John Willard, author of "The Cat and the Canary" has just taken an apartment in Paris for the express purpose of completing his new play, "The Green Beetle." He says it will undoubtedly out-mystery his other mystery success. Mr. Willard was calling for his mail one morning at the American Express Company office when he met Solita Solano who used to act in the same company with him. It developed that Miss Solano, too, had come to Paris to write. At a banquet in New York she recently met Mr. George Putnam and casually mentioned to him that she was working on her first novel. Mr. Putnam asked to see what she had so far written. Having read the half of the manuscript that was finished, he immediately offered to publish the book. Miss Solano is now completing the manuscript and G. P. Putnam's Sons will bring it out under their stamp in August.

Miss Solano has just found an apartment which she will share with three other American girls, Janet Flanner, Lola Bauerberg and Margaret Lee, each of whom is writing her first novel. Curiously enough, these embryonic authoresses sublessed the apartment from an American writer, Walter Adolphe Roberts, author of "Pierrot Wounded and Other Poems." Mr. Roberts has just completed his first novel "Austin Bride" and is on his way to New York now to have it published. The spectacle of an author moving out, with a manuscript under one arm and a portable typewriter under the other, and four writers moving in, each carrying her own little black typewriter case, was characteristic. The number of American writers in Paris seems to be increasing in just that proportion * * * four to one.

In addition to all these writers who come to do serious work in Paris and who really spend at least six hours a day (every day) at their work there is always to be found day or night a group of "young ineffectuals" at the well-known Café de Dome. These are the literateurs who spend their time worrying about when they will start their books. While they worry, of course, the saucers under their liqueurs pile up with amazing speed and the hours flit by on wings.

There is, for instance, "one" Dunning. He has spent most of his twenty years in Paris at this café. They say he is a poet, but none of his poetry has ever been published. No one ever sees his poems, but he is always pointed out as Dunning the poet. He has already attained his reputation, why bother about the poetry? The story goes that he once saved up 1,200 francs to pay for having a volume published. But the sousoupa tempted him to spend that small fortune and he has never since been able to save enough to pay a printer.

Joseph Gollomb has just returned to the Café de Dome. Until last year his chief reason for fame was the fact that he was Zoe Beckley's husband. This Fall, however, his first book, a mystery story, "The Girl in the Fog," written in Paris, was published and favorably accepted by the critics. He is back here writing another novel. One may see him often at the Dome, playing chess or drinking beer with Henry Altimus or Art and Helen Moss.

No one can tell how many other American writers there are in Paris who are working away quietly and unostentatiously. There is the instance of Louise Gebhard Cann, frequent contributor to The International Studio. Miss Cann may be seen at the Bibliothèque Nationale every day working on a "Life of Monticelli" that promises to be the most important opus ever written about that artist. Having been accepted for publication upon completion by an English as well as an American house, there is already talk of a French translation.

Carl Van Vechten wrote "Peter Whiffle" in Paris. It is whispered in Dial circles that Scofield Thayer wrote a book on the theatre during the year he spent abroad. Sherwood Anderson completed several new short stories while he was in Paris last year. John Peale Bishop of Vanity Fair and "An Undertaker's Garland" did some writing here, as did also Don Marquis. Even Olga Petrova did some work on a new play last Summer in Paris when she was not at Jean Patou's or Lanvin's ordering new gowns.

Café de Dome—Paris.

Drawn by George A. Picken.

Westminster Abbey From Remote Legendary Days

English History Crystallized in Stone

A Review by
CHARLES de KAY

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. The Church, Convent, Cathedral and College of St. Peter, Westminster. By Herbert Francis Westlake, M. V. O., F. S. A., Custodian and Minor Canon of the Abbey. In two volumes, with many full-page and text illustrations. London: Philip Allan & Co., Quality Court, 1923. Folios, XL., 272, and XII., 246. 60 pp.

PROBABLY no one who visits London fails to see Westminster Abbey. The Tower of Windsor, Hampton Court, the Guildhall or even St. Paul's Cathedral, does not throw such a come-hither upon the tourist as this ancient Gothic pile. It is British history from the time of the Conqueron onward, crystallized in architectural details, monuments, curiously bare rooms, cloisters, tombs without carvings and tombs overloaded with figures. If you come to London before seeing the southern churches of England and those of Rouen, Beauvais, Rheims, Chartres in France you are spellbound by the traceries and rose windows, the arcades and canopies, the vistas within, the flying buttresses without. A museum, too, with specimens of the bad and less bad taste in sculpture of succeeding generations. But the last thing in the world is to think of Westminster Abbey as a convent for monks, a college, a cathedral with the right (before Henry VIII.) to deal directly with his Holiness the Pope. And then to remember that this abbey kept houses within its own precincts where gentlemen under difficulties, either criminal or merely financial, might get lodging and board while their pursuers ground their teeth in helpless rage just the other side of the sacred enclosure! Hard enough to recall a song school where boys were taught; when their voices broke, like Oliver Twist, they were taken by the almoner to London—quite a different place from Westminster—and there apprenticed to various trades. And a bit of a hospital also, but chiefly for its own monks.

The two magnificent tomes issued this year by Canon Westlake treat of Westminster from remote legendary days when an island called Thornea in the marshy neighborhood of the Thames induced first the Romans and then the Saxons to build temple and church—witness the stone coffin of one Valerius Amandinus found in 1806, witness the tradition of a King Lucius, A. D. 184, who turned Christian and missionary and was comfortably sent to Paradise in 201 by enraged pagans in Switzerland. The cathedral at Coire (Chur) in Graubünden is dedicate to him. Under King Ethelbert a wealthy man builds a church there to honor St. Peter, and Mellitus, Bishop of London, agrees to consecrate it, but, behold, St. Peter in person comes by night, is ferried over by an awestruck native, and consecrates the suddenly illuminated building in a way most satisfactory to the Bishop and the faithful. The holy revenant tells the ferryman to inform the Bishop that now he has merely to perform the mass, while a wonderful draught of salmon will pay for the ferryman's fee. This church is the West Minster. Osbert de Clare, prior of the abbey, wrote a life of Edward the Confessor in the twelfth century, in which it is not Ethelbert, but Sebert, his nephew, King of the East Saxons, who, as Ethelbert's vassal, erected the church. Sebert is mentioned by the Venerable Bede, but not in connection with the abbey.

Even under the Danes, according to Canon Westlake, the monastery escaped desecration. It was not until 1915 that the present building had to be protected against German bombs, which fell near but did not hit. Under Oliver Cromwell the preachers of the Commonwealth held forth in the abbey church, with a corporal and nine musketeers present to keep order. John Bradshaw, President of the Regicides, occupied the deanery, and Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw were interred in the chapel reserved for the royal line. At the Restoration their bodies were dug up and insulted. Pym's and Admiral Blake's were also ejected, but reinterred in the adjacent churchyard, thus proving how fine are the distinctions shown by pious men when swayed by politics.

The church, which was restored or newly built just before the Conquest (1065), appears from the foundations of the apse to have been designed after the plan of the abbey of Jumièges in France. Under the old dormitory is a room used, it is thought, as a prison for refractory monks. Edward the Confessor, or St. Edward, was one of the earliest kings to be interred in the church. His tomb was opened in 1102 before a concourse of prelates and nobles. Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, tried to detach a hair from Edward's beard, but desisted when Abbot Gilbert remonstrated. The body, so all agreed, was miraculously well preserved, and sixty years later the Confessor was duly canonized a saint.

Owing to the claims of the abbots of Westminster to hold directly of the Pope, not to submit to the jurisdiction of the Archbishops of Canterbury or of York, it was necessary for each newly elected abbot to proceed to Rome to get his election approved by the Curia. A very costly thing it was, not alone for the expenses of the trip, but owing to the heavy fees and bribes exacted by the authorities of the Church. Money borrowed for this purpose by various abbots kept them for years in the hands of usurers. In 1189 the Jews had been forbidden to be present at King Richard's coronation at Westminster, but many congregated about the gates of the abbey:

> One of them, attempting an entrance, was assaulted and a riot ensued, in which some of them were killed. Two of the leading Jews of York were present. One escaped, but the other was wounded and afterward forced to accept baptism. The Jews were afterward besieged in their houses, which were ultimately set on fire.

The violence and disorder among the people under the early Norman kings were reflected among the ecclesiastics, as the following occurrence in 1176 at Westminster shows, Roger Hoveden being the authority:

> The chapel was the site of an extraordinary scene. Cardinal Huguson had summoned the Archbishops of Canterbury and York to a council, together with the Bishops, abbots and clergy, who took their seats in accordance with their rank. The two Archbishops quarreled as to which of them should sit on the Cardinal's right. On this place being taken by the Archbishop of York the servants of the other Archbishop threw themselves upon him, bore him to the ground, and trampled on him, breaking his miter. The assembly broke up in confusion. The Cardinal fled and hid himself and no council was held. By way of retaliation Walter of Westminster was sequestrated from using his miter.

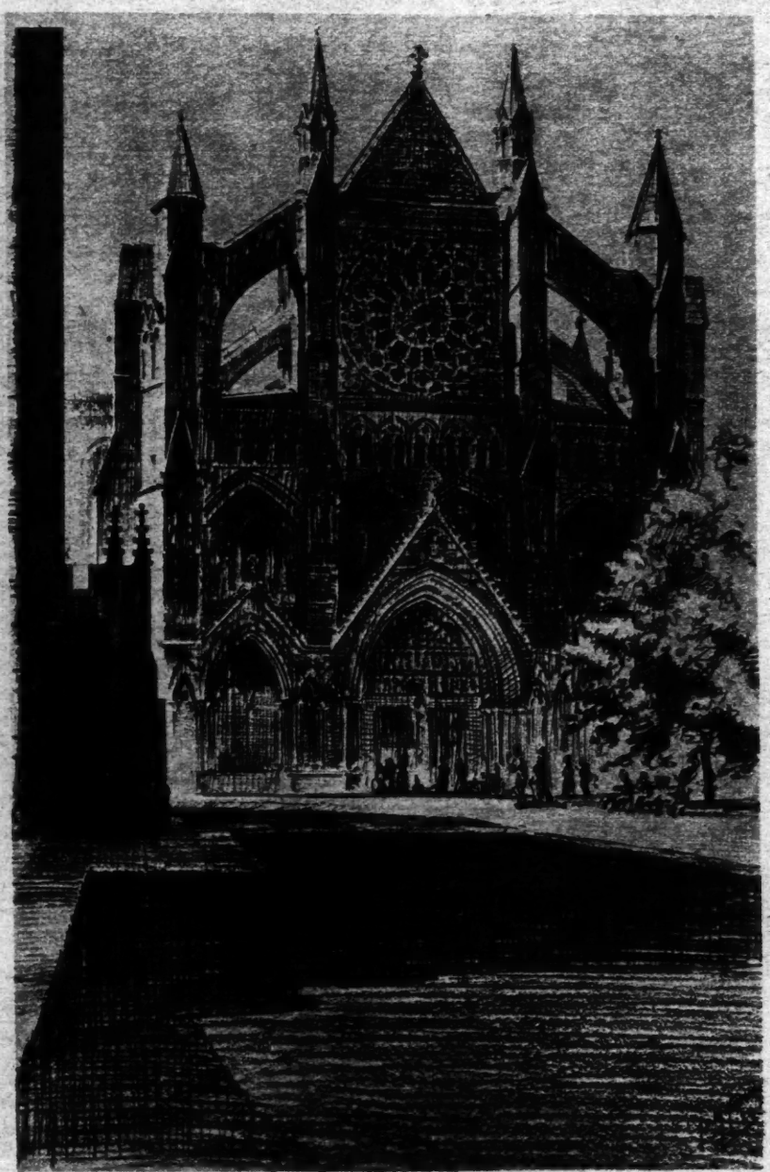
Among the clerical and lay troubles during five centuries the abbots of Westminster had a favored place, because royalty supported them. Favorites with the court, they found the neighboring City of London cold or hostile. In the fifteenth century tournaments were held in the Great Sanctuary ground to the north of the church, especially at coronations, when the abbot erected stands and arranged the windows of the sacristy to accommodate persons who paid for their seats. As perquisites at a coronation the abbey also received the golden cloths, cushions and timber of the stands which were then sold. Some abbots obtained charters to hold one or more annual fairs at certain places now within London limits, the proceeds of which were large. The chief support of the abbey, however, were manors, agricultural lands, chapels, watermills and other realty granted by royalty. Another income was the granting of rights of asylum or "sanctuary"; but sometimes this proved costly.

Westminster Abbey was one of the "chartered sanctuaries" having special privileges granted by the King. Sanctuary extended far beyond the church over an area of some extent, defined by a wall:

> The oath which the sanctuary seeker had to take at Westminster was not stringent. He was required to swear to disclose the cause of his coming, the names and condition of those he had wronged, to behave himself properly, to observe the privileges and customs of the place, to submit to all judgments of the President, to carry out faithfully all contracts entered into within the sanctuary, to satisfy his creditors as soon as might be if he had fled thither on account of his debts, not to sell food or drink within the area without license from the Archdeacon, nor without such license admit fugitives to his abode, nor to carry weapons nor go out of sanctuary by day or night unless he had settled with his adversaries, not to defame other fugitives, not to do violence or suffer it to be done to any other inmate.

In 1378 a knight who escaped from the Tower of London was pursued by Sir Alan Boxhall, Constable of the Tower, and, though he reached the church while mass was being sung, he was overtaken and slain in the choir itself. Under Richard II. Sir Robert Tresilyan fled from his political enemies and hid in sanctuary. An informer revealed his hiding place and Tresilyan was taken from sanctuary by force and executed. In 1381 a Marshal of the Marshalsea who tormented prisoners in his charge fled to Westminster for protection against a group of enraged citizens. The latter tore him from the pillar at the shrine of St. Edward, dragged him to Cheapside and cut off his head. In 1470 the Queen of Edward IV. took sanctuary at Westminster, where her son, Edward V., was born. Sometimes the abbot had to pay heavy fines for allowing prisoners in sanctuary to escape. That writer of queer, harsh verse, Skelton, having satirized Wolsey, fled to this sanctuary. All was not roseate with all of the abbots, for at times the right of sanctuary was shamefully abused by criminals who banded together and committed outrages on peaceful citizens. In 1531 the abbot began to curry favor with the powerful Thomas Cromwell by giving him an annual bribe. Up to this time the abbey and convent had remained a cathedral still, but not long after came the break with Rome and many changes took place under Protestant auspices. Under the Papacy these abbots of Westminster had political as well as ecclesiastical weight and influence. The miter which the Pope conferred on them, says Canon Westlake, was a potent link binding them to secular rather than sacred affairs. Abbot Ware was Lord Treasurer and as an itinerant Justice rode the northern circuit. While the abbot served his country or his King, the prior attended to the varied and complicated affairs of the abbey.

These sumptuous tomes, with their full-page plates and woodcuts in the text, their varied types and curious information, will be interesting to churchmen especially, but also to those who revel in British history and architecture. Notes, appendix and index make of it a thorough as well as handsome piece of bookmaking.



North Front of Westminster as It Is.

George Borrow, Friend of Tinkers and Gypsies

His Complete Works in a New Edition, With Some Unpublished Material

A Review by
HERBERT S. GORMAN

***COLLECTED WORKS OF GEORGE BORROW.** Norwich edition. Edited, with much hitherto unpublished manuscript, by Clement Shorter. 16 volumes. New York: Gabriel Wells.*

New Forest Gypsies.

From a Print By E. Hesketh Hubbard

EVEN the Borrow enthusiast admits the flaws in his idol. George Borrow is a great writer in spite of himself. He did not know how to fashion a novel nor was he particularly adept at building up a characterization. It is now conclusively proved that his philological excursions were either inconsequential or inexact. The broken fragments and tidbits of knowledge, linguistic, geographical, literary or ethnological, which are scattered especially through "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," are so perceptibly forced into the scheme of the compositions as to give some foundation for the attacks of contemporary critics, those writers who irked Borrow so much that he added a chapter to "The Romany Rye" in which he combated their judgments. Now that the "Collected Works of George Borrow" have been issued in this new uniform edition (one that is a delight to the eye and which possesses added value from the new material which has been added) it is possible to attempt once more an estimate of the man who made himself a writer by sheer force of will and who secured a permanent place for himself in English literature in spite of his many defects. Only six of the sixteen volumes have already appeared.

Although Borrow wrote more than a dozen books (some of them translations or adaptations from foreign literatures) it is fairly safe to assert that his actual fame rests upon but four efforts. These are "The Bible in Spain," "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye" and "Wild Wales." These books are inextricably interwoven with the author's own life, so much so that they have often been referred to as autobiographical works. Yet we know that the autobiographical material was but a basis for written material which departed absolutely from the known facts of Borrow's life. Indeed, the author himself is careful to point out that it is incorrect to place his work in the autobiographical category. In that added chapter to "The Romany Rye" where Borrow answers his detractors he writes:

"But 'Lavengro' pretends to be an autobiography," say the critics; and here the writer begs leave to observe that it would be well for people who profess to have a regard for truth not to exhibit in every assertion which they make a most profligate disregard of it; this assertion of theirs is a falsehood and they know it to be a falsehood. In the preface "Lavengro" is stated to be a dream, and the writer takes this opportunity of stating that he never said it was an autobiography; never authorized any person to say that it was one, and that he has in innumerable instances declared in public and private, both before and after the work was published, that it was not what is generally termed an autobiography. • • •

George Borrow.

From a Painting by Henry Wyndham Phillips.

The truth of the matter is that Borrow's work is mainly fictionalized autobiography, that he took liberties whenever he thought it would aid the work in question and that his main intention was not so much self-revelation as educational. Somewhere he states that "Lavengro," for instance, is a philological book. It is this and it is other things, too. It is autobiography, a description of wandering days both before and after Borrow left the family fold. It is also picaresque fiction, plotless but charmingly held together by the thread of the wanderings of the author. It is also an attack on Popery, although this is a secondary aspect of the book. Infrequently it is poetry. Occasionally it drifts into sporadic essays on various literary genres. Nearly always it is a rather formless sort of book, a fact that is true of all of Borrow's prose compositions.

From the very first Borrow possessed no idea of construction. He constantly broke through any framework that he set himself to adorn. Neither did he possess any charm in his prose writing. He wrote with difficulty, and although he dubbed himself Lavengro (word-master) he was far from obtaining any mastery over English composition. It was the subject-matter that made him; that, together with a certain trenchant gruffness and honesty of observation, kindled his characters to an undeniable existence. Besides this he possessed the chief characteristic of all great writers—an intense vitality. The reader feels the man in his paragraphs; he senses there a driving force of personality that surmounted the more literary virtues of style and le mot juste.

Borrow's first great success was made with "The Bible in Spain." The strange ingredients of that book, sorcery, Jews, Gentiles, Gitanos, Carlists, inquisitors, prisons, pronunciamentos, and a dozen other outlandish properties, established Borrow as an outrageously romantic figure blended of missionary, gypsy and buccaneer. He had to live up to this, and the living up loomed before him as a tremendously difficult proceeding. He had really put the best of himself in "The Bible in Spain," for it afforded him a plethora of the peculiar material which was especially adapted to his picturesque, though styleless, type of writing. "Lavengro" followed "The Bible in Spain" at a long distance, and Thomas Seccombe says of it: "He wrote 'Lavengro,' as it were, with his life's blood—his determination to be original and to avoid all padding, or second-hand ideas, keeping him on the rack for seven long years." There is nothing more difficult in the writing profession than to live up to a first great success, and we may imagine how hard put to it Borrow was to follow up "The Bible in Spain" with a worthy successor. In that first book he had used up practically all of the material he had collected, exhausted his notebooks and ransacked his mature memory. In "Lavengro" he was flung back upon his youth and the first part of that effort is a rather close dramatization of his early days wandering about England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales with his father, who was an army officer; his penniless days in London as a hack writer, and the wandering months with the tinkers and the Petulengro tribe of gypsies. It is this companionship with the gypsies (a companionship which is extended in "Lavengro's" sequel, "The Romany Rye") upon which the major portion of Borrow's fame is based. No matter whether he was accurate or not (and many students of gypsy life assert that he overworked his imagination to be astonishing) he could make these people live, could make them stand out as breathing creations. Jasper Petulengro, old Mrs. Herne, Ursula, Tawno Chinkno, are triumphs of a man who created them (or transmogrified them) without any particular qualities as a literary artist. Above all, the Junoesque figure of Isopel Berners stands out, and it is in those chapters (the end of "Lavengro" and the first few chapters of "The Romany Rye") that Borrow comes the nearest to fine writing and sheer romance. Isopel we remember long after Lavengro himself grows rather shadowy. "The Romany Rye," by the way, is really an extension of "Lavengro," for it starts in abruptly where the earlier book left off, and merely brings to an end the description of that annus mirabilis, 1825, which Borrow passed wandering through the highway and byways of England or living in the tent in Mumpers's Dingle.

Borrow, as we see him from his own pages, was not a particularly sympathetic character. He was cold, rather alien to emotion, absurdly pedantic, rather blind (he could go on explaining the Armenian language to Isopel Berners, for instance, while she was aching for love of him), undeniably tactless, intolerant as regards religion (he never loses an opportunity to attack the Roman Catholic Church), somewhat crude and at times vulgar. He was neither a gypsy gentleman nor a philological scholar. The mark of his wanderings was upon him, and beneath his cold exterior there always lurked a rather savage fierceness. He was a primitive, in a sense. His love and praise of pugilism and the old-time maulers of England, his interest in rough sports, in dog fighting, his absorption in the Newgate Calendar, and his ease among thieves, riff-raff and vagrants unmistakably exhibit his character. Yet he had the leanings of a scholar. The principle thing that he lacked was a wide mind. In an age of awakening liberalism he was a hide-bound Tory. Though toleration became the watchword of his times, he remained to the very end an example of absurd intolerance. Anything esthetic was strange to him; he was, in a last analysis, part of that great group which Matthew Arnold pilloried as Philistines. Yet he was a great man—a demigod who was to bring permanent worshippers about him. It would take no great stretch of the imagination to parallel certain facets of his personality with those of Trelawney. His picturesqueness and his vitality or virility have no small share in making him what he was.

In his old age at Oulton he was a curiosity. Seccombe, in describing him there in the year 1874, writes:

> The solitary figure in the lanes of this protector of animals and defender of gypsies was a source of terror to small children at night time, though by day they called after him bravely enough, "Gypsy!" or even, "Witch!" His voice was still stentorian and his figure very impressive—he stood 6 feet 3 inches. He had thick white hair and brown eyes, small but piercing, and occasionally fierce. Lady Eastlake, a hostile witness to the Don of 1844, describes his face as expressive of wrong-headed determination. An "extravagant tramper" (as Cowper less warrantably described him), Borrow still occasionally trudged the twenty-five miles to Norwich as a cure for insomnia.

It is difficult to find precedents for such a writer and we may guess that Borrow evolved his books out of himself without any particular notice of style, construction or what was going on about him in the close theoretic air. There are times when he suggests De Foe slightly, but he twisted and extended the short picaresque tale by that admirable author into channels (or rather culs-de-sac) to suit himself. We know that he was acquainted with De Foe, for one of the most affecting episodes in "Lavengro" is concerned with the poverty-stricken old apple-woman on London Bridge, whose one solace is the tattered copy of "Moll Flanders," which she reads in her idle moments. Borrow himself as a youth used to beg the book from her, and he states that he read it from cover to cover.

His main passion in life was languages, and he is constantly introducing extraneous conversations in his books which are concerned with the meanings of words. Some of this material seems to have been dredged from Trench's "On Words." Just how many languages Borrow knew (or rather thought he knew) is questionable. He himself points out that he picked up Gaelic, Welsh, German, Danish, Armenian, Russian, Polish, Romany, French, Spanish and several others, and in 1835 he published a book called "Targum; or, Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects." It is unnecessary to state that he was a bad translator, particularly of poetry, for he possessed no esthetic sense and his adaptations were stilted, to say the least. But even here, as in his life, his efforts are marked by a certain doggedness of purpose and cold passion to circumscribe. He possessed an emphatic will and an abounding pride in his own achievements. He overvalued his own achievements, we know.

But, as has been intimated before, it is not by his philological pursuits nor his personal opinions that Borrow lives as an author. First of all, he lives by an intenseness of purpose, a rare virility which moves behind all of his work and which is best expressed when he is concerned with gypsies or vagrants of any sort. He loved the outdoors, although he was rather inarticulate in the face of nature and he was vastly interested in humanity. It was an obvious urge that took him among the gypsies. The Romany people who move through "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" are vividly observed personages. Even though Borrow is rather weighed down with an educational purpose, a desire to expatiate on language, on habits, on religion, even on love (witness his cold, astonishing conversation with Ursula under the hedge where he persists in asking her intimate questions) he cannot quite obscure these living wanderers of the highways. His unconscious self seizes on them and they are developed into life-size figures that move and exist before the reader. In a last analysis Borrow is a great writer, for he has created an atmosphere—a world that has its being before the mind of whosoever comes to it. Through the uneven pages of his books moves an emphatic personality, an eager, inquiring personage thoroughly absorbed in himself and sure of his function in existence. The reader eventually experiences an affection for Borrow in spite of the many traits that would seem to make it impossible ever to view him with a kindly eye. The man is passionless, but he is all there; he hides nothing. Intolerant though he was, he possessed the sincerity of his convictions and somehow this sincerity makes itself evident in his prose.

There is indubitably a place for this newly collected edition of his work, for Borrow is a writer that all readers should know. In the first place, he was a personality complete in himself, and such beings are always of more than ordinary interest. Secondly, he was once one of the peaks of English literature and his disciples were counted by scores. During recent years there has been a deterioration in interest regarding Borrow (at least in this country) and it is unfair to a man who did give certain unique books to his country's literature. He deserves to be resuscitated, for his failings, many as they are, are less than the authentic pleasure which he gives to his readers. There is much to be found in "The Bible in Spain," "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye" and "Wild Wales." There is even a deal of pleasure still in such lesser books as "The Gypsies in Spain." No one need read Borrow for style, but rather for that vitality which animates all great works.

Verses Written With a Zest for Life and Love of Beauty

Muriel Strode "At the Roots of the Grasses"

A Review by
MARY SIEGRIST

AT THE ROOTS OF THE GRASSES. By Muriel Strode. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

HERE now is Muriel Strode confronting the universe at the "roots of the grasses." She comes boldly as by unquestioned right—withal reverently—in her deep concern to get it all said, all that presses on her from within. Here is urgent poetry—poetry that had to get itself written and would not wait—poetry that carries within it a world of inescapable beauty and power.

There are many who storm the gates of the palaces of song, but there are comparatively few who really enter there, take their place and are at home. Many well-intentioned versemakers are tugging wildly at the skirts of the infinite—but abstract realities are fatal things to toy with unless you are a poet. The result is for the most part only a betrayal of effort. With Muriel Strode it is different. There has been no wild effort to grasp cosmic meanings. Things have simply happened this way in her own soul—that is all. Much has happened—has crystallized—in the theatre of her own mind and heart. Life has taken on for her a cosmic meaning and will get itself recorded this way. No matter whether she is thinking in blades of grasses or in terms of eagles' talons, she is absorbed with the thought of the cosmic, the universal. In her preoccupation with spiritual issues she lets her ego ride Guinevere-fashion through the universe.

Now, there are many persons who will be annoyed by this I-ness of the "I." There are those, it is said, who have deliberately counted the personal pronouns that run through these pages. Others will doubtless be on edge at what they may choose to call "indecent exposure of soul." Still others—savants it may be—will not like the uniform cosmic flavor of these poems. Who is Muriel Strode, perhaps they will ask, and how did she come to get a corner on the universe? Well, the answer is this: Muriel Strode is herself—splendidly herself—and it is a great self that she brings to us. You cannot read her lines at all without finding this out.

You ask credentials?

> There's a pine on the top of the hill that knows me like a brother.
> There's not a bypath but knows my daily way.
> The fields exude welcome as I pass, the stream chorties as I near, the grasses embrace my feet.
> The trees incline with gentle whisperings and graze with their soft leaves my cheek.
> The plowboy stops to call me friend.

She is an essentially fine human being. For this reason what she says is valuable. For after all, in poetry as in art, it is mainly a question of human beings—their fitness and fineness of perception. The thought that sifts through sensitive, generous minds will somehow arrange itself in significant beauty and find its home in us. It really does not matter to us what a great many human beings—particularly the "unpleasant people"—think about life or death or what lies beyond. Their conclusions, no matter through what niceties of logic they are derived or in what brilliancy of raiment they are clothed, are nothing to us—must be forever alien. But when one in whose nature there is spaciousness and reverence and thirst for beauty speaks out, what she says matters much—is bound to be of genuine import. These insights and perceptions we can safely trust. They come out of a sensitive, finely synthesized, highly co-ordinated personality at one with itself.

Muriel Strode was born in the Spoon River country of Edgar Lee Masters—Fulton County, Ill. Her grandparents were pioneers. On the farm where they originally settled she spent her girlhood, receiving her schooling in turn from father and mother, who were "little red schoolhouse" teachers.

Muriel Strode.

At the age of 15 Muriel Strode left home and entered a business school in Denver. From that time on until her marriage she fought out her economic problems alone. In the midst of her business career she began to write poetry. This she has done continuously, jotting down her thoughts atop New York buses, in busy department stores or in the quiet of the night.

In "At the Roots of the Grasses," as earlier in "A Soul's Faring," Miss Strode comes swinging on the hilltops with a mighty shout or bowed in the valley with sadness that has no less of beauty. Her moods are many and they are full of intensity. Her deeply visioned rhapsodies carry over to the mystical border of human consciousness. She has enormous zest for life and great reservoirs of spiritual strength—an inexhaustible sense of creative power. "You may destroy my castles," she says, "but I have the timbers to build ten thousand more." Her poetry is strong, elemental, free. The fine spiritual aristocrat is within her. Hers is no narrow, reluctant vision. Her impassioned thought renders itself in tumultuous images and symbols that move onward with irresistible sweep. At times there is something of the sweep of the avalanche—at other times the words seem to utter themselves slowly and to be full of leisure. Whatever the mood the poet gives herself to it wholeheartedly and gets out of it its finest distillation. The cup that she holds out to be filled of life is a generous one. She comes in a glory of yearning and unfear and assurance that she will eventually find. There is in her no "desert consciousness." Her self is one vast longing for completeness, to encompass the whole, to establish union in herself with all that lives and moves and breathes. Throughout the poems there is an unbroken thread of mysticism, of striving for cosmic consciousness.

> I do not utter littleness—I speak a sky-line or an ant-hill.
> I speak big things, that measure up to big trees and little grasses; great things, like God and daffodils; stupendous things, like ages and a moment.

This "I" of which she speaks is to her not the entity bounded by herself, but that which has identified—or seeks to identify—itself with all that is—that which recognizes and seeks ever more deeply to consummate its oneness with all life.

> I am not a blade of grass—I am all the grass.
> I am not a tree—I am the forest.
> I am not a star—but all the stars in the firmament.
> I am not a human being—I am the multitudes that walk the earth.
> I am the universal—Full.
> I am a traveler on the great highway, friend to the elements, brother to the calm and the storm, neighbor to the night and the day, to the stars and the sun.

If those who insist that Muriel Strode is cluttered with herself—carries an incubus of "ego"—will read beyond the outer vehicle it will be apparent to them that this method of expression is simply a road she has taken in the quest of the universal. But even if they were personal I's that champed across these pages we should, I think, ultimately accept the whole cargo for the beauty with which they are indissolubly intertwined. Her medium, too—this unvarying cadenced verse form and its quality of rhapsodic utterance—is for her natural and inevitable. There is no artificiality or self-consciousness about it. Of course, there is no single uniform medium that will satisfy all readers. All of us at times would like to revise and edit our poets. But it so happens that the seeming eccentricities or grotesqueries or uniformities in manner and method, it may be, that we would like to revise are the things that time will often most surely justify. It is probable that in exploring her own soul—in following unquestioningly the creative forces within herself and identifying herself with the universe—in thus turning upon the pole of her own nature—Miss Strode has found the happiest conceivable method and form of expression. Certainly she is big enough to have recognized her own burning bush. It is herself—all selves—in relation to the whole tract of life, nothing less than a universe aflame with divine intention that she celebrates. In this way she identifies herself with all the pain as well as the joy of existence. Somewhere she says "I am every struggler there is. I am every heart that breaks." And again:

> I am the Lazarus sores of the ages, but I do not doubt the arrival of the Christian of Healing.
> I am a laborer in the pits, but always there is the blue sky above me, and the gold stars and sometimes a white bird had flown over and I have heard the scurrying of days and the hurrying of feet. I have sensed the soul of the spring and the nearness of the roses.
> Sometimes I have caught a breath like vision fields and sometimes a sound like a dream cadence.

Elsewhere, in unquenchable faith, she declares:

> Life may break my body and my days—and my soul may laugh at her impotency.
> She may destroy me and I may go laughing over the hills. A few hours mutilated and eternity lies in the residuum.
> She may mar the realities, but what of my dreams!

It is natural that a poet like this should have an illimitable craving for inner freedom. Certainly she has cleared in herself great outlying tracts of consciousness. Always, she affirms, "I am searching for myself, with the faith that I shall one day be rewarded." And elsewhere she cries: "God, set me free with dragon flies and wasps and dusty millers. * * * Let me grasp half so much life as despised things, as pursiane and mullen and wort. * * * Eating the clean earth with their roots, drinking the light with their leaves—God-things of opprobrium—but God's." Elsewhere in her eager encompassing she declares:

> I am but a mauve mouse of time, but I come to gnaw the ropes of the ages that bind me.
> I am but a drop of water, but the trickling centuries shall set me free.
> I am but a stray shaft of sun, but I fertilise the soil where I lie dead, I quicken my dust. I am the resurrection of me.

There is—there will be for many—something liberating in the bigness of all this. Of course there are those who doubt or are bored by or for some other reason are inhospitable to the "cosmic urge stuff." They are quite right about it! For them it does not exist. There are others for whom, happily, it does. That is the difference.

It is natural that in all this richness of thought there should be the gesture of abundant faith. Miss Strode is of the race of the spiritual strong-fibered who comes "not as one who has escaped pain but as one who has glorified it." Her challenge to life is unending and full of gladness. It is deep-set in the faith that sees only ultimate and full attainment, as when she says:

> I was not projected here, to my ultimate confusion.
> That that is true for systems of worlds is also true for me.
> I have my rhythm like the tides and the seasons, I have my fitness.
> God did not give a law unto the planets, unto the ebb and flow of seas and leave me out.
> He did not give the blind mole to burrow and leave me without direction or intent.

Elsewhere she declares unforgettably that she "will find her way":

> I will find my way!
> The birds have not chart of the skies nor the fishes the paths of the sea.
> Time rolls to no man's determining and none pilot the moon across the heavens.
> I will find my way!
> The winds are not leashed to a blowing,
> The seasons arrive in undirection and the moles bore on in their unseeing—and I am not less—
> I will find my way!
> * * * * * * *
> I will arrive at last, through silk and fine laces, at voluntary huckaback.
> Through many feastings, down through the corridors of many festal halls I will come at last to the bowl of berries and dew.
> I will arrive at the simple things of the spirit, at the religion of hemp and sandals.
> I will find the God that conceals Himself in a coarse crust, the divinity that lies in a thatched roof and slab walls.

And in these deeply moving lines she announces the way of her coming:

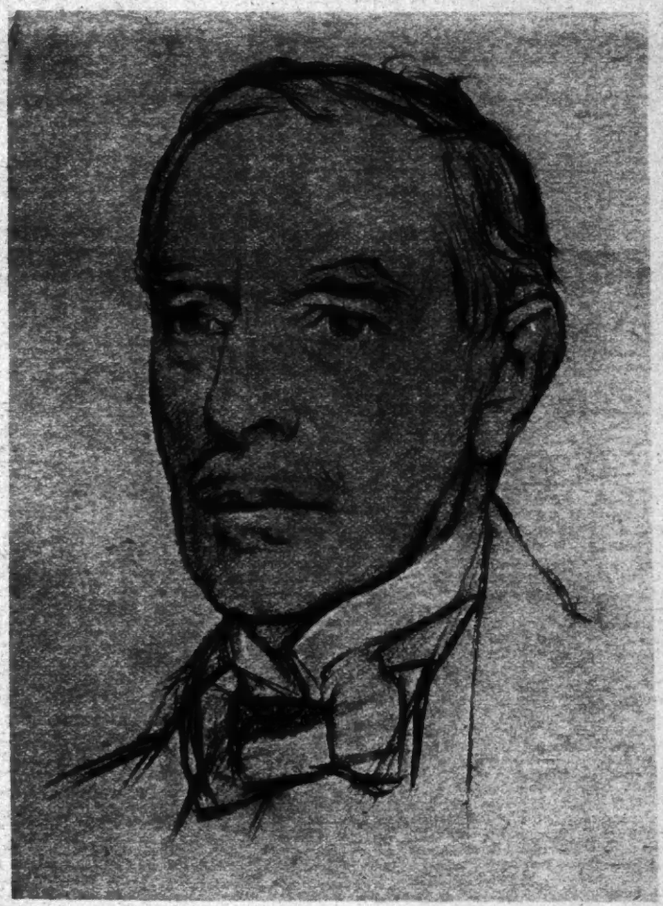
> I am coming the upward route, the hill road. I am leaning hard on my staff, my mountain boots are torn—but I am coming, I am on the far, high ledge.
> I am coming with a spray of kinnikinnic in my mountain coat and the Autumn colors in my mountain soul.

With her whole self Miss Strode is seeking for the holiness of beauty, seeking it with such intensity that her poetry is not less than an evocation. She has the stalwart soul of the open and she has "lived long days of pine and spruce." She breathes fine air. For her the foolish little fences and compartments of life have necessarily disappeared in a fine fusion, a triumphant spiritual awareness. If she had written no other lines she would have been poet by virtue of these alone:

> You say "O holy nun," and I say "O holy titmouse."
> You say "O sacred temple," and I say "O sacred walls of the sky."
> You say "God's chosen," and I say "There are none other."
> You say "One sublime moment," and I say "O sublime forevermess!"
> You say "A consecrate soul," and I say "A consecrate creation."
> You say "God enter into me," and I say "You cannot keep Him out."

Enthusiasms of a London Editor

One Whose Prejudice Is in Favor of Americans



John St. Loe Strachey.

From a Drawing by W. Rothenstein.

By JOSEPH B. GILDER

NOT long after arriving in London, for a more or less protracted stay, some twenty years ago, it was my good fortune to meet St. Loe Strachey—then, as now, editor and proprietor of The Spectator. While I remained in England he was very kind to me, and I felt not a little pride in the fact, assuming that I had favorably impressed a man exceptionally rich in the matter of friends and acquaintances. The reading of his autobiography—"The Adventure of Living"—has, however, dispelled this pleasing illusion, for I now realize that the amiability whose evidences were so agreeable was due, not to any merit of my own, but mainly, if not wholly, to the fact that I was an American. To be a member of this prolific branch of the English-speaking tribe creates so favorable a prejudice in Mr. Strachey's mind that one must be a very poor specimen, indeed, not to be persona grata in his sight. The disillusionment, I may add, is not a wholly painful one, for while his friendliness may have in it nothing personal to one's self, an American can entertain only the friendliest of sentiments toward so sincere, albeit so inclusive, a well-wisher of the American people.

As one who has worn the editorial harness for the greater part of a lifetime, I have always particularly envied Mr. Strachey his job; for what could be more delightful, if one is to be an editor at all (and is it not the most fascinating of callings?) than to be the director of an old, famous and influential political and literary weekly—and, being the editor, to be also the sole owner? This comes near to being too happy a lot, however serious the responsibility it entails. It was almost thrust upon St. Loe Strachey while he was still a young man, and for more than five and thirty years he has so conducted his paper as to show his quite exceptional fitness for the task. As an editor he has adhered to the highest ideals, and as a proprietor he has never sought to bring about any lowering of the editorial standard. Riding two difficult horses, he has kept one foot on each with equal skill and firmness.

The popular conception of an editor is of a man disillusioned if not cynical—especially when he has reached an age at which "youth, the dream, departs"; but there never was anything "hard-boiled" about the editor of The Spectator, chiefly for the reason that, in his case, the dream has never departed, and on the far side of sixty he is still what Lowell called incurably young. An enthusiast in his teens, he is no less an enthusiast in his sixties.

I was about to say that his life has been a succession of enthusiasms, but that would convey a false impression. The beginnings of his enthusiasms have succeeded one another, but the earlier ones have not been crowded out by the later. While one of them—an enthusiasm for "the adventure of living"—may have antedated all the rest, he has taken on the others (or they have taken him on) one by one as they came along, carrying them (or being carried by them) concurrently all through his life. And in the matter of enthusiasms he will be going strong so long as this machine is to him. "The Adventure of Living" is chiefly remarkable as a record of inextinguishable ardors.

First in point of time, as I have said, came a sense of the "adventure" itself, and to its inception he devotes eight pages of his book. Standing alone, one day, in a passage outside the nurseries at Sutton Court—the ancestral Strachey seat in Somersetshire—the future editor, then a child of 6, was suddenly "overwhelmed" by "the clearest and most poignant feeling of being left completely, utterly alone, not merely in the world but in something far, far bigger—in the universe, in a vastness infinite and unutterable."

Though I was isolated, I had no sense of smallness or of utter insignificance in face of the Universe. I did not feel myself a miserable, fortuitous atom, a grain of cosmic dust. I felt (though, again, I am interpreting rather than recording) that I was fully equal to my fate. As a human being I was not only immortal but capax imperri—a creature worthy of a heritage so tremendous. From that day to this, talk about the futility of man and his destiny has left me quite cold.

He kept this experience to himself, at the time—"a remarkable thing for so eager a talker and expounder as I have always been." Similar, though not equally vivid, sensations or "ecstasies" visited him "as a lad, as a young man and even up to the age of 40 or 45." But he was in no way "psychic," "cranky" or "abnormal." On the contrary, he was "exceedingly fond of outdoor sports of all sorts," and although at 9 or 10 he had outgrown his strength and was "not allowed to play active games, or run about, or do any of the things" in which he "delighted," he was, all his life, "exceeding fond of the joys of bodily exercise, whether swimming, rowing, riding, walking, mountaineering, skating, playing tennis, racquets or whatever game was going." Though excelling in none of these pastimes, he got from all of them "intense enjoyment," tasting, indeed, "almost every form of athleticism," and genuinely smacking his lips "at the flavor of each in turn."

Poetry was his second passion, if indeed it did not precede the general zest for living; for, although he did not learn to read till he was 9 years old, he enjoyed hearing Spenser's "Faerie Queen" at 2½, and as a child was read to sleep many a night by a self-taught nurse who could recite poetry by the ream. At 12 or 13 "the book habit * * * came, as far as poetry was concerned, with a rush." At 14 he printed a pamphlet of original verse remarkable for its finish, and at 15 he had read pretty much all the older and the newer British poets. In his schoolboy days, he says, "I got out my Byron or my Shelley and raced through their pages in a delirium of delight." At Oxford "the air greatly stimulated my love of verse and belles-lettres,' and I careered over the green pastures of our poetry like the colt let loose that I was." Unlike Darwin, whose enjoyment of poetry ceased in middle age, Mr. Strachey confesses that "the older I grow the more I love verse." And he proves it by the frequency with which he quotes poetry, not only in his book but (as he confesses) even in his daily coversation.

In an old country house in 1886 Mr. Strachey came upon Barnes's Dorsetshire dialect poems, opened the volume at certain "enchanting stanzas" and "in a moment realized that, for me, a new foot was on the earth, a new name come down from heaven." In the same year, though formerly "inclined to turn up my nose at Matthew Arnold's verse, * * * I bent my knee in reverent adoration at the shrine."

The mathematician might expect little sympathy or comprehension from so whole-hearted a devotee of the muses as Mr. Strachey; but, if so, he would be agreeably disappointed:

Euclid and algebra fascinated me. I felt for them exactly what I felt for poetry. * * * I can remember to this day how I worked out the proof of the forty-seventh proposition. * * * The realization of the absolute unalterable fact that in every right-angled triangle the square of the side subtending it is equal to the square of the sides containing it filled me with the kind of joy and glory that one feels on reading, for the first time, Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" or one of the great passages in Shakespeare.

Then there was political economy—as charming to Mr. Strachey as was "divine philosophy" to Milton. "I was, while only a schoolboy, a passionate admirer of Arch, the man who formed the first Agricultural Laborers' Union." And at Oxford his closest friend made economics as clear to him as daylight. "I saw at once, as I have seen and felt ever since, that political economy * * * is not a dreary science, but one of the most fascinating and mentally stimulating of all forms of human knowledge."

A delightful chapter on the literate nurse who spouted poetry to the lad Strachey begins with this exordium: "In the families of the well-to-do few influences have a greater effect upon the child, and so upon the man, than that exercised by the servants of the household in which he or she is brought up." This is none the less a fact because of the humorously inexact construction of the sentence in which it is stated—and the book is by no means free from solecisms of the sort, despite the author's scholarship and love of good English. Most of its pages are, however, innocent of such blemishes, due to overhasty writing, and are marked by a fine sense of style, many a passage having the natural eloquence that springs from vigorous thought and feeling.

One of Mr. Strachey's early ardors was for Oxford University, though one is little prepared to expect this from the account he gives of his inadequate preparation to meet the requirements of matriculation, and the professors' attitude toward him later on. The trouble was that he knew so much that was not required and so little that was. He was "in the position of Gibbon," he says, "when he went up to Magdalen; his ignorance would have astonished a schoolboy and his learning a professor." Not having been prepared at Eton, Rugby or some other of the great public schools, he was not familiar with the ways of teachers and masters. On the other hand, they did not know what to make of a clever, ardent, undisciplined undergraduate of his type. So there was friction with Dr. Jowett (Master of Balliol, young Strachey's college) and with others who sought, as Jowett did, to put him in his place. But this worried him little at the time; and today, realizing what the situation was, he bears no malice against the bigwigs who thought him "a cheeky young ass" and treated him accordingly.

A "wretched Latinist," he yet was capable of being "thunderstruck with delight" on coming upon a fine Latin epitaph in the Cathedral after listening to the last sermon preached by the famous Dr. Pusey. But spoken words were even more inspiring to him than the finest of mortuary inscriptions, and Mr. Strachey asserts, "I have never heard such talk as in my own rooms and in the rooms of my contemporaries at Oxford"—one of the reasons being that there was boundless time to indulge in it.

I could fill this book with stories of my life at Oxford, of its enchantment, of my friendships, of my walks and rides, and of my expeditions up the river; for, not being a professional athlete, I had time to enjoy myself. * * * I can say with absolute truth that I never was anything but supremely happy at Oxford—I might almost say deliriously happy.

Though put off from the classics by the way they were taught, Mr. Strachey is now an ardent lover and reader of them in translation, and "passionately desires that as many people as possible shall enjoy Hellenic culture." Cicero's letters brought him under "an enchantment greater than that cast even by Walpole, Mme. de Sevigne or Mme. du Deffand."

Horseback riding was and is still one of the Strachey passions: "To get on a horse and ride through woods and lanes and over downs and commons is an enormous pleasure. * * * To me the greatest of all physical enjoyments has always been the sensation produced by a horse with all four legs off the ground." No wonder he enjoyed so keenly, when visiting at the White House in November, 1901, an hour's hard gallop in the rain, at nightfall, with President Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood.

Roosevelt, by the way, is one of the "Five Great Men" to whom two chapters of the "Adventure" are devoted. These chapters reveal the writer, not unnaturally, as something of a hero-worshiper, though not of the gushing sort; for his ardent but not exaggerated statements he cites chapter and verse. The men he celebrates were all of them personal friends—Lord Cromer (for whom his regard "touches the point of veneration") being the most intimate. The other three were the late Duke of Devonshire (in his day "the Duke" par excellence), John Hay and Joseph Chamberlain. Hay, of whom he was "a fervent admirer," interested him not only by his unusual personal qualities and achievements, but as having been "private secretary to the greatest man of modern times—Abraham Lincoln."

At the age of 5 Mr. Strachey saw in a weekly paper a cartoon illustrating "The Last Shot" in the Civil War; later he learned from his father, "an intense abolitionist," to venerate Lincoln's name. His sympathy with and admiration for the United States came early and have remained with him always. It was not unnatural, therefore, that when the American newspaper correspondents in England were deprived of their stock in trade by the censorship early in the World War, this particular journalist should have been the first to bestir himself to help them out. For two years they had a standing invitation to tea with him at The Spectator office once a week; and great men, from the Prime Minister down, met and talked with them freely. What they said, of course, was not for publication, and in no instance was any indiscretion committed by the editor's guests—a matter which their host records as the veriest commonplace. The Government, not long after these conferences began, hit upon the happy idea of having them conducted by some one who had spent more time than their originator in the United States. Mr. Strachey promptly offered to step aside—but the Government was plainly but firmly informed by the correspondents themselves that if he dropped out there would be no one at the subsequent meetings but the man who took his place. He was the Hamlet without whom there could be no play.

Mr. Strachey's latest enthusiasm relates to the writing of reminiscences. His closing pages deal with "unwritten chapters" of his autobiography which may some day see the light. In preparing the present entertaining volume he made it a rule not to write of the living—a rule conveniently ignored whenever he saw fit.

Mr. Strachey, by the way, was the first to propose that the late Ambassador Page's services to England and America should be commemorated by a tablet in Westminster Abbey—the erection of which is now happily accomplished.

Shelley as Leading Man in a Romantic Comedy

His Adventures in Life Novelized by a French Author

ARIEL, OU LA VIE DE SHELLEY. By André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

SHELLEY'S short life was full of romantic incident and the biographical material which has been collected since his death, just a century ago, is as much as any one could wish for a great poet. Every one who came in close contact with him seems to have kept a journal and preserved his letters. His name is linked with many interesting figures of his time —Byron, William Godwin, Mary Godwin, Clara (or Jane) Clairmont, Leigh Hunt, Peacock, Southey, Keats and others who have become known through knowing the poet.

Out of the voluminous records of Shelley's life, it has occurred to André Maurois to make a romance —"the work of a novelist rather than a historian or critic," he says in a foreword. The result seems to be a "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, for nowhere in the book does the reader gain a good view of the man who could write "To a Skylark" and "Promethus Unbound." It is the human comedy in which Shelley played the leading part that attracts Maurois and will doubtless fascinate many readers of his book. He is already known as a clever writer whose wit is at its best when at work on British traits, as in "The Silences of Colonel Bramble" and "The Discourses of Dr. O'Grady."

While leaving out the most important fact about Shelley, namely, that he was a very great poet, Maurois avails himself of poetic license to tell his story. He claims authority in the mass of Shelley literature for all his statements; it is a case of the truth but not the whole truth. Much will be pardoned him, however, for the sake of his characterizations, for his keen wit and gentle irony. M. Maurois belongs to the line of Montaigne, La Fontaine, Voltaire and Anatole France and he has that ease, simplicity and grace which are the great charm of so many French writers.

"Ariel" is the story of Shelley's life from his days at Eton to the end at the funeral pyre on the Italian sands. It is the story of a spirit in conflict with a gross world—the story of Matthew Arnold's "beautiful and ineffectual angel beating his wings in a luminous void in vain." It is infinitely pathetic, full of the tears of things, yet intensely human and colored by fantastic irony. It is the irony of that life that M. Maurois grasps most naturally.

The facts of Shelley's life being already known, the reader of M. Maurois's book can spend his time admiring his way of presenting them, his character drawing and his philosophizing. He will find the sustained note of the book struck in the opening paragraphs:

> In 1800 King George III. of England put at the head of the aristocratic college of Eton, Dr. Keate, a terrible little man, who regarded flogging as a necessary stage on to the road to all moral perfection and who ended his sermons with "Be charitable, boys, or I shall thrash you until you are."
>
> The gentlemen and rich merchants whose sons he reared looked upon this pious ferocity without disfavor and regarded as singularly estimable a man who had thrashed almost all the Prime Ministers, Bishops and Generals in the country.

This is the school in which Shelley found himself and the life against which he at once rebelled, refusing to accept the rules of the game and getting the name of "Mad Shelley." Already Godwin's "Political Justice" was his guide and he read the French philosophers. At home he was soon at war with his father, Timothy Shelley.

> M. Timothy had good intentions —it was what rendered him insupportable. He loved letters with the irritating awkwardness of the unlettered. He affected a worldly respect for religion, an aggressive tolerance for new ideas and pompous philosophy.

Shelley, with the proselyting fervor which never weakened, turned first to his sisters and his cousin, Harriet Grove:

> The picture he painted them of the universe was simple. On the one hand, vice—kings, priests and the rich; on the other, virtue—philosophers and the poor. On the one hand, religion in the service of tyranny; on the other, Godwin and his political justice.

Shelley, in love with his cousin, loses her because of his radical and revolutionary preaching. "It is rare," remarks our cynical author, "that good-looking women have a taste for dangerous ideas. Beauty, nature's orderly form, is essentially conservative."

This shock in the life of Shelley is closely connected with his expulsion from Oxford as the author of the pamphlet "The Necessity of Atheism." His lifelong friend, Jefferson Hogg, received the same sentence. The Dean "was evidently in the mood that evening to expel the whole college."

The courtship and marriage of Shelley which followed soon after his banishment and complete break with his father contain the stuff of high comedy when looked at from the point of view of a modern French romancer. Shelley, young, handsome, heir to a large estate and a title, but now penniless in London, going about with his pockets full of bread and raisins, was not long in attracting the attention of Harriet Westbrook, a friend of his sisters at the Young Ladies Academy in Clapham, and quite as important for Shelley's future, of Harriet's sister, Eliza. Harriet was 16 and Eliza almost twice her age; Harriet distractingly pretty, Eliza hard, rejoicing only in her handsome black hair. Here are the three who, after an elopement to Scotland, set up housekeeping together. The young philosopher, whose views on marriage had cost him so much already, put his neck under the yoke that Eliza rather than Harriet was to make unbearable for him.

Much has been made of Shelley's abandonment of his wife and his alliance with Mary Godwin, and that step doubtless did bring down woes innumerable on several families. It also had a great influence on Shelley's work as a poet and held back that recognition that he might have had during his lifetime. M. Maurois does not concern himself with the moral qualities of Shelley's act, but what an extraordinary elopement was that which he describes in the pages! Shelley, Mary Godwin and her stepsister Clara Clairmont steal away from London, cross the Channel and reach Paris, where their funds are exhausted. They borrow 1,200 francs, resolve to continue their journey to Switzerland on foot, buying a donkey for Mary to ride.

The strange trio make their way for many leagues, the donkey being the first of the party to collapse. From Troyes Shelley sends off a letter to Harriet, which must be the most remarkable letter ever written to a deserted wife by an eloping husband. He asked nothing less than that Harriet should come and join him and Mary Godwin.

> She would live near them and would be sure to find there at least one true friend. He gave her with much naturalness the news of Mary's health. This frankness appeared to him very simple and he did not doubt that his wife would arrive soon. Perhaps the "world" would consider this life in common immoral, but what mattered the opinion of the world? Was it not better to yield to pity and tenderness than prejudices without rational bases? Harriet did not reply.

The elopers speedily came to the conclusion that their life in Switzerland, without sufficient funds, would be intolerable, and the return voyage to England was begun. Here Shelley learned the cost of defying English convention. The most outraged of his countrymen was William Godwin:

> Shelley pleaded that he had only applied the principles of "Political Justice"; that only further irritated the author of the treatise. "Political Justice" was in his eyes a theoretical book, the principles of which would have been excellent in a Utopian country (and anyway he had written it a long time ago) but in London, in the midst of a pitiless society, in his own house and with his only daughter, to expose him to the jests of his friends, and that through the perversion of his own principles—no, he would never pardon it.

But it is hard to pardon Godwin, for while refusing to see his daughter or Shelley he continued to borrow money of them.

Harriet also persecuted them. A child was born to her but this brought no sign of reconciliation with Shelley—"Shelley was not sure the child was his." Hogg and Peacock remained the friends of the outlawed couple. Mary's child was born but soon died. She records in her journal her dream that her baby was alive.

But the triple ménage had run its course, Mary had periodic jealousy of the passionate Clara, and it was finally decided that she must leave them. Soon afterward began the affair between Lord Byron and Clara, which was to be renewed in Switzerland and was to bring into the world that unfortunate Allegra Byron.

Since we are to consider "Ariel" as the work of a novelist rather than historian or critic, it is seen why Lord Byron plays such a large part in its pages. To set off the fine spiritual qualities of Shelley, what could be better than the dark and evil figure of Byron? Ariel and Don Juan!

At this time Byron was famous all over Europe, Shelley was little known. Shelley listened to the third canto of "Childe Harold" and despaired of ever equaling it. But Byron, the man, was even more astounding to Shelley than Bryon, the poet:

> Byron had braved prejudices, but he believed in them. He had encountered them in pursuit of his desires and had passed beyond them, but regretfully. What Shelley had done naïvely he had done consciously. Driven out by the world, he cared only for worldly success. A bad husband, he respected only legitimate love. * * * He tried to terrify England by playing an audacious rôle, but it was through despair at not having been able to conquer in a traditional way.

Byron's life at Venice, his treatment of Clara, the death of their daughter were incidents only less trying for Shelley than the great shock of his life—the suicide of Harriet, who drowned herself in the Serpentine. The story of her life after her separation from Shelley is one of the blank spaces in the Shelley literature and one which may mercifully be allowed to remain so.

There is another episode in Shelley's life which Maurois has treated most amusingly. It is an important episode, for to it the world owes "Epipsychidion"—the friendship of Shelley and Emilia Viviani.

After several painful years the Shelleys find themselves at Pisa. They become the centre of a little group—Shelley's cousin Tom Medwin, the Williamses, the Irish Count Taaffe, the Greek patriot Mavrocordati, Trelawny, and finally an extraordinary Italian priest with the diabolic and penetrating glance of the inquisitor of Venice, the Rev. Professor Pacchini, called the Devil of Pisa, abbé without religion and professor without a chair, great amateur of women and pictures, antiquary, procurer, connoisseur and universal pander-er. He was the man who always finds a Palazzo to rent and takes his commission from the landlord and tenant, recommends a teacher of Italian and shares with him the income from the lessons, and slips mysteriously to the Englishman on voyage the name of a Marchese anxious to sell an Andrea del Sarto.

It was this amazing Devil of Pisa who told Shelley the story of the beautiful Countess Emilia Viviani, condemned to life in a convent by a cruel stepmother. Shelley is taken to see her.

> The abbé went to get Emilia, and soon Mephistopheles returns with Marguerite. He had not exaggerated the beauty of the young woman; her black hair was simply tied like that of a Greek nurse, her faultless profile seemed the work of a perfect sculptor; the pallor of her coloring brought out the glow of her eyes which possessed that expression of half-sleep and profound voluptuousness in which certain Italians surpass the Orientals.

It was in Emilia that Shelley thought he had discovered the object of a mystic and perfect love, a vision he had always pursued. As for Mary, "she would have preferred that this contemplation had taken a statue for its object, or that Shelley, like Dante, had never spoken to his Beatrice." There follows the strange correspondence of "Dear Sister," "Adored Mary," "Sensible Percy," "Caro Fratello" and even "Adorato Sposo" (to be taken in its mystic sense only). While Shelley worked feverishly on his poem, "Mary repeated to herself, to be reassured, that all those beautiful things were addressed to the divine essence of Emilia and not to a pretty girl with black hair."

Shelley's dream was soon shattered. The divine essence of Emilia made a thoroughly cynical and worldly marriage.

"Ariel Delivered" is Maurois's title for the story of the great storm and the death of Shelley at sea. It is a simple and pathetic narrative, not cluttered up by the controversy over details of the tragedy. Then follows a brief story of the finding of the bodies of Shelley and his friend Williams and their burning.

Of all those associated with Shelley, Clara Clairmont lived the longest. She was seen in 1879, fifty-seven years after the death of Shelley, by a young man who asked her memories of Shelley and Byron.

> "'Well,' she said, 'I suppose that you, like all the others, think that I loved Byron.'
>
> "'Shelley?' he murmured in a voice almost imperceptible.
>
> "'With all my heart and all my soul,' said the old lady with passion, without raising her eyes.
>
> "Then with a charming coquetry she gave him a tap on the cheek."

Shelley. From an Engraving.

What Byron May Have Gained by Leaving England

Italian Fountains of His Poetic Inspiration

A Review by
H. NELSON GAY

BYRONISMO ITALIANO. Per Antonio Porta. 335 pp. Milano: L. F. Cogliati, 1923. 20 lire.

ROME.

A CENTURY ago an English critic now long forgotten, Egerton Brydges, expressed the doubt "whether Byron would have produced *one* of his finest poems if he had continued to reside in England." Putting conjecturde aside, it is a historical fact that, with the exception of the Third Canto of "Childe Harold," written in Switzerland, Byron poured forth all his greatest verse in Italy; Italian literature served him as one of the richest fountains of his inspiration; he dreamed of writing his own masterpiece in the Italian language, and Italy became a fertile field, perhaps the most fertile, of his posthumous influence.

After less than four years' residence among the Italians, Byron, with his accustomed sincerity—we use the word "accustomed" advisedly—expressed his understanding of the country of his adoption in a letter to Murray of April 16, 1820: "I have lived long enough among them to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence." There is no question that Byron loved the Italians, collectively and individually, male and female—we use the word "female" also advisedly:

> From the rich peasant cheek of ruddy bronze
> To the high Dame's brow, more melancholy.

And the Italians, both during his life and after his death, fully reciprocated his affection. Such is the burden of the vital part of this volume, "Byronismo Italiano." "Fraternal sympathy, this is the secret of Italian veneration for Byron," writes Porta; and again: "The Italian people loved Byron with passionate devotion, because he was their own poet." Although this latter assertion may savor of literary chauvinism, no one knowing Byron intimately will doubt that he himself would have accepted it with fraternal expressions of obligation.

To Italians Byron was, and is, the most beloved of Englishmen, because in more than one trait of character he was the least English. This is not an offense to British sentiment; it is merely a frank acknowledgment of the differences between Italian psychology and that of the British. Byron himself during the last seven years of his life was at some odds with British psychology, and could thus better appreciate national sentiment in other sections of the globe; George Washington, also a Britisher, also once found himself out of sympathy with British psychology. Byron in his enthusiasm for the liberation of oppressed Italy as a nation, enthusiasm which counted for much in inspiring Italian affection, did not trouble himself with calculations upon the balance of power in the Mediterranean; and it should be added that in later years distinguished British statesmen, distinguished among the distinguished, came to share his enthusiasm, though they may not have been equally free from calculation.

> Italia too! Italia! looking on thee,
> Full flashes on the Soul the light of ages
> * * *

quotes Porta, pointing out that in this stanza of "Childe Harold" Byron proclaimed

> the sacredness of Italy's centuries of suffering and all the surging hopes of her reawakening. * * * The poet (*vate nostro*) understood the tragedy of Italy, silent beneath the mantle of her ruins, and he generously constituted himself her advocate.

Porta differentiates Byron from the host of other foreigners who came into the peninsula and who wrote of her—Stendhal, de Staël, Schlegel, Goethe, Heine, Mommsen. For them the people, the race, the nation did not exist. Their love for historical and physical Italy was inspired by egotism, sensuality, the artist's love of the glories of the past. As writers they looked down from the heights of their own countries upon a miserable subject country. They loved Italy, when they loved her, precisely because of her inferiority, with their instinctive pride of the powerful who enjoy being benevolent to those who are humble and unfortunate. Byron, on the contrary, knew the heart of the Italians, "he had become (*pars magna fui*) a portion of their hopes and fears and passions"; he knew their value and trusted in their future. This understanding made it possible for him to draw forth what was spiritually best in his Italian environment and to give out his own best.

"The Prophecy of Dante" was Byron's most potent call to Italian nationalism.

> What is there wanting then to set thee free,
> And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
> To make the Alps impassable; and we,
> Her sons, may do this with one deed—Unite.

Porta characterizes this as "a poem written for Italians in the Italian spirit, written with sincerity by one who loved them and who knew their weaknesses and the secret of their reawakening, which, however, needed encouragement and guidance."

The best proof that Byron wrote in the Italian spirit emerges in the attitude assumed by the despotic Governments of Italy toward his works. One of the Tuscan censors of the press in 1822 commented upon the "Prophecy of Dante," which had been translated into Italian and clandestinely printed, as follows:

> I find nothing, or almost nothing, that is new in the poem. Hundreds and thousands have said the same thing which Byron says before him. But the times in which we live make me consider dangerous the repetition of what has already been said. A small volume; a foreign poet who lives in our midst, in Pisa; the ardor with which he writes; the passions which burn in his verse and inflame it; these are considerations which lead me to regard the work as bad.

And upon the recommendation of the press censor the President of Good Government in Florence promptly prohibited the poem.

The above report of the censor came into our hands unpublished from a mass of Italian documents upon Byron. It would have added greatly to the value of Porta's volume if, instead of describing Byron's life as a liberal and a conspirator from the poet's own writings already published, he could have given us fruits of research upon the subject in Italian archives.

What interests Porta particularly, however, is the literary rather than the political side of Byron's life. He passes rapidly over the leading Italian authors who influenced the poet's work—Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Ariosto, Berni, Pulci, Tasso, Foscolo—and then pauses to dwell at length upon Alfieri's influence. Porta would not accept Ernest Hartley Coleridge's statement that, while there were points of resemblance in the personal dispositions of Alfieri and Byron, "their works do not provoke comparison." On the contrary, Porta declares:

> The affinity between Byron and Alfieri is constant; the imitation which results is therefore marked and becomes original re-elaboration. Notwithstanding his admiration, Byron felt the deficiencies of his great model, but was led fatally to reproduce them, and even to exaggerate them. "The Italians have as yet no tragedy—Alfieri's are political monologues, except Mirra. * * * It has been my object to be simple and severe as Alfieri," wrote Byron. But Alfieri as a model did not help him, indeed he hampered him; to the English poet had been denied the dramatic quality, for him the writing of tragedy proved a vain effort, whereas the tragedy of Alfieri is, of its kind, perfect. * * * The political conception both of Alfieri and of Byron is that of Rousseau; they hate oppression, every form of oppression, they invoke universal liberty, this is their supreme, practical ideal. They belong to the aristocracy, but from the very nature of their principles they are forced inevitably into conflict with their own class; they are dissenters and stand alone, in fact they are, from conviction, enemies of those in power, but they are not on this account democrats; they hold themselves professedly aloof from the people, whom they love, but whom they love from afar—from the heights. * * * The tragedy of Byron, like that of Alfieri, is per eccellenza aristocratic, as was the philanthropy of both.

Porta's statements are dogmatic. We wish that he had given himself more latitude in working out convincing proof.

The more important part of his volume is that relating to Byron's influence, chiefly posthumous, upon Italian thought and literature. This influence he would represent not as a phenomenon of outward imitation but as the endorsement of Italian public opinion, and in those days honest opinion was of necessity largely clandestine, accorded the works of an author who was known to be profoundly imbued with the awakened Italian spirit. It was a spiritual, artistic, political phenomenon, of varied and often conflicting manifestations. Porta promises us a future work upon Byronism in Lombardy and Tuscany; in the present publication he deals only with Byronism in the ex-Kingdom of Naples; but Naples was the part of Italy in which the murky cloud of despotism hung lowest and was most dense. "One problem tormented Italy, the reconquest of liberty; this was the dominating thought of the time, and incitement to the solution of this problem was the heritage of Byron's poetry." In the Neapolitan provinces, as in most other parts of Italy, men conspired for liberty, and literature was a powerful means of conspiracy. The police endeavored to prevent the entrance of foreign works into the kingdom, but the volumes entered none the less; every cultured liberal had his little secret library—in which Byron was a favorite.

The influence of Byron upon Lombard romanticism was wide, but not profound; it is necessary to study the literature of Tuscany, with Guerrazzi, with Bini and with Niccolini, but above all the literature of Naples during the tragic period, 1848-1860, if one would estimate the influence of this English poet upon the minds of our writers.

In his exposition of Neapolitan Byronism Porta disinters the works of a number of writers now long forgotten, but who were the literary oracles of their day; and he brings to light a number of critical articles from an old literary and philosophical journal founded in 1841, the Museo. A certain Baldacchini fears the pollution of imported foreign literature; he would permit the reading of Shakespeare, although with some reserve, but of Byron and Shelley, no—they are deeply tainted with primeval vice. And yet this same critic himself translated not a little of Byron and Shelley, thereby spreading the "contagion" which alarmed him; and he characterized Byron, as one of those poets to whose verse the human spirit most universally responds; furthermore he adds this tribute: "Notwithstanding his errors, he is in great part ours."

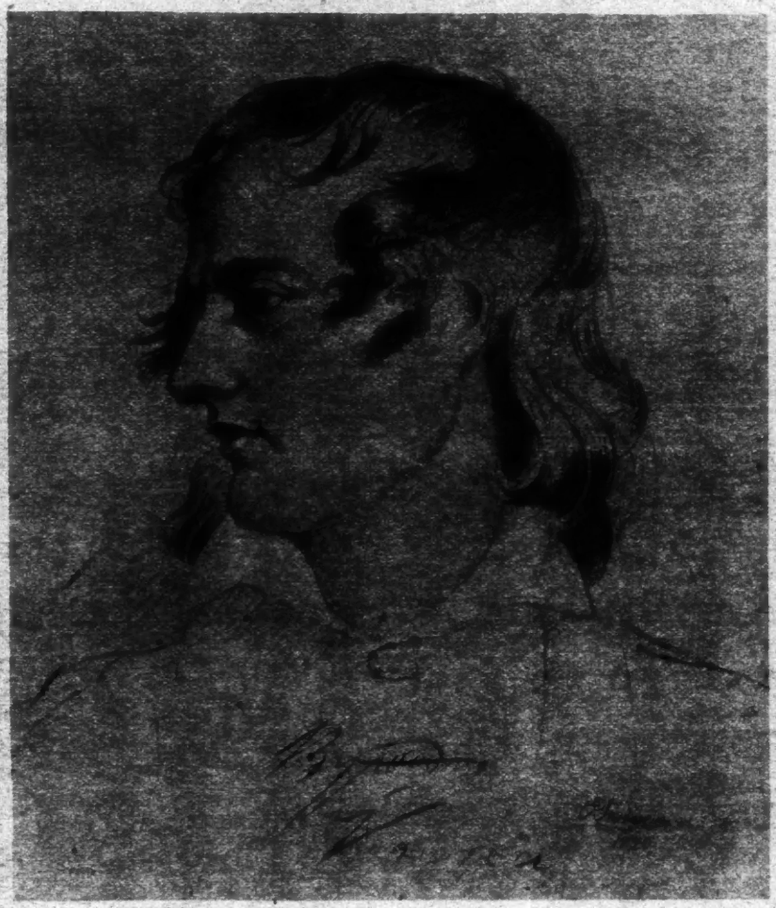
But De Virgili is the most famous of Byron's disciples in the Neapolitan provinces; indeed, he is "the Byron of Southern Italy." He closely resembled the English poet in character; moody, restless, passionate, he travelled widely in the East and in Europe; for him also poetry was a political weapon. His "L'Oriente" is an imitation of "Childe Harold;" "in all his writings Byron emerges sovereign and omnipresent."

One may be permitted to ask why, in dealing with De Virgili, and in other portions of his volume as well, Porta never mentions in his abundant footnotes the two important pamphlets of Guido Muoni: "La fama del Byron e il Byronismo in Italia" and "La leggenda del Byron in Italia," published in 1903 and 1907 respectively, and now both out of print.

Porta would have added valuable proof in the demonstration of his general thesis, had he given some account of Italian translations of Byron. They are more numerous than translations into any other language. The collection in the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome, which does not profess to be complete in this line, though there is no richer collection, contains over one hundred separate publications of Italian translations of Byron.

Porta's own translations from letters of the poet, and his citations even from Italian sources, are lamentably inaccurate; sometimes they suit his argument too well.

It is important to note that De Virgili, and à fortiori lesser Italian Byronians, were unknown to Prothero and Coleridge when they edited their monumental edition of Byron's "Works" in thirteen volumes. And it is not too much to say that Byron scholars in general have—hitherto paid far too little attention to Italian sources. A biography which might justly be entitled "The Real Lord Byron" has not yet been written—nor will it be written until full valuation be taken of the Italian influences in the poet's life and work, for both debit and credit accounts. Porta's "Byronismo Italiano" is a contribution toward this valuation, but it is a fragmentary and by no means satisfactory contribution.



Byron, Drawn in Venice by George Henry Harlow, Aug. 6, 1818.
From a Rare Original Engraving in Stipple by E. Scriven, Presented to the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome by the Earl of Effingham.

Publishing on Fifth Avenue

What E. P. Dutton Contributed to American Literary Enterprise

By ALLEN SINCLAIR WILL

MIDDLE Fifth Avenue has become the literary Rialto of America, the grand arena of successes and failures in authorship and publishing, and the dean of a group of daring leaders of the book industry who made it such passed away only recently. Edward Payson Dutton, who died Sept. 6, at the age of nearly 96 years, was a link between a half-forgotten day when Boston held up her queenly head as the mistress of letters on this side of the Atlantic, and these new times when the writer's door of fame is planted firmly in the rocky soil of Manhattan Island.

Much more than half of the total publishing in the United States and fully 85 per cent. of the strictly literary publishing is now done in New York City, the largest proportion in this small district. On the avenue, between Twelfth and Fifty-fourth Streets, genius and talent from all parts of the country rub elbows daily with mediocrity and failure, and all of them in turn mingle in the swirl with fashion and sublimated trade.

The North Pole of this miniature world, throbbing with literary hope and adventure, is the tall gray building of E. P. Dutton & Co., near Fifty-third Street, almost within sound of the splashing of the sculptured fountain in the Fifty-ninth Street Plaza and close to the district of majestic homes of wealth on upper Fifth Avenue. Its South Pole is the sedate red brick home of the Macmillan Company, near Thirteenth Street, where the atmosphere of Washington Square and Greenwich Village sweeps along like an exotic breeze. Between these extremes, on the avenue or near by in the cross streets of the same district, are the big establishments of Scribner's, Putnam's, Appleton's, Holt's, Harpers', McBride's, Brentano's, Seltzer's, Boni & Liveright's, Huebsch's and others.

Only a little removed, on parallel streets in the same general area, are Doran's, Harcourt, Brace & Co.'s, Dodd, Mead & Co.'s and Stokes's. A small additional area in the group, principally to the westward, embraces the sites of most of the big publishing houses not already named, with the notable exception of Doubleday, Page & Co., who removed their plant to Garden City, L. I., some years ago in order to obtain better printing facilities.

Yet when Mr. Dutton, coming from Boston, set out to realize his ambitions here, this district had none of the character of a great literary mart which it possesses today. It was due to such bold captains as himself and his contemporaries, men of the types of Charles Scribner, George Haven Putnam, Henry Holt, M. W. Dodd, George E. Brett, whose son, George P. Brett, has been the builder of the Macmillan Company, and Frederick A. Stokes that the book output of America was securely centred here. At the time of his advent, Harpers' and Appleton's were the only big publishing houses in New York. Now 1,400 publishers are listed in the telephone red book.

These pioneers, men of resolute souls, with big and often original ideas, staked fortunes on forecasting and ministering to the tastes of the country in books. They trod like giants in fields broader and more hazardous than American publishers had ventured to enter before their day, and they went straight to their goal.

When Mr. Dutton entered the publishing business it was a comparatively feeble industry whose operations were limited to a population of 23,000,000 in which illiteracy was common. He lived to see it and helped to make it a powerful, heavily financed and aggressive form of American enterprise with its opportunities widened to provide for a population of more than 100,000,000, living under a régime of compulsory education. He was in the book trade for seventy-one years. It is probable that no other leading publishing house in the country was under the direct guidance of its founder for so long a period.

Mr. Dutton drifted into his life work as the outcome of a casual visit to a friend. He was born at Keene, N. H., and in his infancy the family removed to Boston, where his father became a successful dry goods merchant. The lad was sent to the Boys' Latin School, where he pursued his studies with zeal except as to Greek, to which he developed an aversion. When he was almost ready to enter Harvard the prospect of more Greek appalled him, and he prevailed upon his father to take him into the store.

He was employed as junior clerk, with long hours and severe labor, after the manner of such clerks in those days, and his health broke down. A leisurely tour of Europe restored him and he went back to Boston with faculties alert in search of a permanent vocation.

Soon after his return home, he dropped in for a chat with a friend, George E. Ide, in a small book store which the latter kept. Ide showed him over the store and suggested that he might try his 'prentice hand in the same business. Young Dutton became so much interested that he bought a partnership in the concern with $3,000 obtained from his father and thus the firm of Ide & Dutton made its modest début.

The partners prospered. In a year they felt sufficiently venturesome to buy out the business of Charles Stimpson, who kept the only Episcopal Church bookstore in Boston. Soon afterward Ide & Dutton began to turn their thoughts to publishing, and the first book they issued, an indication of the sound judgment which Mr. Dutton showed later, was Horace Mann's lectures on education.

Mr. Dutton was fascinated from the beginning with this aspect of the business, and, seeking a free hand for projects that were taking shape in his mind, he bought out his partner in 1858 and began for himself as E. P. Dutton & Co. Six years later he bought the "Old Corner Bookstore," then a haunt of Boston authors and book collectors, from Ticknor & Fields. The head salesman of this concern was Charles A. Clapp, whom Mr. Dutton took into partnership with him, thus linking with himself for the first time some one who could be called the "Co."

These two men were singularly well fitted to work together as the founders of a large business. Mr. Dutton was engrossed with thoughts of projects in publishing and Mr. Clapp possessed managerial skill which rapidly expanded the firm's retail trade. Some Sunday school books were printed and, in search of a larger market, the partners bought the business of Stanford & Swords in New York. Branching out still further, they took over part of the interests of Daniel Dana Jr., a church publisher of this city.

In 1868 they made a big stroke. E. P. Dutton & Co. took over the book publishing of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York and established themselves at 762 Broadway, still considering the "Old Corner Bookstore" in Boston, however, as their headquarters.

The next year their rent was raised to $10,000 and this decided their future. Choosing a risk in New York rather than retreat, they leased the large store at 713 Broadway, at the corner of Washington Place, transferring all their business here. Thus the firm has been a distinctively New York house from 1869 to the present time.

As business and fashion moved uptown they shifted their headquarters to 31-33 West Twenty-third Street, and finally, twelve years ago, to their present home, an office building at 681 Fifth Avenue erected on the site of a former residence of Levi P. Morton.

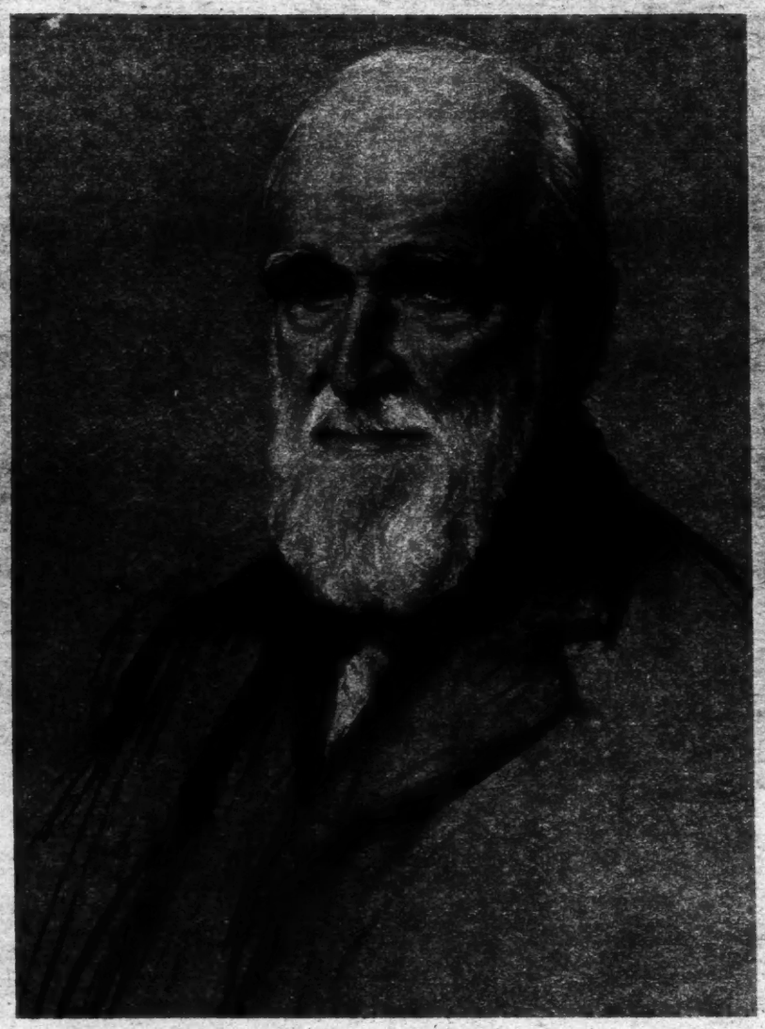
The firm published books of more than 10,000 different titles during Mr. Dutton's life. Its present catalogue, from which many former publications have been dropped, embraces over 4,000 titles.

As early as 1874 E. P. Dutton & Co. had printed 700 books. Soon afterward came Mr. Dutton's first success with a "best seller." It was characteristic of the kind of books that he preferred to publish that this was Canon (afterward Dean) Farrar's "Life of Christ," the sweeping popularity of which in the '80s of the last century is still remembered. Other publishers had turned it down on the ground that there were too many works of the same kind on the market, but Mr. Dutton's keen glance took in the strong and sweetly simple portrayal of Dr. Farrar, and for years it monopolized the field.

The high tide of the book's popularity throughout the English-speaking world was gall and wormwood to some of the New York publishers who had rejected Canon Farrar's manuscript. One of them told Mr. Dutton later that it made him heartsick to contemplate his own mistake of judgment.

Another pronounced early success of the Dutton firm was "Shiloh," a religious novel by M. L. Jay. Vision was shown again when, by dint of much effort, Mr. Dutton persuaded Phillips Brooks to allow his sermons to be printed and they soon leaped into a large circulation. Other authors now or formerly on the Dutton list are Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, W. H. Hudson, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Arthur C. Benson, the Duke de Abruzzi, Romain Rolland, Professor John Dewey, Leonard Merrick, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Charles G. Norris, Ferdinand Ossendowski, Samuel Butler, James H. Hyslop and Algernon Blackwood.

These who assert that unscrupulous methods facilitate business success may ponder over the example to the contrary which the life of Mr. Dutton presented. Early in his career he developed a deep religious feeling and he would consent to no publication by his firm of a book which he considered unfit, however alluring its supposed prospects of profit might be.



E. P. Dutton.

Photo by Peter A. Juley.

Decline and Fall of the Short Story

SHORT STORY WRITING: As Art or Trade? By N. Bryllion Fagin. 139 pp. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

THE author of this little book ought to know something about the question he asks in his title, for, as instructor in short story writing in the University of Maryland and as Dean of the School of Literary Arts, Research University, Washington, he has had the opportunity to influence the mental attitude toward such work of a good many young people. His own feeling about it is as cynical and as bitter as that of an ambitious but disappointed author who has been bruised to the core of his heart by the impact of rejection slips from publishers and editors. He is quite sure that the ailment that is destroying the art of the short story in this country—and he thinks that, except in the hands of a few writers such as Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser, the American short story is in a deplorable state and on the down grade—is the commercial standard that rules in editorial offices. There are observers of literary tendencies and influences who are inclined to think that if there is any ailment afflicting our short story product it is due to the fact that in every school of journalism, every college and university the attempt was started a few years ago to teach the writing of it. But Mr. Fagin is quite sure the trouble lies immediately with the editors and publishers and, beyond them, with the public of immature taste, little culture and low standards. He says quite frankly that he advises his pupils, if they want to win favor at the hands of the editors and earn worth while amounts of money, to study and imitate the methods and style of those who succeed and write down to the same level.

Then Mr. Fagin takes a whack at what he calls "O. Henryism," which he agrees with Mrs. Gerould in thinking has had a pernicious influence on American literature, and he says that "before this most popular of our literary forms can come into its own the O. Henry cult must be demolished." O. Henry's rightful position, he adds, is "among the tragic figures of America's potential artists whose genius was distorted and stifled by our prevailing commercial and infantile conception of literary values." Another iconoclastic chapter is devoted to the moving pictures and the very great influence they are beginning to exert on both the form and the substance of our fiction, both magazine and book. In others are discussed the themes and viewpoints and methods that the author believes a writer who wishes to attain commercial success should avoid and in the final chapter he formulates his own artistic credo. The book is cleverly written, and whether or not one disagrees with some, or even many, of Mr. Fagin's ideas and convictions, he is always stimulating and suggestive. His viewpoint may be so narrow sometimes as to exclude much that needs to be said in order to give a just and whole understanding of a subject or a condition; but it is one that deserves consideration, and his work, which is more a critique of the situation than it is a book of advice for would-be literary artists, will repay a thorough reading.

Erasmus, the Most Polished Wit of His Generation

When the World Was Smaller and More Amusing

A Review by
JOHN M. CRAWFORD

ERASMUS: A Study of His Life, Ideals, and Place in History. By Preserved Smith. 470 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $4.

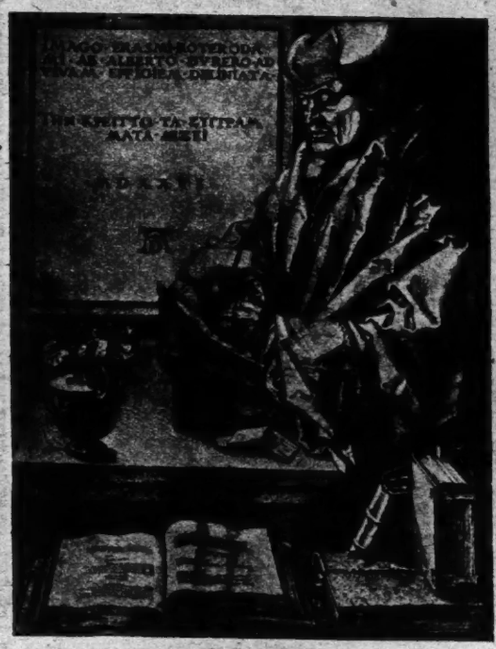
IT was a more amusing world to live in when it was smaller and more homogeneous; that is apt to be an impression from reading of the life and times of Erasmus. That period, between 1469 and 1536, concentrated much of fascinating drama in politics, literature, religion, learning and art—for that was the high point of the two movements called the Reformation and the Renaissance. The reader is the more likely to find the planet of those days agreeable because he views it, with Dr. Smith's assistance, through the charming, the ubiquitous, and the wittily wise personality of Erasmus.

It is inconceivable nowadays that one person could concentrate the entire time-spirit throughout the globe in himself and his expression. Erasmus, if he were living today, would have to be a super-editor of a vast newspaper chain, possibly. But it is inconceivable with his frail body and scholarly disposition, his aristocratic leanings and esoteric preferences, that Erasmus would hold the focus of all thought and feeling of the present as he would seem to have done in his own sixteenth century.

The unraveling of a puzzle apparently was the primary impulse of this thick but perfectly fascinating book. Erasmus was attacked by both parties to the great schism of the Catholic Church and was left, to this day, the prey of partisans who preferred the round, thumping, but meaningless epithet of "coward" to the more laborious and intricate task of evaluating Erasmus himself. This task Dr. Smith has set himself and it is not uncongenial. The reader follows Dr. Smith an eagerly in his easeful, unhurried development of the character of the humanist of Rotterdam, in the tracking and trailing of Erasmus's slightest self-revelations, as well as his more gaudy self-expositions, as if the whole thing were the solution of the most blood-curdling and objective murder mystery. It is a triumph to make of a man's life so exciting and absorbing a narrative.

Nowhere does Dr. Smith seem to overemphasize. It is simply that subject and chronicler have much in sympathy, and that Erasmus is, after all, still an admirable stalking-horse for the composing of human difficulties of the spirit. The pungent wit of the monkish but worldly-wise scholar is ably matched in the dry, unpremeditated comment of the modern historian. An unobtrusive although powerful enthusiasm inevitably infects the reader with Dr. Smith's own intentness upon the amiable foibles and the true inwardness of Erasmus.

Dr. Smith succeeds in relating Erasmus to his times, and the period to Erasmus, without vital loss to any of the complicated elements of that life. He is simple without giving ground for the suspicion of the deadly vice of simplification. His conclusions are so deliberately launched and so carefully documented that they form a synthesis of the man and his philosophy with those of Erasmus and the sixteenth century.



Erasmus. From a Wood Cut by Albert Dürer.

Erasmus has been accused of pointing the way to the Reformation—with its denial of the worship of saints and dogma and ritual, its return to the primitive apostolic flavor of Christianity and its break with the abuses of the indulgence, the confessional, the celibate vows and the Latin services—and leaving its ranks when Rome began to fulminate. He has been accused of refusing to side openly and definitely with the Pope, in order not to lose the favor, and the substantial marks of that favor, of the Protestants. Undoubtedly, as Dr. Smith points out, Erasmus was acutely alive to the advantages of a neutral position. He was, however, hounded and suspected by both parties; Lutherans preferred an out-and-out Papist to the equivocations of the Rotterdammer, and the more fanatical of the inquisitors would cheerfully have burned Erasmus, while they respected Luther as a formidable foe.

Erasmus. From a Sketch by Albert Dürer.

Dr. Smith holds that Erasmus was blessed, or cursed, with the gift of seeing the good in both factions, and the evil, and was thereby stopped from attaching himself to either. He saw the violence and dogma of the schoolmen in the Roman camp echoed by the intolerance and the systematized thinking of the Lutherans, especially in Luther himself. He did not wish to see Luther crushed, and with him the humanist freedom of inquiry and philosophical doubt. Yet his mood of questioning rationalism, he felt, was equally unsafe at the hands of the rabid and popularized mysticism of the Wittenberg school. Neither in dissent nor in conformity lay the cultured and individualized inclination of Erasmus, the gentle but implacable neuter of calm detachment.

Dr. Smith insists upon a fundamental identity of the two movements. Both, he affirms, stem from a nostalgic longing for "the golden age of both pagan Rome and of Christianity" in its early stages. There was, then, an inherent propinquity that made conflict not surprising but unavoidable, he finds. Erasmus, according to Dr. Smith, combines and synthesizes the two forces as none else has ever done. Ibsen, Max Klinger, Heine, countless artists and philosophers have sought to reconcile the two, the Judaic ethical code and the pagan hedonism of mind and eloquent balance of body. It is true Erasmus is pictured as selecting from the antique empire the fine strong discipline of the Stoics and the grave sweet courtesy of the only true lover of pleasure, Epicurus himself. From the Christian side Erasmus borrowed the principle that the "all-important matter in religion was the life; beliefs were interesting but they were subordinate to the moral issue."

Alternately as outlaw and as the arbiter of the affairs of Christendom, Erasmus yet kept his rôle of the speculative relativist, with a modern point of view. His desire was for the reasonable, undogmatic religion of nature, not the revealed absolute truth. Truth was too dangerous to be given to the ordinary citizen; hence his use of Latin, always, as his written and spoken medium; truth was too involved and too variable to be neatly and accurately pinned and proclaimed. No wonder then that Erasmus left both the contenders "furious at his refusal to join and frightened at the implications of a spirit more emancipated than their own."

Dr. Smith lends color to the saying that Erasmus "stepped quietly from the medieval to the modern world," while King Henry VIII. of England, Martin Luther, the Popes, Emperor Charles V., and hosts of others were wildly quarreling.

"As the broadest scholar and as the most polished wit of his generation," the appreciation sums up, "Erasmus is sure of a lasting place in the history of literature and of learning. As that actor in the great contemporary revolution who typified the contact of Renaissance and Reformation, who felt most deeply their common spirit and most delicately their various contrasts, his biography is worthy of close study. Most of all does he deserve to be remembered for the rare spirit which combined the ethical and the rational; for the common sense really so uncommon, and for the humanity so called, one might think . . . from its conspicuous absence in many human breasts that he saw through the accretions of superstition, dogma and ritual to the 'philosophy of Christ'; that he let his mind play freely on the sacred arena of the traditional faith; that he recognized reason as the final arbiter in these matters as well as in social and political affairs—all this is the noble genius of Erasmus."

It is impossible to convey a sense of the urbane wit and latent irony of the work, as well as of its topic. To savor that delight, you must read "Erasmus."

Boswell Trips Off to Corsica

THE JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO CORSICA; AND MEMOIRS OF PASCAL PAOLI. By James Boswell, Esq. Edited, with an Introduction, by S. C. Roberts. 110 pp. Cambridge: University Press.

THE reprinting of a work from the pen of James Boswell is an event of more than passing interest. In the present instance that interest is not merely unusual; it is unique. "The Journal of a Trip to Corsica," it would seem, has never before been printed in a separate volume. For a hundred and ten years it remained entirely out of print; and for the last forty-odd years again it has been ignored by publishers and their patrons, and accessible only to the diligent scholar. In view of the surprising charm and value of this work, such neglect is hard to understand. Gray may have been right that "any fool may write a most valuable book by chance if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity." But such veracity as Boswell's is not possible to "any fool." One is even tempted to wonder how many of the things he records would have happened at all, but for his own cheering and inspiriting presence. He did not make Paoli a great man, nor Corsica an enthralling environment; but none the less it is evident that a Boswell is often necessary not merely to record fine things, but even that some of those things should exist.

This "Journal" is not a mere diary, like that of Pepys. It describes the action of daily life, it is true. But far more does it give us life's reactions. And the life itself is, as Boswell could say without boasting, "more than the common course of what is called the tour of Europe." Nay, in the unrealistic truthfulness of his bodying forth of Pascal Paoli there is more than a hint of the compellingly romantic personality of Dominic, the padrone of the "Tremolino," meeting whom in early youth helped to stir Conrad to the production of "Nostromo." For the best biography has the vivid power of romance, as the latter at its best rises to supernal truthfulness.

The introduction, by S. C. Roberts, gives necessary information regarding the text, which is the result of the collation of previous editions and endeavors to go even further than Boswell in the preservation of ancient spelling. A compendium of the work itself is also furnished to aid the uninitiated and explain the raison d'être of the present edition.

The characteristics shown by Boswell in his later and better-known life work are in this "Journal" illustrated by his attitude toward meeting and knowing Rousseau and Voltaire, the first of whom was afterward of assistance in the pilgrimage to meet Paoli. Worthy of note, too, is the good-will and even satisfaction displayed in hardships encountered during the Paoli quest. For this journey involved discomforts and perhaps even perils by land and sea, and lacked many of the comforts and conveniences even of those days; but it is set down like a pleasure trip, as indeed for this man it was.

Boswell's easy familiarity with the native tongues of those among whom he traveled, combined with his inherent buoyancy and alertness of disposition, went far toward securing that whatever he might choose to do or say would react agreeably upon his associates, himself and later his readers. How amusing is his account of how he persuaded a certain unlearned Corsican toward religious tolerance! Or again:

> One day they would needs hear me play upon my German flute. To have told my honest natural vintants, really, gentlemen, I play very ill, and put on such airs as we do in our genteel companies, would have been highly ridiculous. I therefore immediately complied with their request.

Pleasant interludes of this sort are so frequent that they may well constitute one's chief impression of the narrative.

But of course the real substance of the book is its account of the fiery patriot, Paoli, and of the learning and prowess and fervor that were that multiplex personality. To many it may be difficult to realize that Corsica actually had a pre-Napoleonic existence. Still more may it bemuse them to learn that the personality of Paoli, in essential worth and in potential benefit to humanity, far outshone that other, who not many years later breathed fire and pestilence over Europe. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that his unsuccessful attempt to free Corsica from the Genoese yoke antedated by some years our own American Revolution.

It aroused the same sympathy among the more generous souls in England which our efforts inspired in Burke and Chatham. There was talk of England intervening in behalf of Corsica, which came to nothing. "Foolish as we are, we cannot be so foolish as to go to war because Mr. Boswell has been in Corsica." This protest of Lord Hailand reflects the importance which people all over Europe, almost in spite of themselves, attached to the tour of a private citizen.

Those who like to make the acquaintance of human life lived with freshness and vigor and simplicity, and faithfully described by a sympathetic eyewitness, should by all means learn to know this rare survival of the pre-Johnsonian days of Boswell.

EDWARD ROYCE.

GEORGE GISSING DISCOVERS THE NEEDIEST CASES IN LONDON

"Oh, What a Hell Could I Depict in the Whitecross Street of This Christmas Eve!"—From "Workers in Dawn."

Latest Works of Fiction

FIRE MOUNTAIN. By Norman Springer. New York: G. H. Watt. $2.

ALMOST every person possessed of sound mental health and normal human instincts has at one time or another felt a longing for adventure. But it is a desire that the majority of people are obliged to satisfy vicariously, through the medium of books. And thus it was with Martin Blake, lawyer's clerk, aged 23, alone in the world and tethered to his job.

Martin's life was monotonous. He lived in an eminently respectable boarding house in San Francisco, and he worked in Josiah Smatt's law office, where the walls were "lined with dull tomes of legal lore and adorned with pictures of even duller-looking legal light." But a window gave a wide view over the bay and the opening to the Golden Gate, and Martin used to watch the ships sail by and dream dreams of adventure beyond the seas. Yet in spite of his dreams he might have grown old there in the dreary office had he not been jerked out of it with startling abruptness and sent forth on a remarkable ship with a most extraordinary crew in search of treasure—treasure which was concealed in a fearsome place.

The adventure began in a thoroughly commonplace way, with a call from a book agent. But it was no ordinary book agent who appeared a moment after Martin had ushered Dr. Ichi, the little Japanese who came so often to see Josiah Smatt, into the lawyer's private office. For this book agent was a hunchback with a beautiful tenor voice, a bronzed and weather-lined face, and muscular hands with a glimpse of tattooing just above the wrist. From the moment of his coming things began to happen to Martin. His employer sent him on a mysterious errand to a certain Captain Carew; he encountered the "Weeping Bosun," and heard of the singular mate who "commanded nosegays on natal occasions," which seemed a most peculiar thing for a mate to do. But these occurrences, however perplexing, were not exciting; what followed after was thrilling enough to please the most exacting, for, as Martin realized during a brief pause, "In the short space of a half-hour he had witnessed an abduction, been assaulted, imprisoned, murderously shot at! He * * * had suddenly tumbled into the meshes of a dark intrigue, undoubtedly unlawful, where men's violent passions were given free vein."

Yet all this was but the beginning of Martin's great adventure, for the tale is a sea story and these things happened on land. Moreover, it is a real thriller of a sea story, equipped with a completely villainous villain, a beautiful and decidedly heroic heroine, a Scot endowed with the eerie gift of second sight, piracy, murder, plot and counter-plot, and an average of at least one hair's-breadth escape per minute for the climax. Needless to say, it all comes right in the end, but meanwhile the reader's interest is kept on the alert through a series of ingeniously planned episodes. The liveliest kind of a lively yarn, moving swiftly, with plenty of likable characters and exciting moments, is this tale of how divers men struggled and fought together for the treasure that was hidden in the strange cave on "Fire Mountain."

STEPHEN

STEPHEN THE WELL-BELOVED. By Harold E. Scarborough. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

MEMORIES of Ruritania and Graustark and all the other mythical kingdoms once so numerous in popular fiction come crowding thick and fast into one's mind upon finding that the greater part of Mr. Harold E. Scarborough's new and very clever first novel has its scene laid in a country in Central Europe, which he chooses to call "Versailia." And according to the general formula of mythical kingdom fiction, the hero is a journalist, English-born, but brought up in the United States, and the heroine, the Princess Charopuk, whose husband had ruled Versailia while it was under the Pan-German yoke.

But here the resemblance ends. For Mr. Scarborough has taken this familiar old-fashioned framework and used it for a modern, very entertaining and occasionally biting satire on the results of "self-determination" as witnessed in certain of the small countries carved out of the wreckage of empires. In the country which called itself Versailia because it owed its existence to the Treaty of Versailles, the people had for centuries been part of an empire. The old machinery of this empire Government had creaked badly sometimes, but still it worked. Then suddenly upon people who during all these years had been directed self-direction was imposed, and the results were decidedly different from those for which certain well-meaning gentlemen had confidently looked.

So it came about that Stephen Palmer, American journalist and grandson of Viscount Beauwitte, became King of Versailia, a king who was a good deal of a benevolent dictator and upon whose shoulders the people shifted the burden of government with an audible sigh of relief. He proved a very capable ruler, and the rehabilitation of the country was well under way when the Supreme Council sent an inter-allied commission to Versailia. The commission decided that Stephen's administration was "in direct defiance of Sections 2976-8 of the Versailles Treaty," ordered him to leave his job immediately, if not sooner, and informed the Versailians that they could not have a king, but must, whether they like it or not, elect a President. The Rev. Cornelius Appleby was there as a representative of the United States, but as he assured Stephen, whom his subjects called "The Well-Beloved," he had not received any "especial mandate from the Government of that country," his capacity being "rather one of observation." Which was not particularly gratifying to the unfortunate Versailians.

The plan of the book enables the author to describe post-war London and Geneva, as well as the Central Europe in which he has placed Versailia. It is unfortunate that the publication of his book should have been delayed, as would seem to be the case, for he tells us in a short preface that it was written in 1920. Many things have happened since then, and he himself calls the reader's attention to the fact that certain of the points he makes no longer apply. Nevertheless, the book is interesting, both as story and as comment. It is noticeably without the crudities usually to be found in a first novel, being well written, with plenty of crisp dialogue and some deftly drawn minor characters, showing at once observation, intelligence and the gift of narrative. If Mr. T. Fisher Unwin can discover many first books as good as this one for his "First Novel Library" it should prove a profitable and worthwhile venture.

THE CHILD'S HOUSE

THE CHILD'S HOUSE. A Comedy of Vanessa from the Age of Eight or Thereabouts until She Had Climbed the Steps as Far as Thirteen. By Marjory MacMurchy. 243 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

AT last the little girls have their turn. Many are the authors who have made entertaining tales about boyhood, so that grown-up people might read and recreate their own far-off childhood. But here is a bit of fiction, a series of little tales, with a small girl child for its heroine, whose mind and heart and soul it looks through and through and depicts with tenderness and humor. It is a comedy from beginning to end, that comedy of childhood which becomes, after one leaves childhood far behind, one of the funniest things in all the world to all grown-ups. Vanessa is only 8 years old when the reader meets her in the first chapter, and she is starting to her first party, miserable, doubting and hopeless. She wants, above everything else, to be exactly like other little girls, to be one of the herd, and her mother makes her wear her hair in curls down her back instead of in a braided pigtail, as do all the other little girls that she knows, and adds insult to injury by assuring her that the others would be glad to have curls if they could.

The tales follow Vanessa along the expanding years, each one narrating an experience, a happening, that Vanessa goes to meet with doubts of herself and trembling fears that she will not measure up to the great expectations that are held for her by the grown-ups who have entrusted her with responsibilities, and; while she may not always acquit herself just as they and she have believed she would, she manages the situations as they come with sturdy loyalty to something within herself that demands of her always unexhilarating obedience to its commands. There are the affair of the green silk parasol and the episode with Alfred, which for a little while occasionally made her feel wistful but was soon forgotten, and a Sunday school picnic that did skirt on tragedy for a small girl, although to grown-ups it is merely amusing, and a Christmas that brought keen disappointment, and a dozen other happenings of prime importance to a child progressing rapidly toward her teens. And finally comes the ice-cream festival, when, as a thirteen-year-old, she is beginning to feel quite mature and to realize her responsibility for the morals of those about her, especially if they are people who have never enjoyed her own advantages of learning right codes of conduct. Feminine instinct appears in the method she chooses for letting the youth William know he must not presume on the fictions that have been whispered into his ears by a young woman whose moral training Vanessa feels she must take in hand. Miss MacMurchy reveals psychological insight into the workings of the small-girl mind and heart and unusual ability in translating them into action. It is a charming book, which one reads with a smile and a chuckle and a feeling of much tenderness for its little heroine.

ROOM UNDER THE STAIRS

THE ROOM UNDER THE STAIRS. By Herman Landon. New York: G. H. Watt. $2.

THE reading of one's own obituary, printed in a newspaper, may fairly be regarded as a disconcerting experience, though a not altogether unprecedented one. But to see the account of one's own demise at the hands of a murderer circumstantially set forth, and appearing in an eminently respectable journal as the aforesaid murderer's deathbed confession, bolstered up with all sorts of circumstantial evidence and seemingly clenched by the discovery of a human skeleton in one's own old and long-deserted house, may be, without undue exaggeration, regarded as unique.

Yet this was the experience which befell the young writer of mystery stories who had adopted "Thomas Dean" as his pen name and who was known to his publishers, his public and his very few friends as Thomas Dean. His real name was Paul Forrester, but some five years before the story opens he had discarded it for what seemed to him perfectly good and sufficient reasons. He was living an entirely respectable and altogether peaceful life in a place he had bought on a point overlooking the Hudson River, and he had almost forgotten the existence of the old house on Hudson Street where he had formerly lived and which contained that mysterious "Room Under the Stairs," that had been his father's private study. And now, here in his morning paper, was the confession of one Martin Lamont, who, being of the sane mind, though desperately ill, swore that he had unintentionally killed Paul Forrester in the old house on Hudson Street, and hidden his body in the "room under the stairs."

But this was only the first of the many strange things that happened to Thomas Dean. A mysterious young woman next made her appearance, and later Thomas Dean visited the house on Hudson Street in company with his friend, Lieutenant Shane of the police, and there saw what was supposed to be his own skeleton! He was determined to ferret out the truth, and, of course, he succeeded in the end, but not until he had had several very narrow escapes from being murdered, not by proxy but in his own proper person, and encountered the much-distressed heroine.

The tale is ingenious and quite exciting, with a well-sustained mystery and a highly involved plot. It is a little too far-fetched at times to be altogether convincing, and there are moments when Thomas Dean behaves rather stupidly, but it holds the reader's interest and has more than a few surprises. In short, "The Room Under the Stairs" is a good example of its especial type of mystery story.

LIP MALVY'S WIFE

LIP MALVY'S WIFE. By George Agnew Chamberlain. 307 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

THEY met on a steamer during the last long leg of the African voyage, from Madeira down. Bruce Liscomb was going to look after some gold lands; Beatrice Malvy was on her way to find the spot where her husband died—to establish the fact of his death. Liscomb was profoundly shocked when he learned that this delicate, beautiful woman was the wife of the merciless, unscrupulous Lip Malvy, Malvy the Killer. Malvy, one of three great ivory buccaneers and the greatest of the three. Briefly, he told Mrs. Malvy of that mysterious forest, called by white men the "Forest of Wounded Elephants," and by natives the "Forest of Bulls Too Big for a Bullet." No man lived who went in there. No ivory hunter ever came out alive. First Cochrane went in, a fugitive from justice. No one followed him and no one ever heard of him afterward. Next Heller Brenwood went in, following the spoor of a wounded tusker, and he and all his train were lost. Then Malvy came. With one follower he solved the mystery of the Forest of Bulls—and came out. Again he went in, driving his safari before him, at the pistol's point, but this time he did not come out.

When he was reported officially dead by the Government and the inconic message had been received by his wife, she waited for a time for other confirmation and then started for the "Dark Continent" to find his resting place or establish the fact that he was not dead.

Liscomb, when he discovered that he could not dissuade her from her purpose, quickly disposed of his mining properties and offered himself as her guide into this land where mighty hunters died. The story of this wild expedition, the reactions of Liscomb and Mrs. Malvy, and Brigit, the nurse, companion and general factotum, to the primeval and to one another carries the reader along from page to page and chapter to chapter with a sustained interest lacking in many adventure stories.

"Lip Malvy's Wife" is a good yarn.

Hamlin Garland on Current Fiction Heroes

(Continued from Page 2)

tive protest against debasing forms of art. I admit its liability to misuse and error, but the right of society to protect itself remains. I grant also that some of the worst forms of social corruption cannot be easily reached by censorship. Nevertheless, the need of restraint exists, and I am willing to suffer the consequences. I am quite certain that I can say anything worth saying under such laws.

With those who ask, "Why should Uncle Sam distribute books and plays which are subversive of law and distinctive right living?" I sympathize, although I recognize that this is a still more difficult test to apply to a book or periodical.

Every great agency of communication is capable of misuse. The moving picture, which is in place like "Robin Hood" and the "Covered Wagon" an enormous agency for visual education and wholesome recreation, becomes in other cases the means of wholesale corruption. Fiction which has the power of unifying the nation by presenting sane and helpful pictures of local life, can sink to the level of pandering by presenting the baser forms of city life. The wireless telephone, which has in it the potentiality of a wizard's wand, can broadcast the ribald song, the obscene jest as well as a noble hymn or recitation. Shall this new and marvelous invention be used like the phonograph to carry to the silence of the farm the vile reek of the New York dance hall? Must this agency also be censored? Undoubtedly it must ultimately come under some control. Its possibilities of communication are illimitable, for evil as well as for good.

It is not merely a question of instruction in vice and crime, it is a question of vulgarizing, cheapening, standardizing life. The effect on youth of this process of continually exalting useless, flippant, uninspiring types of men and women must be considered. Stories of quick success, pictures of women in selfish pursuit of pleasure, small folk complaining of social restraint—these are themes of many of the writers of today. Good homely virtues of the work-a-day world such as our fathers and mothers believed in and practiced are taboo in the work of many English as well as American writers, and yet the sincere, wholesome novel and play continues to be written. Men like Milne and Barrie hold their places. That is the hopeful sign.

Here we come upon the most disheartening fact of all. We are all liable to our moments of weakness. A man writes three or four good books or plays which fail of success and then, in a fit of despair or cynicism, he manufactures a vile one and it sells! Several of my hitherto honored friends have been warped to the market in this way. This brings us back to the fact that such successes are decided by a city public, by an un-American public. The fate of our books as well as our plays, is determined very largely by New York publishers and managers. The returns from such books (widely advertised by the publishers), arouse the cupidity and weaken the morals of other authors. They too decide to give the public what it wants. It becomes the fashion to write "daring" books. Each must go a little further than his predecessor, of course, and the result is a flood of detestable plays and worthless books written not for art's sake but for the reason that the author "needs the money."

That a public, a swift and eager public, rushes to the support of such writers is taken as justification of them and any attempt to close the theatre or smother the book leads to the very advertising which the publisher or theatrical manager had hoped to attain. A like condition exists in London, I am told, and judging from the books which come to us from there, England has writers quite as unscrupulous as our own.

To think of American boys and girls reading such books, sitting before such moving pictures, listening to such plays, and forming themselves on such models, is not reassuring to me. It is logical that the number of delinquent girls should increase. Here again I betray my old-fashioned training and it may be that my sturdy young readers will retort "Don't get pessimistic over us. We can take care of ourselves and the future." I hope they can and perhaps they will, for not all of the young people of the city are irreverent or lacking in ideals.

For example, I know two city girls who have seen many of the plays I disapprove, who read the daily papers and some of the fiction of the day, and who have visited many moving pictures of dubious character and yet, one of their chief delights, (when their highly sophisticated parents are out of the house) is to read "Little Women" aloud! No doubt many of the lip-stick "flappers" of today will, (in spite of their surroundings) grow into honorable citizens and wives and mothers—but that is no warrant for the evil influences I have named. That certain human souls have the power of carrying forward in spite of all the forces of evil is the result of home training, of good stock.

That the magazine has been profoundly affected by the moving picture audience is conceded by a friend of mine, who said to me one day:

I am tired of publishing swiftly moving stories which are essentially scenarios for the screen. My magazine is nothing but an advertising bulletin. My orders are to extend circulation in order that we may raise our advertising rates. The popular magazine standardizes everything—heroes, heroines, plots, illustrations. In our attempt to reach the millions we lower the tone and quality of everything we do. In the place of climbing to higher levels we walk a little below the average reader's taste. If we edited our magazine for our own kind, we would need a subsidy.

Notwithstanding a certain note of exaggeration in this statement, I believe it is substantially true of the problems which confront the editor of a popular magazine. It is all another way of saying we are a democracy and every popular enterprise must keep to the level of the average citizen or lose its appeal.

In expressing my resentment, my opposition to the growing power of these corrupting agencies which have their centres in New York City, I believe I am expressing the feelings of many of her citizens. It may be that this flood of perverting literature and picture drama is only a Spring freshet, but it is something to take account of and to abate if possible.

It all comes down to a question of education—as most of our problems do—and it is my conviction that a candid statement of feeling such as I have given in this article may help others to a keener realization of the situation. I do not presume to speak for any one but myself, but, as an American of Midwestern point of view, I am persuaded that many of my resentments will be shared by those who do not enjoy seeing American youth debauched by shameless plays and books.

New York City has an increasingly grave responsibility as well as a mighty growing opportunity. The nation looks to her for guidance in arts and letters, and must continue to do so. As the commencement orator would say, "Shall we not accept our responsibility as well as our opportunity?"

Gentlemen, the Ladies!

(Continued from Page 10)

dustry, malleability, versatility, prehensility, assimilability and productivity. She is to be judged by her quantity as well as her quality. Not only has she published a half-dozen volumes of poems and two discerning volumes of criticism, one on French, the other on American poets, but she has been generous to the magazines that feature poetry. Miss Lowell is not only a poet and a critic, she is a warrior. She not only likes to fight, but to provoke it. One of the earliest couplets she learned was:

Twice blessed is he who hath his quarrel just,
But three times he who gets his blow in fust—

and she repeats it frequently sotto voce while palpitating delicately a string of jade beads.

She has camouflaged an inherent feminine sensibility, so that it appears aggressive, militant and masculine. Au fond, she is soft and gentle like Francis Jammes, who excites her profound admiration. The length is measureless that she will go to convince that she is insensitive to the feelings of others, contemptuous of their convictions, disdainful of their beliefs. She has the agressiveness of Samuel Johnson, the daring and tenaciousness of George Borrow. Her zeal for the cause of the "Imagists" equals that of the latter in his determination to "put the Bible in Spain. She shares with Bernard Shaw a weakness for prefaces, and like him she reveals herself in them more than in her text. In one of her earliest books she said that the poet must learn his trade in the same manner and with the same painstaking care as the cabinet-maker. She has learned here and she has done it by industry and laboriousness which are reflected in practically all her poems, but in none so conspicuously as in "Legends" and "Men, Women and Ghosts"; and not only do they prove her an artisan who has mastered her craft, but an astoundingly versatile one, who can do a Medusa head or a gold cover for a Prayer Book, as the spirit moves her. She is an artisan as finished in her line as Benvenuto Cellini was in his. Acceptance of this does not carry with it the admission that she, or those for whom she contends, be they Imagists, Vers Libristes, Symbolists or New Borns too recently to have names, are the only ones who know their trades, or are competent to tell us why poetry should exist or what its mission is. If I read poetry to be amazed, it is difficult to extract from me an admission that I read it to be amused or instructed and I resent efforts to do so.

In her articulate utterances, Miss Lowell would seem to be ruled by her emotions, in her writings by her intellect. By her colossal industry, amazing versatility and tireless endurance she has ascribed a name that can never be erased in the annals of American poetry. Had she qualities of heart equal to those of head she would be a great poet, for then originality would have been added to her endowments and acquisitions.

Some will not agree that Miss Ellen Glasgow should be chosen as the last member of the quadrumvirate. I choose her because she has told the truth about life as she has observed it and because she has done it in pure, chaste, limpid grammatical English cast in form that constitutes art. She has made herself master of a style that has no superior and few peers among the fiction writers of the day in this country. This distinction of style has been characteristic of all her work since "The Descendant," but it is particularly true of "The Miller of the Old Church," "Virginia" and "The Shadowy Third." In addition she knows the value of atmosphere, she is an expert character builder with original ideas and she has learned the value of perspective. Moreover she knows when to let the reader make synopses, inferences and conclusions. She neither preaches nor predicts, threatens nor moralizes. In the vernacular of the day, her people are "real folks." She knows them, understands them, likes them, sees behind their motives and animations and sympathizes with them. She takes pride in exhibiting them to us, showing us how they surmount difficulties, resist temptations, throw off handicaps and overcome obstacles. But reporting what she sees and has heard does not encompass her art. She has ideals and a philosophy of life, and she sees man in relation to the whole world as well as to his fellow-man.

One might conclude from reading any of her novels that she has two determinations: one was to present individuals as she saw them, the other to tell the truth about their behavior, "Virginia," for instance, besides showing the love that Miss Glasgow has for her fellow-Virginians is a true portrait of a young Southern woman after the war of the rebellion. I do not recall that the reviewers suggested the similarity of Virginia to Jeanne of "Une Vie," but it would seem that the make-up of a romantic young girl of the early '20s in France was akin in the '80s to that of a pretty, sensitive Southerner. Virginia is a spiritual first cousin of Jeanne. Their oversensitive temperaments, their romantic outlook on life and their unusual indulgence in dreams suggested by la folie du logis cements them in moral relationship. Their latent potencies, their unconscious charm, their old-fashioned pruderies and their inherent admiration for mere man, compared to their natural shyness, make them typical of the past. They had the same reactions to life and to disappointments, and they are today a breath of youth, of beauty, freshness and purity over the world!

Whenever I read Miss Glasgow I am reminded of Guy de Maupassant. It is not what she says, but the way she says it that recalls his masterpieces. Moreover, I am convinced they mastered their respective languages in a very similar way, viz: by unending effort, by realization that talent is long patience. Miss Glasgow toiled to find the noun to name the thing she wanted to say, the verb to give it motion, the adjective to qualify it, and when she found them she placed them in such juxtaposition that the eye sweeping over them or the lips uttering them found them rhythmical. Her books, and particularly those following "The Romance of a Plain Man," reveal her conviction that writing is an art which must have form.

"The Shadowy Third," Miss Glasgow's last book, is quite different from its predecessors. She has gone from the world of reality into the realm of unreality, from observation and description of the natural to consideration and depiction of the supernatural. And it is accomplished naturally, adroitly, simply and convincingly. The titular story, one of crime and retribution, is revealed by suggestion rather than by direct statement. The atmosphere chants the dirge. "Dares Gift," particularly the second part, shows Miss Glasgow's finest craftsmanship. It has an epic sweep and comprehensiveness that make it a great story. It shows that Miss Glasgow has always in mind that a tale must have a dual theme; a human story and a great problem. She has never done anything that better entitles her to be called artist than "Dares Gift." From consideration of her last volume we readily convince ourselves that she has not yet done her best work.

Our Theatre, Past and Present

(Continued from Page 4)

be amused. Nevertheless, Professor Quinn says that the first permanent theatre in America was the Southwark, in Philadelphia, opened in 1766, where in the following year was presented "the first play written by an American to be produced upon the American stage by a professional company of actors." That play was "The Prince of Parthia," a tragedy by Thomas Godfrey, a friend of "Francis Hopkinson, first poet-composer, and Benjamin West, first painter in American history." So are three gay feathers stuck in the prim headgear of the city of William Penn, Quaker.

Professor Quinn goes over all the ground with terrifying thoroughness. He neglects no company of actors, from Lewis Hallam's troupe, which is regarded as a serious beginning. Hallam opened in Williamsburg in 1752 with "The Merchant of Venice." He came to New York the next year and built a theatre on the east side of Nassau Street, between Maiden Lane and John Street. There he presented a varied and distinguished repertory, ranging from "King Lear" to "The Beggar's Opera" of Mr. Gay. If Hallam's theatre had only been "permanent," Philadelphia would have been robbed of her primacy.

But to go back to Professor Quinn. He deals with every other manager as with Hallam. He celebrates every playwright and sketches the plot of every extant play that seems to him of sufficient importance. And they are many. He even provides selections from a great number of them, sometimes long selections. He samples, for instance, Royall Tyler's "The Contrast" (Park Theatre, New York, 1787); William Dunlap's "André" and "Darby's Return" (at which General Washington was said to have laughed heartily), James Nelson Barker's "Marmion" (Park Theatre, New York, 1812), several plays of John Howard Payne of "Home, Sweet Home" memory, "The Gladiator," by Robert Montgomery Bird (Park Theatre, New York, 1831), and dozens more.

Incidentally it is noted that some forty Indian plays were performed between 1825 and 1860, several of them, of course, concerned with the story of Rolfe and Pocahontas. "The honor of introducing the vogue (of the Indian play) seems," Quinn says, "to belong to George Washington Parke Custis, the son of John Parke Custis, the stepson of Washington." Custis's first play, "The Indian Prophecy," was produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia in 1827. Earlier had come the rage for adaptations from August von Kotzebue, whose first works had been produced at German theatres at St. Petersburg and Reval. The fashion of revamping this sentimental glorifier of the middle classes was taken over from England and practiced with ardor by William Dunlap, whose career as producer in New York lasted from 1796 to 1805, who was a portrait painter before and after his adventure as author and director for the stage, and whose authorship includes, besides his many plays, his "Arts of Design" and his "History of the American Theatre"—this last one of the important sources of the volume before us. "One of the most interesting items in Dunlap's history records," says Quinn, "the engagement in September, 1800, of Mr. and Mrs. David Poe. Mrs. Poe played Angela in M. G. Lewis's 'Castle Spectre,' Mr. Poe taking the part of Hassan. Edgar, their son, had been born in January of the same year in Boston."

Of equal interest, perhaps, is the record of the stage adventures of "Rip Van Winkle." Washington Irving's story was published in 1819. On May 26, 1828, what appears to be the first dramatization in America was placed upon the stage of the South Pearl Street Theatre in Albany, N. Y., the author being "An Albanian." The version by John Kerr, on which all the subsequent versions are based—including Joseph Jefferson's own—was first produced at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia in October, 1829. But Jefferson had Dion Boucicault rewrite the play and made numerous changes in the long years during which it was a main item of his repertory. So that, in the words of the author, the only way to describe the play of "Rip Van Winkle" as it now appears in print is to say "as played by Joseph Jefferson."

Professor Quinn's task has been competently and thoroughly performed. It is not, perhaps, his fault if it is so thoroughly performed that the reader who essays the thing in bulk, as it were, is almost as much wearied as if he had shared in the long labor of assembling the material. The inference is unavoidable that the American drama, taken by and large, is a dull subject even to those for whom the stage holds a perennial fascination.

Parents' Guide to the Good Behavior of Children

An English and an American Mother Writing on Questions of the Home and Faimly

THE CHILD AT HOME: By Cynthia Asquith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.
LIVING WITH OUR CHILDREN: A Book of Little Essays for Mothers. By Clara D. Pierson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

THESE two books are so much alike in theme and purpose that their titles could be exchanged and each would still be as appropriate as it is now. But in viewpoint, in feeling, in treatment they present an interesting and radical contrast. For they are as different as are the social traditions of the two countries out of which they come. Each is, indeed, a sort of epitome of the generations which have produced it. The author of "The Child at Home" is the daughter of Lord Wemyss and by her own birthright is "Lady Cynthia," a title, which, after the English custom, she has carried over into her marriage with the son of the statesman and former Prime Minister, Herbert H. Asquith, by his first wife. The unthinking sometimes carry it still further and invest with its aureole her stepmother-in-law, Margot Asquith. The author of "Living with Our Children," is a mother and grandmother and has had many years of experience as a teacher and a trainer of teachers, while as a speaker much in demand for Mothers' Clubs and Parent-Teachers' Associations she has helped to thrash out the problems and discouragements and perplexities of many mothers. Her book is the outcome, therefore, of many years of wide and varying observation and experience and of much deep searching into human nature and keen and tolerant thinking about it.

Lady Cynthia is a representative of the younger generation of British mothers and her experience, observation and thinking have been confined to her own nursery with its two small occupants and memories of her own childhood, which was doubtless passed in a very similar nursery. So, her book is wholly of the twentieth century. But British customs are granite and iron, even if some of them are being worn away and broken a little here and there since the war, and generations of them have shaped methods of living and provided backgrounds and inheritances which will require much more to alter than has thus far happened. Her book unconsciously expresses the equally unconscious spirit of inherited wealth, of leisure and of culture out of which it comes, the spirit which feels itself to be a desirable efflorescence of life, which recognizes the duties and responsibilities of being an efflorescence and tries hard to be useful.

Mrs. Pierson's book is written for American mothers who bring up their families themselves, and do part, or perhaps even all of their own housework as well—the kind of household in which the huge majority of native Americans have grown up. But notwithstanding all this difference there is a basic unity in the two volumes, for the author of each of them is trying to understand childhood and to interpret it to its elders, so that they can guide it more wisely. And very likely the American mothers and the British mothers, for whom the books are separately intended, could find interest and benefit each in the advice and counsel intended for the other. For child problems are as similar as human nature the world over, and whoever has met and tried to solve some of them in one place has something to tell those who also are trying to solve them in all other places.

Lady Cynthia's book is based on the traditional British leisured class method of a nursery somewhere "upstairs," a nurse in full control day and night, and children permitted to enter the sacred precincts of "downstairs" or to see their elders but a short time daily, or even less frequently. Lady Cynthia takes account of the ardent devotion of young motherhood with its first-born that may lead the mother to wish to take full charge of her child, but advises very soberly and urgently that she put the temptation aside and turn the infant over to the care of a nurse, so that she will have time and energy to qualify herself for companionship with the child later on. "Do not," she urges, "for the indulgence of short-sighted love or at the dictates of jealousy, do yourself and him the injustice of thus stunting your growth, diminishing your horizon and expending your capital." Earnestly she advises great care in the selection of a nurse, indicating some of the things to be watched for and guarded against, and makes suggestions for the fittings of the day and night nurseries in which the nurse and her charges are to spend most of their time for so many months and years. To the American, accustomed to the family environment during childhood, it seems a singularly aloof, artificial, even unhuman method of providing for the care of those first years, a method devised much more for the sake of the comfort and ease and pleasure of the parents than for the benefit of the child. For it removes him almost completely from the contacts, the experiences and the training of the common life and gives him during the crucial years of childhood artificial surroundings. Some dim perception of this fact seems to glimmer in Lady Cynthia's mind, for she devotes a chapter to the pleasure and benefit a child will get out of having its own garden for its own seeding and cultivation, so that it can come into intimate touch with nature and share in the great, basic love of the earth.

Lady Cynthia Asquith and Her Children.

Very interesting in its contrast is the counsel Mrs. Pierson gives to young mothers. Taking it for granted that the busy mother has full charge of her children, even if there may be servants in the home, she urges the early devolving of small responsibilities upon the shoulders of little boys and girls for the sake of the very real manual and mental training and the building of character such tasks afford and the heightened sense of companionship between young and old. She returns to this theme several times in the various chapters and in a section on "All-Aroundness," she says:

> To be able, capably, to do all the things needed for the successful upkeep of a home should be the aim of every little girl. To be handy with tools, able to get simple meals in an emergency, to mend his own garments in a pinch, to know how to plant and care for a vegetable garden—these are most desirable accomplishments for a boy and are a preparation for life which even the wealthy should not despise. Those who can do things well themselves will be better served. • • • The truth is that the more of the essential processes of life we learn equipped we are, and there is no foretelling when we may be called on for some of our homeliest acts to do, and to do well, the better complishments.

Throughout Mrs. Pierson's book she shows such a sensible attitude toward the problems of the training of children, gives such evidence that she has thought things out in the light of the actual difficulties of the task, that any inexperienced mother or father, as well as most of those further advanced on the path of parenthood, will find it directfully helpful and very suggestive. At the basis of practically all her counsel is the conviction that children need to have responsibilities of various kinds delegated to them, because this helps to build character, adds to their happiness and increases the likelihood of success in life. And the sense of responsibility that should thus be awakened in the child's mind is indispensable, she is sure, to all these things. Telling the story of a famous teacher, now dead, who would step into one of his schoolrooms and say, "Children, what is the great word?" and would be answered by a quick chorus, "Responsibility," she adds:

> It is a great word—great for a child to pronounce, greater for him to spell, and greatest for him to understand, but it is not beyond him in any of these ways, if only there is somebody who cares enough for him to keep the matter in mind and help him by seemingly casual reminders and reviews, somebody who will remember to use the word in his presence when talking to adults, in speaking with admiration of people who "have a fine sense of responsibility," or condemning others who "have no sense of responsibility." It is easy to speak of Washington's great responsibility during the early days of our country, of an honorable business man as a responsible person, of your own responsibilities in the home, of his being responsible for filling the wood-box or clearing the walks.

The practical illustrations, as instanced in the preceding quotation, which Mrs. Pierson gives for the application of her counsel will doubtless be a great help to many parents uncertain about how to do the things they see should be done. The book abounds in anecdotes and incidents, in suggested conversations and cases instanced from her own observation which point the way for the application of her ideas and indicate the kinds of methods most likely to be successful. The author considers, usually with brevity, but always with lucidity, simplicity and homely directness, most of the ordinary problems and perplexities that the average parent meets in the bringing up of children. The inducing of cheerful obedience, the criticism of faults in ways that will help in the construction of character, the cultivating of the sense of the value and purpose of money, the training in courtesy, the developing of strong bodies, the mother's attitude toward her children, wherein she stresses the importance of being "charming," the need that both parents should early establish and always maintain a certain prestige among their children's friends—all these, and other matters also, are dealt with in such practical discussion and exposition as cannot fail to be helpful to almost any American parent.

While Mrs. Pierson's book is not wholly given over to seriousness and does not lack an occasional gleam of humor or appreciation of the unconscious comicalities of childhood, Lady Cynthia's volume is much more interested in matters of this sort. She wants the mothers for whom she writes to get all the amusement and enjoyment possible out of their motherhood.

> Remember [she says] that you will never, on any occasion, be able to impart the maximum of fun unless you yourself share in it. Drain every drop of the sweet as well as the bitter. Don't appreciate the pathos of children and miss their equally and endearing comicality. Always get your laugh, as a mother, as well as your cry. • • • Since you are doomed to pangs untold of grief and anxiety, see to it that at least you forego none of your perquisites of enjoyment and amusement. • • • It is by making the most of all the trivial jokes and joys of childhood, in order to cultivate courage, love and fun, that you will, day by day, be forging the best armor and weapons for your children's encounter with those "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" you so deeply dread.

In her introduction Lady Cynthia tells how, in her endeavor to understand childhood, she has "peered through the mists at my own infancy and stared at the children around me." One guesses that memory of herself and her own characteristics as a child has had much to do with childhood as she envisages it and that she was oppressed by shyness. For she has a special understanding of that trait and of the misery, misunderstandings and misinterpretations it can cause, and often warns young mothers against mistaking it for signs of other and more reprehensible characteristics. One wonders if perhaps shyness is a more usual trait, due to their more segregated bringing up, in British than in American children. And one cannot help wishing that some degree of it might be more common among American children than it is. Lady Cynthia's book makes no pretense of being what she calls a "mother's manual," but aims only to make suggestions about keeping children happy and so training them that those around them can be happy also.

Gordon Craig's Mask Appears Again

FLORENCE, Italy.

AFTER a silence of four years, the Mask, the illustrated journal of the art of the theatre which Gordon Craig founded in Florence in 1908, makes its reappearance this month with fifty pages of belligerent comment on the state of the theatre here, there, and everywhere. Through the Mask Gordon Craig and his most intimate followers have for years waged a war for the new movement in the theatre, and with the revival of their journal they announce their intention to renew their agitation, centring their attack on London, Paris and New York, "the three cities which offer most resistance to the progress of the dramatic art."

The "new movement" for which the Mask stands is toward a "new theatre, a downright theatrical stage in distinction to a merely literary playhouse, or a fashionable thing, or a mechanic or realistic substitute for genuine theatricals." The principles of the new movement is opposed to all the fraudulent makeshifts that are pushed before the public by influential and self-interested men of talent and the forgeries by which the public of the big theatrical centres are frequently taken in.

The current volume of the journal contains contributions by G. B. Ambrose, Gordon Craig, George Jean Nathan, Felix Urban and other well-known protagonists and followers of Craig's theories. The volume offers readers a glance at a few of the results reached in the last twenty years. It records proofs of experiments as witnessed in the International Theatre Exhibition; it records the growing desire for research and information in regard to theatrical matters, as manifested in the large output of books on the stage. Gordon Craig says in his foreword:

> We are not to be organisers; we are to be something more in the nature of gardeners. Speed, push and aplomb have nothing to do with our task; it is patience and attention to our few small plants, our small patch of ground and our seeds (our own, not our neighbors) and a clear mind about the winds and the rains and the forces outside ourselves and some consideration for our neighbor and his garden that we need.
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> Those of you beginning as actor, actress, scenic man or stage manager must go slowly and learn what you have to give to fit you to create—if you can give nothing, you can decidedly count yourself and your work ended before you even begin.

Florence will continue to be the home of the Mask as in the past. American readers will find the publication on sale in New York at Brentano's and the Greenwich Village Bookshop.

L. D. K.

An Austrian Prescribes Pan-Europe As a Panacea

"Europe, One Hundred Years After America, Must Proclaim to the World Her Own Monroe Doctrine"

A Review by
T. R. YBARRA

PAN-EUROPA. By Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Vienna: Pan-Europa, Verlag.

NOT the League of Nations, but only a league of European nations, can save Europe from perdition — that is the striking argument of the Austrian author of "Pan-Europa." From the Pan-Europe of his dreams he excludes both Britain and Russia—they, he maintains, do not rightfully belong to the federation visualized by him which, if it successfully asserts itself against other groups of nations destined to be formed in the world of tomorrow, will bring back Europe's perishing prestige and save her from catastrophe. Pan-Europe, as he sees it, must be hammered out from the nations on the European Continent east of Russia, those nations now living amid such murderous discord and hatred as to threaten European civilization with complete collapse. Only by substituting friendly concerted action for the suicidal antagonisms of today, he declares, can these nations hope to escape eventual enslavement to one or another of the federations, even now assuming shape, which will take the place tomorrow of the Great Powers and the combinations among the Great Powers which we now know.

The political leadership of the world today, according to Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi, centres in Washington, London, Moscow, Tokio and Paris. Power as wielded at present falls into five categories: American, British, Russian, East Asian and European. Logically, then—to continue his argument — the world should be divided into five groups of nations, bound together for reasons based on common expediency.

The first of these groups is Pan-America—the whole western hemisphere (excepting Canada), loosely federated under the hegemony of the United States. The second group is the British Empire as at present constituted—the British Isles and all the enormous colonial possessions of the British, extending over five continents of the earth. The third is Russia—the Russian dominions both in Europe and Asia. The fourth is Eastern Asia, its nucleus being Japan and China, politically separated today but logically bound together by racial, linguistic and cultural ties. And the fifth—the one which particularly concerns our author—is Continental Europe, together with the African colonies of the Continental nations of Europe, which would mean a compact federation of nations extending from the North Cape, past Tripoli and Morocco, to the Congo, Angola and other regions of Southern Africa.

Only by such a union, declares the author of "Pan-Europa," can Europe hope to make head against the other four world-federations, which force of circumstances is bringing every day nearer to realization. In his eyes, Europe's world-supremacy is already a thing of the past; her nations should federate not for world domination but self-preservation. He writes:

> The European problem will never be solved until the nations of Europe join together. This union will occur either voluntarily, by the creation of a Pan-European federation, or it will be forced upon Europe as a result of a conquest of Western Europe by Russia.
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> Whether or not the European problem is solved by Europe herself or by Russia, one fact remains: the present European system of small nations cannot maintain itself permanently in the face of the four great federations of the future; the British, Russian American and East Asian.
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> Europe's world hegemony is irrevocably lost; her independence, however, is not yet lost, nor are her colonial empire, her culture and her future.
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> If Europe would but form a union while there is yet time, she might yet participate in the division of the earth as the fifth big factor, enjoying rights equal to those of the other four; but, if she remains cut up into small pieces, she must needs sink deeper and deeper into political powerlessness until some day, having lost her colonies, and having fallen into bankruptcy, misery and debt, she falls a prey to a Russian onslaught.

If Europe would only federate, says Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi, she would constitute a compact "bloc" of nations, with a total population and area which would put her on a par with the other four great "blocs" visualized by him. In fact, according to his figures, his "Pan-Europe" would stand second in population and third in area among the five great world federations. The five would compare, in population, thus:

British Empire	454,000,000
Pan-Europe	431,000,000
Eastern Asia	408,000,000
Pan-America	212,000,000
Russia	145,000,000

In area they would rank as follows:

	Square Kilometers.
British Empire	36,000,000
Pan-America	30,000,000
Pan-Europe	28,000,000
Russia	22,000,000
Eastern Asia	12,000,000

Should Europe form itself into Pan-Europe, argues the author of "Pan-Europa," she would be strong enough to resist successfully any military invasion and every kind of economic competition.

His idea, he takes care to point out, visualizes something different from the well-known "United States of Europe" in that it excludes Great Britain and Russia. These two, as he sees it, are not, properly speaking, European.

He is also dead against the League of Nations as a solution of European difficulties, since it enables nations remote from Europe, and in no wise entitled to a voice in purely European matters, to concern themselves with these matters. He is of the opinion, to be sure, that the creation of the League of Nations was a great step forward in human development; what he condemns is the basis of its organization.

> Instead [he writes] of combining the peoples and countries of the world according to their historical, economic, cultural and geographical relationships, the League, without consideration for geography, history, culture or economics, puts together mechanically, like so many bricks, big and little, Asiatic and European, neighboring and remote, nations. Within the League Switzerland stands in no nearer relationship to her neighbor, the republic of Austria, than does Siam or Ecuador. * * *
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> The basic error in the structure of the Geneva League of Nations is its abstractness; owing to that it has no concrete being and awakens no sympathetic echo in the human race, which, step by step, starting with the family, has passed from the conception of the nation and the group of nations to the ideal union comprising the entire world. The League of Nations ignores these gradual stages of development; it ignores the Pan-American organization as well as the Pan-European. Since it strives to be everything, it is nothing. An alliance composed of three small nations, such as the Little Entente, is a more powerful factor in Europe today than the League of Nations.

Having thus disposed of the League, the author of "Pan-Europa" states his main argument once more —he is nothing if not insistent—in one of his most striking sentences:

> Europe, one hundred years after America, must proclaim to the world her own Monroe Doctrine: Europe for the Europeans!

The author is deeply concerned with the potential relationship between his Pan-Europe and the Pan-America of his dreams. "Pan-America," he writes, "is for Pan-Europe either the greatest danger or the greatest hope." In other words, either Pan-Europe and Pan-America will develop side by side, in friendly co-operation, or Pan-Europe, having escaped military conquest at the hands of the Russia of tomorrow, will become economically enslaved to Pan-America. On this subject he writes:

> Whereas the forty-eight republics of North America are united politically and economically in one single union, the twenty-six democracies of Europe are undermining their political and economic sovereignty and, by means of their policy in peace and war, are systematically destroying each other. * * *
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> The United States of America is the richest, most powerful and most highly developed country in the world. Her citizens are not liable to universal military service. Upon her territory no war has been fought for over half a century. Industry and agriculture prosper there and American material and intellectual culture grows from year to year. On the other hand, disunited Europe grows ever poorer and falls ever deeper into debt; on account of her local antagonisms she is impotent in world affairs. Flourishing regions of Europe have been devastated by the war; economic recovery is impossible while armaments devour the product of European taxes and the maintenance of armies a great part of the fruits of European productive labor.
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> Every European country lives in a continual state of alarm lest war break out; mutual hatred and envy among European nations preclude all co-operation. * * * Industry, commerce and intercourse are throttled by ridiculous customs barriers which paralyze Europe economically, and, month by month, European intellectual and material culture sink lower.
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> America owes her unparalleled progress to her unitedness; Europe owes her unparalleled downfall to her disunitedness.

If only the nations of Europe would profit by the example of Pan-America, sighs Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi, and bind themselves together into a federation without detriment to the sovereignty of each. Just as the United States, from an economic point of view, should be the model for Europe, he declares, so also should the Pan American Union be the model on which Europe should base her future political development. He realizes that the Pan American Union has still much to achieve, that the solidarity between the great North American Republic and the republics to the south is still loose and inchoate. Nevertheless, he insists, a similar relationship must be established between the Continental nations of Europe if they are to survive.

The British Empire, he states further, might in future be a most useful link between Pan-America and the new Pan Europe, and stretching as it does over all five continents of the earth, it might be a most useful factor in preserving world-peace.

The Austrian writer foresees a black future unless something is done and done quickly—in his eyes, France, though she may succeed in annihilating her great rival, Germany, will have but a short time to gloat over her victory, since that very victory will leave her utterly exhausted and doom her to defeat. Even Italy, he points out, having a far higher birth rate than France, will soon surpass her greatly in population and be in a position to dispute with her the hegemony of Europe—to say nothing of Russia, looming, ever stronger, in the background.

> The World War only weakened Europe [he says]; the war of the future will give her the deathblow. The statesman who signs the next European declaration of war will simultaneously sign Europe's death warrant. After that future war Europe may be transformed into a field of ruins like the once blooming centres of culture which existed in Asia. Berlin and Paris would then suffer the fate of Babylon and Nineveh.

Be the outcome of a future European war what it may, but one real victor can emerge from it—Russia. Europe's suicide is preparing the way for a future Russian invasion just as China's self-immolation is paving the way for her future conquest by Japan.

The Austrian prophet is not without hope, despite his black premonitions. Europe can save herself, he constantly repeats. His optimism extends even to calling a future reconciliation between France and Germany possible. Were not the Germans, he asks, shouting "Gott strafe England!" only a few years ago, and almost forgetting that France was also their foe, whereas today England appears to them as a friend and France has become the object of blind German hatred? But such a reconciliation, he adds, can come only if both France and Germany recognize that a continuance of their hostility will eventually mean their ruin; to save themselves they must foster a mutual "solidarity based on common sense," even if solidarity based on mutual affection be found utterly impossible.

"Germany and France will emerge from the fearful crisis in which they find themselves at present either as European allies or, leaping at each other's throats, they will bleed to death from the wounds which they will inflict upon each other," declared the author of "Pan-Europa."

Three preliminary steps must be taken, according to him, in bringing Pan-Europe into being, viz.:

The summoning of a Pan-European conference by one or several European Governments.

The conclusion of an obligatory treaty binding European nations to arbitrate their differences and guarantee each other's security.

The creation of a Pan-European customs union which would bind Europe together in a single economic domain.

These preliminary steps having been taken, the next move suggested is the creation of a United States of Europe patterned on the United States of America.

Should Pan-Europe be thus brought into being, writes its sponsor, the nations composing it would be protected against internal wars in Europe and placed in a position to remain neutral in conflicts involving the rest of the world; moreover, disarmament would then be possible, and Pan-Europe could compete with the other four great world groups.

Utopia? Maybe. But, as the author of "Pan-Europa" remarks: "Every great historical idea began as Utopia and ended as reality." Moreover, in view of the way things are going in this present-day world of ours, just where does the burden of proof now lie? It is on the "Utopian" or on those who preach, with a superior air, doctrines which they declare to be "practical." Has the "practical" conduct of affairs—especially in Europe—been such a dazzling success? Have those who, scorning "ideals" and "Utopias," work only with "practical" tools, succeeded in rebuilding the world? Hardly.

That is what lends to "Utopian" arguments an entirely new force, an entirely new plausibility. The Spaniards have a proverb: "In the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king." Well, in a "practical" world plunging to ruin, has not the "Utopian" dreamer more right than ever before to a hearing? Perhaps the author of "Pan-Europa" is such a dreamer. And yet that part of his arguments which but yesterday would have sounded far too chimerical has acquired some of the ring of what we call "authority." After all, we of this present-day world of disruption are drowning men grasping at straws. The arguments in "Pan-Europa," if properly applied, might turn out to be not a straw but a life belt. In any event, could their application produce anything worse than what we are now witnessing?

There is the nub of the question! That is why "practical" thinkers can no longer elbow aside, as they used to, the despised crew of "Utopians."

Let place be made, then, for Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi and the rest of them; for his "Pan-Europa" and the rest of the dream worlds. "Hear ye, hear ye!"

Current Magazines

"THE SEWER ON THE STAGE" is the title of an article by John S. Sumner in the December Theatre Magazine. It deals with the flood of salacious plays now inundating the New York stage, predicting that unless the managers clean house, State censorship is sure to come. An editorial in the same number of the magazine treats of the same subject more briefly under the heading "The Writing on the Wall." The writer, presumably Arthur Hornblow, says:

> The threat, growing louder every day, of a stage censorship to check the ever-increasing flood of malicious and offensive plays does not appear to give the theatre managers much concern, judging from the supine, ostrich-like manner in which they are meeting the situation. Can it be possible that they have forgotten the lesson of the movie—industry or art, whatever one likes to call it—muzzled by censorship at birth because some unscrupulous film makers discovered that dirt and dollars are intimate as well as alliteratives? Because one or two irresponsible fellow-managers, for mere greed, are dragging in the mire the good name of the American drama, are the leading members of the Managers' Producing Association willing to risk the danger of a political censorship—with all its attendant vexations—when a little foresight, a little business horse sense can still prevent it?
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> Some managers, no doubt, imagined the matter happily disposed of when the question of a play's decency or indecency was left entirely in the hands of the Commissioner of Licenses, who announced that when complaint was made to him by a citizen he would act. But what citizen, indignant as he might be at the foulness of a play, would care to have his name used and appear in court? There will be no complaints from citizens, and the managers know it.
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> But that does not mean that the present orgy of indecency will be permitted to go on. If citizens fail to act, officials will. It is their duty and they cannot sidestep it. The Managers' Producing Association can avert the peril of censorship by setting their own house in order and by disciplining those among their members who continue to produce offensive plays. In that way official interference would have no justification.

Hamilton Holt, who was present at Geneva and attended every open session of the Council of the League of Nations while the dispute between Italy and Greece over Corfu was under discussion, tells in the December Forum how the existence of the League "made it possible for Greece to avoid the dangerous alternative of a humiliating surrender or a disastrous war, and relieved other States from extreme anxiety." His article concludes with these words:

> I could not help looking at the, figuratively, vacant seat at the table. I wondered if my fellow-countrymen were proud of the fact that we had no representative present at that critical hour to make our voice heard with brave little Belgium, with sturdy Sweden, and with our own American neighbor Uruguay. Are the American people really satisfied to maintain silence in this struggle between the new order and the old for the control of international relations? I am sure that we could have sat at that Council table without danger to our sovereignty and without any military or financial obligation, and yet have played the dominant rôle there.
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> I was conscious all the time I was in Geneva that a great international structure is growing up before the world's eyes. Yet in these extremely important formative days when decisions are being made and precedents are being established that are bound to have a great effect on the future of the world, the United States is standing completely aloof. Japan has less interest in Europe than we have, and yet she is playing a part in the League for the good of the world that will forever redound to her honor, her courage, her unselfishness and her common sense. She has lost no prestige by championing this side or that. She has not become entangled in affairs that do not concern her. Why cannot we take our stand by her side?

In the December Arts and Decoration is an article by Ralph Adams Cram on "Demonstrating Beauty," which may be taken as a statement of the aims of the magazine. His concluding words are these:

> Beauty is a real test of value, and when it is lost there is nothing that can take its place but a sense of humor—and the two are apt to live and die together. Beauty is also much more a "natural right" of man than is the electoral franchise or the "right" of free speech. It is not an amenity of life, for it is an essential of good living, but it is a great joy and a great compensation. For both these rea-

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Books and Authors

A NEW edition in English of the works of Anatole France is to be published by Gabriel Wells by arrangement with John Lane, The Bodley Head of London, and Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York, who are the owners of the copyrights. This edition, in thirty volumes, will be limited to 1,075 sets, and the first volume of each set will contain the autograph signature of Anatole France. The volumes will be issued in lots of ten, the first ten to appear in January and the others at short intervals later. The first 100 copies will be set aside to be put into fine bindings, which will be executed to order.

Professor Robert Morss Lovett of the English Department of the University of Chicago will resume his regular work at the university on Jan. 1. He has been for six months on the editorial staff of The New Republic.

Among the books scheduled by the Macmillan Company for publication in January are May Sinclair's new novel, "A Cure of Souls"; Eden Phillpott's story of the Devonshire orchards, "Cheat the Boys"; a new play by Clemence Dane entitled "The Way Things Happen"; a new Ervine play, "The Lady of Belmont"—a sequel to "The Merchant of Venice"; a volume of poems by Edwin F. Piper, entitled "Barbed Wire and Wayfarers"; "Legal Foundations of Capitalism," by John R. Commons, and "Manual of Cultivated Plants," by L. H. Bailey.

The Universal Publishing Company of Chicago is bringing out a book by Mahatma Gandhi entitled "Sermon on the Sea," edited by Haridas T. Muzumdar, with an introduction by John Haynes Holmes. It is said to be a presentation, in the form of a Socratic dialogue, of Gandhi's program of political independence and social regeneration. It has been widely read in India under the title "Hind Swaraj" (India's Self-Determination), but has, so the publisher informs us, hitherto been unavailable in this country.

"Ann's an Idiot" is the title of a first novel by Pamela Wynne, which has been well received in England and which is to be brought out here early in January by Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is a story of Anglo-Indian society, which the author knows well, as she has lived for many years in India and is now the wife of a high Government official there.

Grant Overton's new novel, "The Thousand and First Night," is announced by George H. Doran Company for publication in January. The scene of the story is an old manor house on the south shore of Long Island, and all the incidents in it take place during a single night.

Martha A. Shannon, author of "Boston Days of William Morris Hunt," just published by Marshall Jones Company, is a resident of the Beacon Hill district of Boston. Her book is rich in reminiscences of the literary and artistic Boston of the Sixties and Seventies, centring about the personality of the great painter whose name appears in the title. It is illustrated with reproductions of forty of Hunt's best-known portraits and landscapes.

"Come Hither" is the title of a collection of rhymes and poems for the young of all ages, made by Walter de la Mare and embellished by Alec Buckels. It has just been published in England by Constable, and Alfred A. Knopf is bringing it out here. The selection includes 482 titles, occupying 493 pages. The book is divided into sixteen sections, each illustrated with a woodcut by Alec Buckels and each bearing a title indicating the sort of poems which it contains.

The publication of Margaret Prescott Montague's story, "The Man from God's Country," which appeared on the advance Autumn list of E. P. Dutton & Co., has been postponed until early in the new year.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published a new biography and interpretation of "Robert Burns," by Andrew Dakers, who has for many years been an enthusiastic student of the life and works of the Scotch poet. The greater part of the book is taken up by a study of Burns, the man, and the rest with a critical examination of the poems.

A reprint of "Castle of Otranto," a novel written in 1764 by Horace Walpole, is announced for early publication by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

M. Edouard Estaunie, author of "The Call of the Road," recently published by Boni & Liveright, has been proposed for the French Academy, and literary journals in France express the opinion that he will be elected.

Robert M. McBride & Co. have secured the American publication rights for all the novels of Bernard Kellermann with the exception of "The Tunnel," which was brought out some years ago by the Macaulay Company. The first of the novels to appear with the McBride imprint is "The Sea," translated from the German by M. P. Park.

Frederick A. Stokes Company is publishing this month four volumes of the Contemporary British Dramatic Series: "Exodus," an Old Testament drama by H. F. Rubinstein and Halcott Glover; "The Conquering Hero," by Alan Monkhouse; "Midsummer Madness," a modern fantasy, by Clifford Bax, and "What's Wrong with the Drama," by H. F. Rubinstein.

Not all publishers believe that the public is fed up on war books. Little, Brown & Co. will publish in January three books dealing directly or indirectly with the war. The first is a reissue of "Gun Fodder," by Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, first published in 1919, and telling of the author's experiences during his four years of service with the English fighting forces; the second is a novel, "A Conqueror Passes," by Larry Barretto, dealing with the difficulties encountered by a soldier on his return to civilian life; and the third, also a novel, is "The Inverted Pyramid," by Bertrand W. Sinclair. In this last book however, the part dealing with the war is said to be merely incidental.

Translating O. Henry into Russian is no easy task. A translator in Moscow was puzzled by a passage in "The Greater Coney," in which Dennis Carnahan speaks of the delights of the island, including "the chutes, and the short change, and the green corn silk between the teeth." Never having heard of corn on the cob the translator could make nothing of this, but she finally took a chance on rendering it "after seeing the actresses with silk ribbons in their teeth."

In January the Century Company will publish a novel entitled "The Plastic Age," by Percy Marks, an instructor in English at Brown University. It is reported that this novel does for college life what "Main Street" did for small-town life.

Ralph D. Paine, author of "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas" and other sea stories, has sailed for Zanzibar in a scout cruiser and is not expected to return until the end of March. He carries a typewriter with him and will spend a part of his time working on a book which the Century Company will publish.

Frederick O'Brien sailed recently from New York for San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal. He had with him contracts for two novels and a book of short stories. The stories will be published first in a magazine of wide circulation and later in book form by the Century Company.

A new novel by Helen R. Martin is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co., for publication in January. It is entitled "The Snob," and the scene is the town of Lettersville, which figured in "The Church on the Avenue."

The Church Missions Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn., has published in its "Soldier and Servant Series" a biographical sketch by the Rev. Melville K. Bailey of the career of Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, Missionary Bishop of Montana, Idaho and Utah, Bishop of Missouri and Presiding Bishop of the American Church.

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Henry Holt's Talk

(Continued from Page 1)

through the ages. Love, marriage, the family, divorce and birth control are all handled with the seasoned thoughtfulness of one who has lived long and has experienced much. As for happiness, he finds that it eludes direct search, being mainly a by-product of duty. As for money, a big fortune can be enjoyed, but it takes a big man to enjoy it. "It is apt to send an average man's health and family life to the devil, and sure to send a small man's." The surest salvation for the possessor of unlimited means and leisure our octogenarian finds in a taste for nature or literature or art or philanthropy.

On the side of personal reminiscence, as well as of recollections of the earlier life of New York, this book is a veritable mine. One has only to dig, or rather, has only to collect the nuggets scattered along the surface. Well-known names abound. We have Stedman, "who was generally called a banker, but called himself a stock gambler"; Henry Adams, with his mot, "A library should be a big dictionary"; Joseph H. Choate, who knew that for him, toward the end, "there was as much danger in banquets as in battles," yet who was never jollier or more witty or more eloquent than during the final week when entertaining the French and English envoys; Saint-Gaudens, who, on hearing another sculptor's face spoken of as if the owner had made it himself, said "of course; everybody does"; Andrew Carnegie, whose pages are made redolent with several anecdotes involving good old "Scotch"; William D. Howells, whose modesty would not allow him to see genius in himself, "with much that was better even than genius"; W. D. Whitney, Yale's one student (under an invisible professor) in Sanskrit—Whitney only, *unus sed leo*. And so on, and on.

Thus piles up the life-book of one who has lived long and alertly, who has kept near the centre of things, where plentiful and profitable companionship has always been assured and deserved; one who has been enough of a non-conformist and faddist to keep the current of his being astir and freshened; one who has had the knack and verve to set it all down. "I don't care much where I wander in these papers," the author happily declares on page 61; and if the reader stops at page 461, it is only because that is the first of the fly-leaves—the end.

Current Magazines

(Continued from Page 25)

sons we need it back, knowing as we do that without it life is only mutilated existence, while false gods reign unchallenged on their thrones. In almost every category there are genuine, creative artists today, vitalized by power and desire, but the sands on which they stand are shifting and unstable because of the silly superstition that art belongs to them alone. It does not; it is, or should be, a general possession, while the word means far more than the craft of the "artist" as such. Beauty is myriad in its manifestations; art deals with a dish or a dog house just as it does with a painted canvas, a carved statue or a cathedral. You cannot produce art by intensive use of picture galleries, public lectures and art schools, if beauty is ruled out of common life and ugliness takes its place.

By some miracle of reversal, and in spite of the more flamboyant appearances, this desire for beauty has begun to come back, and in so far as we are able we here in this magazine propose to do what we can to foster this desire and to meet it.

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John Farrar, Editor of The Bookman, New York, says:
"It is packed with emotional detail, even as Kathleen Norris packs her novels with realistic detail. Mrs. Tuttle draws characters with something of the sureness of Mary Roberts Rinehart. She tells a story forcefully and well."

The popularity of this splendid novel continues to increase and it is now in its sixth large printing. "FEET OF CLAY" is being more and more talked of; it is a book you should by all means read.

W. Orton Tewson, Literary Editor of The Philadelphia Public Ledger, says:
"There is an originality and a freshness about Mrs. Tuttle's style which is immensely pleasing. She has the knack of making you feel that you are *en famille* with what is happening, which is about the highest praise that can be bestowed upon a novelist. . . . It will be gathered that we enjoyed 'Feet of Clay.' We did. Thoroughly. And so we recommend 'Feet of Clay' as a novel of great merit and real importance."

Barton W. Currie, Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal, says:
"'Feet of Clay' is one of the best stories I have seen in the ten years that I have been here. Unless my judgment is altogether warped and unreliable, it ought to make a corking book."

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Brief Reviews

PERSONALITY IN THE MAKING

PERSONALITY IN THE MAKING. By Joseph Havenel Coffin. 256 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IT is a high, austere and shining ideal of personality that Professor Coffin presents in these pages. The common, or backyard, or man-in-the-street, conception of the meaning of the term he does not accept as signifying personality, and he denies the possession of personality to a great many people of several different kinds, most of whom would be rendered indignant by the imputation that they do not have it. Moreover, he does not look upon it as a gift of the gods, but as a thing to be achieved by the individual, a possession to be acquired by purpose and effort and to be built up and developed by conscious and intentional striving constantly through all the years of one's life. Personality, he insists, is "the biggest fact in the universe," and he thinks that it ought to be "set up as the one value to be conserved and enhanced even in industry and the State as well as in the home, the school and the church." Devoting a page or two to the portrayal in briefest outline of a civilization thus devoted to the task of developing the latent personalities of all its members, he admits that it takes "a Gargantuan stride of the imagination" to picture such a state. But it is his conviction that this, which may seem "an impossible Utopia" to most readers, "is the big issue in our civilization at this time."

Three classes of people are described by Professor Coffin as wanting wholly or partially in the "fundamental attributes essential to personality in its true sense." The first includes persons of defective intelligence, who lack the sense of individual responsibility and the ability to appreciate moral values. In the second list he includes "the criminal classes," which he explains are made up not only of ordinary criminals but also of "the high financier and all others who live by exploitation." The third class includes those inconsequental persons who are motivated by their sensuous impulses and lack purposes and standards. Among them he puts sportsmen, society butterflies, club zealots, the speedomaniac automobilist and, in general, all those "whose chief aim in life is to avoid serious enterprise and to have a 'good time.'" All such people, he declares, "represent serious cases of arrested personality."

After studying the various aspects of personality the author finally defines it as being "a synthesis of many factors, chiefly mental, but in addition also social, moral and esthetic," and he analyzes these factors and shows how they must be woven into a compact and harmonious whole in order to make personality. In three parts of the volume, successively, he sets forth the relations of the various kinds of individual experience with one another and their organization about a central system of aims and purposes, which thus make the basis of the structure of personality; considers the relation of personality to society, and traces personality through the three chief modes of its development, education, vocation, moralization.

THE PREVENTION OF WAR

THE PREVENTION OF WAR. By Philip Kerr and Lionel Curtis. 170 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press for the Institute of Politics. $2.50.

THAT very interesting experiment, the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, which Philip Kerr in one of these lectures neatly describes as "an organization for the scientific study of international affairs," has doubled its possible beneficent results by putting some of its proceedings into book form. This volume contains the series of three lectures by Philip Kerr and three by Lionel Curtis which were delivered at last Summer's session of the institute under the general title, "A British View of International Problems." But that is a misleading title, because it gives no indication of the broad general principles with which both men deal, nor of the international scope of their arguments and appeals. Instead of being a "British view" the book will probably be of far more interest to American than to British readers. Both men deal exactly, though in different ways, with that menace of future wars which still looms darkly in the path of civilization and with the means, theoretical and practical, by which it can be opposed and conquered. This new title is much more apt and adequate, is, indeed, entirely significant of the book's contents. And it is a subject in which Americans are keenly interested.

Mr. Kerr, who was Premier Lloyd George's secretary during the latter years of the war and for three or more years afterward, discusses first the mechanical reason for war, then considers its psychological reason, and in his third lecture points out what he considers the only road to international peace. The first reason, which he considers "the most potent and constant cause of war, the cause which infinitely outweighs all others, is the division of humanity into absolutely independent sovereign States." And hand in hand with this lack of constitutional machinery for co-operation, the two mutually inflaming each other, goes the second cause, the psychological situation created by narrow, egotistic, intolerant nationalism.

Mr. Curtis, who was for some years a resident of South Africa and has had much political experience there, discusses in his first lecture "The Union of South Africa," the historical conditions which caused the South African war and the methods and developments which finally led to the forming of the Union. The second lecture is on "Responsible Government in India" and describes the effort, in which Mr. Curtis has borne an important part, that is being made to evolve that country peaceably into a self-governing community. In his last lecture, "A Criterion of Values in International Affairs," he sets forth the essential part which certain ethical principles must always play in international relations if there is to be peace on earth and good-will between nations.

Both Mr. Kerr and Mr. Curtis stress throughout the necessity of international co-operation, understanding and friendly feeling, but without the least intention of belittling national values and patriotic emotions. Mr. Kerr makes many references to the way in which the United States has built up a great community which recognizes and constantly acts upon the principle of dual loyalty and love for State and nation, and uses this as an example of possible international development. Mr. Curtis's exposition of the ideals and aims with which he has had such important practical dealings shows them to be closely similar to those in which Americans have so much confidence. Both men writs with that lucidity and forcefulness and that earnest conviction that add tremendously to the persuasive power of argument.

THE RISE OF UNIVERSITIES

THE RISE OF UNIVERSITIES. By Charles Homer Haskins. 134 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

AN admirable combination of the results of wide and deep scholarly research and the ability to write pungently, picturesquely, with a keen sense of the humanly appealing, this little book ought to afford much pleasure to all those who can have interest in the past as the forebear of the present. It is the seventh volume in that excellent series (all of them marked by these same characteristics of interesting presentation and accurate, scientific, scholarly knowledge) which embodies in book form each year the Colver lectures delivered during the previous Winter at Brown University. The lectureship foundation is provided as a memorial to Charles K. Colver of the class of 1842 by his daughter, Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberger, and her husband, who had the commendable vision to desire that the lectures should be "distinctive and valuable contributions to human knowledge."

Last year's lecturer, who is dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University, makes a graphic and fascinating picture of the days when the university as an organized institution of the higher learning was being born, studying it in its three phases of student body, teaching body and an emerging institution of the time. And he makes the reader feel it all as a youthful, hot-blooded, vital thing, coming lustily forth into the eager, stirring times of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, meeting the needs and fulfilling the demands of youth. For this fact does stand out from the picture of the birth of the university: that it came into being because youth needed it, demanded it, was determined to have it. Its very name is proof of its inspiring cause, for Dean Haskins tells us that it first indicated the totality of a group of people of similar interests and conditions and was appropriated by the students of Bologna, who organized themselves into such a university, at first as protection against the exorbitant prices charged by the townspeople for rooms and necessaries when the crowds of young men increased the demand. In that city, and also elsewhere later on, the students threatened to strike and take the university elsewhere (and sometimes did do so) if the profiteering did not cease. For the university did not have buildings or material equipment of its own for a long period after its first emergence into the life of the time. It was essentially merely a body of students and a body of teachers, with, very often, some one brilliant man of high renown standing out in the teaching body like a flaming pillar and drawing eager youth to his lectures from all over Europe.

Dean Haskins makes a very interesting picture of the students of those days—a busy, joyous, rollicking, clamorous lot, that sometimes divided themselves into national groups, according to the countries from which they had come—and then handled insults, disputed, quarreled and fought over their native lands. But notwithstanding all the differences between the emerging university of the twelfth century and its modern development, Dean Haskins finds that "the university of the twentieth century is a lineal descendant of medieval Paris and Bologna." "The fundamental organization," he continues, "is the same, the historic continuity is unbroken. They created the university tradition of the modern world, that common tradition which belongs to all our institutions of higher learning, the newest as well as the oldest."

TEENS AND TWENTIES

TEENS AND TWENTIES. The Art of Cultivating Character, Good Manners and Cheerfulness. By Mary D. Chambers. 190 pp. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50.

THIS series of informal talks addressed, as the title indicates, to young women in their teens and early twenties is not intended to be a book on etiquette, or an exposition of social customs and manners. The author goes deeper than that and endeavors to show her young audience how to create within themselves the source out of which will inevitably grow the best manners and the most pleasing personality. Mrs. Chambers has lectured on the subjects with which she deals here before girls in Catholic institutions in many parts of the country, and she has embodied in this informal, direct essay form the substance of what she has said to these many groups. Intended for the reading of girls of the Catholic faith and inspired with the purpose of strengthening their allegiance to their religion, the talks are, of course, narrowly sectarian in their spirit and appeal. But aside from this, they are admirable in the tact and gentleness with which they approach what is finest and best in the minds and hearts of young women and endeavor to induce them to cultivate these things and to mold character and conduct upon them. The author assures them that good manners are really the outflowering of kind hearts, and by concrete illustration she shows them how manners are based on these realities and are not mere conventional rules. When she writes of clothing for the young woman Mrs. Chambers throws her influence in favor of that which is simple, in good taste, adapted to its purpose. Here, too, she goes down to fundamentals, explaining why certain lines and forms are artistically good and others are not. In a similar fine spirit of intimate counsel Mrs. Chambers writes of the girl in relation to her job, her friends, her recreations, her neighbors, her charities, and of her attitude toward her boy friends and toward life in general.

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QUERIES

"It Blew Them Back Again!"

S. S.—I should like to find a poem that appeared many years ago in Harper's Drawer which told about a hurricane at sea, describing how everything on deck, including the captain's whiskers, was blown away, and then, the wind shifting, it blew them back again.

A Road to Fame

A. W. R.—I shall be glad if any one of your readers can tell me the name of the author of the poem the first stanza of which is:

He longed to find a road to fame,
But not a highway bore that name.
His thought to glory there must be
A level path that he should see.

Underneath the Leaden Sky

M. H. S.—I should like to know the title and the author of the poem in which these two lines appear:

And underneath the leaden sky
The melancholy waters lie.

The Master Stood in His Garden

H. J. A.—Can you help me find a poem in which these lines occur:

The Master stood in His garden
Behind His lilies so fair
Which His own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

An Old Darky Song

H. B. F.—Will some reader kindly tell me where I can find the song, sung more than seventy years ago, in which these lines occur:

I will take my staff and travel on
Till I a better world shall view
Chorus:
In that morning, in that morning,
We will all shout together in that morning.

The Golden Gate

W. W. N.—I should like to obtain the composer's name and the music of a song which was sung in chapel many years ago, the words of which, as near as I can recall, are:

Is there any one here who is not prepared
To enter the Golden Gate?
Be ready, for soon the time will come
To enter the Golden Gate.

The Dead Have Awakened

S. L. S.—Will some one assist me to find the source and authorship of the following lines:

The dead have been awakened; shall I sleep?
The world is at war with tyrants; shall I crouch?
The harvest's ripe; shall I forbear to reap?
I slumber not. A thorn is in my couch.

Two Poems

M. W.—I wish to ask for your assistance in finding two poems, both published at the time of the World War. One had to do with the wonders of the radio; the other told of an aviator who fell from his plane and never reached earth, but was carried up to Heaven.

A Kiss on the Lips

M. E. D.—Will you please tell me the name of the author, the title and from what the following quotation is taken? I would like to have the poem in full:

And the jest seldom slips
But it strikes a tender chord,
And a kiss was on the lips
Of a wretch who sold his Lord.

Where Love Comes

M. C. H.—Will you kindly tell me where I can find the rest of the poem containing these lines:

Oh, little window where love comes again
To pay for all my bitterness and pain,
To bind the bruises and to heal the stings,
And bring back faith to me * * *

Satinette

R. R.—Can any reader help me locate a piece of sporting verse called "Satinette"? Its theme is the freeing from slavery of a little negro jockey who had won his race.

Beneath the Shadow

H. N. B.—Can some one tell me the author and where I can find these lines:

Beneath the shadow of the Great Protection,
Bathed in the peace of that Divine affection,
No fever heats of life or dull dejection
Can work the spirit harm.

The Dog Under the Wagon

G. M.—I would like to know where I could find the poem, "The Little Dog Under the Wagon," a part of which I recall as follows:

The farmer all his produce sold
And got his pay in yellow gold.
They started home—off through the lonely forest * * *

A Chinese Legend

G. V. B.—Will some one kindly tell me where to find the old Chinese legend illustrated in the blue willow designs of Canton and Nanking porcelains which tells about the Mandarin's daughter who weds below her rank and flees over the camelback bridge pursued by two brothers?

The Tissues of Life

H. C. R.—Will some one tell me where I can find the following lines:

The tissues of the life to be we weave
With colors all our own,
And in this field of destiny we reap
What we have sown.

To Work

H. M.—Can any reader give me the origin of the following lines:

To the work, to the work,
In the days that we are.

The Great Jehovah

M. T.—Will some one kindly give me the rhyme in full for memorizing the book of the Bible which begins

The Great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus.

"Hostler Joe"

R. K. S. K.—Can some one tell me where to find the poem, "Hostler Joe," by Sir William Henry of England.

Seed, Golden Rod or God?

A. L. P.—Will some one tell me the author and give me the poem containing the following lines:

Some think that the seed makes the golden rod,
But I think it's due to God.

ANSWERS

When Nature Wants a Man

IDA W. DERBY, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The poem, "When Nature Wants a Man," for which "H. A. S." asks in your issue of Dec. 9, is by Angela Morgan. It is included in a book entitled, "It Can Be Done" (George Sully & Co., New York). The complete poem is as follows:

When Nature wants to drill a man
And thrill a man,
And skill a man,
When Nature wants to mold a man
To play the noblest part;
When she yearns with all her heart
To create so great and bold a man
That all the world shall praise—
Watch her method, watch her ways!
How she ruthlessly perfects
Whom she royally elects;
How she hammers him and hurts him
And with mighty blows converts him
Into trial shapes of clay which only
Nature understands—
While his tortured heart is crying and
he lifts beseeching hands!—
How she bends, but never breaks,
When his good she undertakes
How she uses whom she chooses
And with every purpose fuses him,
By every art induces him
To try his splendor out—
Nature knows what she's about.

II.

When Nature wants to take a man
And shake a man
And wake a man;
When Nature wants to make a man
To do the Future's will;
When she tries with all her skill
And she yearns with all her soul
To create him large and whole
With what cunning she prepares him!
How she goads and never spares him,
How she whets him and she frets him
And in poverty begets him
How she often disappoints
Whom she sacredly anoints
With what wisdom she will hide him,
Never minding what betide him
Though his genius sob with sighting
and his pride may not forget!
Bids him struggle harder yet.
Makes him lonely
So that only
God's high messages shall reach him
So that she shall surely teach him
What the Hierarchy planned.
Though he may not understand
Gives him passions to command—
How remorselessly she spurs him,
With terrific ardor stirs him
When she poignantly prefers him!

III.

When Nature wants to name a man
And fame a man
And tame a man;
When Nature wants to shame a man
To do his heavenly best
When she tries the highest test
That her reckoning may bring—
When she wants a god or king!—
How she reins him and restrains him
So his body scarce contains him
While she fires him
And inspires him!
Keeps him yearning, ever burning for
a tantalizing goal—
Lures and lacerates his soul.
Sets a challenge for his spirit,
Draws it higher when he's near it—
Makes a jungle, that he clear it;
Makes a desert, that he fear it
And subdue it if he can—
So doth Nature make a man.
Then, to test his spirit's wrath,
Hurls a mountain in his path—
Puts a bitter choice before him
And, relentless, stands o'er him—
"Climb, or perish!" So she says . . .
Watch her purpose, watch her ways!

IV.

Nature's plan is wondrous kind
Could we understand her mind
Fools are they who call her blind.
When his feet are torn and bleeding
Yet his spirit mounts unheeding,
All his higher powers speeding
Blazing newer paths and fine:
When the force that is divine
Leaps to challenge every failure and
his ardor still is sweet,
And love and hope are burning in the
presence of defeat . . .
Lo, the crisis! Lo, the hour
That must call the leader out.
When the people need salvation
Doth he come to lead the nation . . .
Then doth Nature show her plan
When the world has found—a man!

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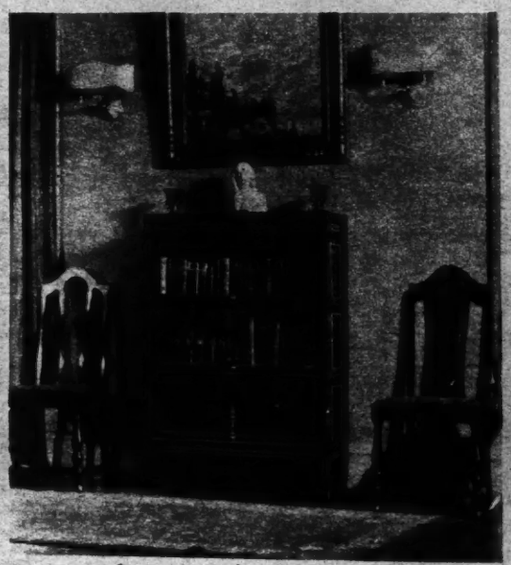

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IN BETHLEHEM TOWN TODAY

The Scars of the War Upon the Place Where Christ Was Born on Christmas Day in the Morning

The Market Place in Bethlehem, Near the Church of the Nativity.

Photo by John H. Finley.

By CLAIR PRICE

TEN years ago the campfires of 5,000 Russians sparkled by night on the slopes of Kharrubeh, and upon its summit the fortress wall of the oldest church in Christendom stood darkly silhouetted against the stars. It was the last of the old Christmas Eve festivals at Bethlehem, and by this time it seems possible that we shall never see another like it. For Palestine has been scorched and seared out of all recognition during these last ten years. Its old Ottoman Government has gone. It was a good Government as Eastern Governments went, and in all matters not affecting taxes and the trade routes it ruled the country in the easy-going manner to which its Eastern population was accustomed. But a new Western Government has succeeded it, and the nerve fibres which radiate into all the world from Palestine have been rubbed raw.

A new Government has risen in Old Russia, and the pilgrim ships from Odessa to Jaffe have stopped running. In the pleasant old days their decklouds of Russian peasants constituted a principal means of support for the townsmen of such places as Bethlehem, but the old days have vanished, probably forever. Palestine today is a lonely place, whose nerve fibres tingle and ache, and Bethlehem is only one of the widely revered little towns which participate in the country's new pains.

Armies have fought across the rocky hillsides of Palestine since the Russians kept their last Christmas festival at Bethlehem ten years ago. Possibly you know what shrapnel does to a rocky hillside, possibly you can imagine what a dreadful business the fight in Palestine was. Yet throughout its long course both the Turkish and British commands scrupulously avoided the religious sites with which the little country is stippled. The ancient rock-hewn cistern at Bethlehem known as David's Well and the small domed Moslem burying place known as Rachel's Tomb stand in 1923 exactly as they stood when the last of the tourists fingered the last of the Baedekers before them in 1913. The fortress wall of the oldest church in Christendom stands atop the slopes of Kharrubeh at the eastern end of Bethlehem as stark and whitish-gray in 1923 as it stood when the last of the Russians kindled their campfires beneath it in 1913. The sound of clashing arms without comes dim with distance into the gold-and-jeweled silence inside the Church of the Holy Nativity.

It is upon the town of Bethlehem that the fighting has left its scars and among the townsmen that the stresses and strains of these last five years have done their work. You may still see, if you look sharply, a single line of old Turkish trench zigzagging like a gray hair across the far side of the Rahib Valley to the south of the town. You may dine in one or two weirdly new restaurants in the town whose owners are natives and whose cooking is degraded British, consisting in the main of tea, hard-boiled eggs and Western bread. You will see none of the street dogs which scavenged the town in the old days. You will see a few of the 250 war orphans which a native charity commission is caring for, some of them lodged with the Sisters of St. Joseph, a French order; some with the Sisters of the Rosary, a native order, and the rest farmed out in dwellings about the town.

You will find a new drainage system on the Rahib Valley side of the town (the south side), and on the Kharrubeh Valley side (the north side) you will find that the old Turkish drainage system has been dug up and modernized. Also, you will find, if you look into the matter, that the town's building regulations forbid the introduction of red tile roofs, modern windows and any other Western gewgaws which might mar the white cubical harmony of the place. All of this is to the credit of the British flag which flies upon the white stone Government building in the market place, where in the old days the Crescent and Star flew and a Turkish Mayor ruled. Incidentally, interest may attach to the fact that the town's first Christian ruler since the year 1229 was an American. He was Captain T. N. Camp of New Concord, Ohio, who joined the British Army from the British Y. M. C. A. and was assigned to that political-military detective agency which bears the green tabs of Intelligence. He was posted to Bethlehem by Intelligence shortly after the British occupation in 1917, and remained there until Captain Robert Philiot Gladstone, who wore the red tabs of the staff, was given the Deputy Military Governorate there. Captain Gladstone was a distant relative of William Ewart Gladstone and is a Roman Catholic by conversion and in civilian life a Montreal lawyer.

You may pay one Egyptian pound to your carriage driver to fetch you down from Jerusalem in 1923, where in 1913 half as much in Turkish piastres would have sufficed. When you reach it, you will find that modern Bethlehem is a blanket of sharp staccato white atop the grayish-brown of an elongated hill. Jerusalem lies five miles to the north of it. Hebron lies fifteen miles to the south of it. The Dead Sea lies twelve miles to the east of it, at the bottom of a tremendous wilderness of rocks, ravines and ravens. Bethlehem lies on the very roof of Palestine, half a mile above the trucks of the ships at Jaffe. It is a Christian town, the most Christian town in the south of Palestine. Its population consists of 7,000 Christians and a remnant of Moslems whose number hardly exceeds 500.

In a quarrel over a new tax levy, its Moslems were driven out in 1831 and Ibrahim Pasha wiped out the Moslem quarter in 1834, since which time Bethlehem, like Nazareth in the nort hof Palestine, has been a pugnaciously Christian town. Despite the fact that it is sacred to Moslems, Christians and Jews alike as the birthplace of David, its Christians have refused to tolerate Jews and Moslems have been permitted to live in it on sufferance. For centuries in the old days the Christians of Bethlehem quarreled with the Moslems of Hebron and with the Bedouins. But today Bethlehem and Hebron have stilled their ancient feud and made common cause against that British flag which has destroyed their street dogs and given them Western drainage systems instead. There is something new in the East at last.

Being Christians, the townsmen of Bethlehem have developed a perfect genius for thrift. They grow barley, olives, figs and grapes; before the wines of Richon le Zion became popular in Palestine, the wines of Bethlehem were widely known. They are breeders of live stock, mechanics, carpenters, masons and weavers. When Solomon built his Temple at Jerusalem it was the people of Bethlehem who wove his curtains of purple and fine linen. They still do much of Jerusalem's work, for the millions of money which used to pour into that city annually to keep candles burning have habituated most of its population to a life of idleness. You may see the men and women of Bethlehem tramping up to Jerusalem even today to begin their day's work early in the morning, and you may see them tramping stolidly out of Jerusalem in the evenings for their five-mile walk home, with a cold rain scudding up from behind the Mount of Olives.

Hundreds of them have gone even further from home than Jerusalem. In the old days many used to consign themselves from Jaffa to a Marseilles steerage agent with no notion of their ultimate destinations. You could find them peddling lace anywhere from Haiti to the—(Continued on Page 12)

THE NOSE TEST FOR CITIES

And the Particular Smell of New York Among All the Other Cities

By M. B. LEVICK

"NOW that," elucidated the man with a nose as he passed a street stand where crushed pineapple dripped from a great glass jar, "that is a green odor, a green high in key, with yellow in it and plenty of light, like those old-fashioned jars of colored water by a gas jet in a drug store window."

The comparison was just, but he did not wait to be told so, for he was started on his hobby.

"Isolated smells like that—the hot corn stands on the sidewalk, when the weather is getting sharp; the chestnut braziers or the doorway of a milk station in Summer—odors of that sort are like single lights, like lanterns or electric bulbs of one color or another. They make me think of that line in Stephen Crane's poem, 'Each small gleam was a voice.' But the real smell of New York is different. It isn't just a combination of these and all the other individual smells any more than a crowd is just a collection of individuals. It is rich; it has depth. It has as much chiaroscuro as a Rembrandt. I'm not trying to make out that it has the tones of a symphony orchestra, for instance, but if you go up on a height and listen to the city, the noise of it comes blurred and blended, a sort of ground bass at a distance, and it is like that with the smell of the town. You don't find it in other cities; they have their own. You don't even find it all over Manhattan. But when you do come across it, you'd know you were in New York if you were blindfolded."

It is not to every one that the man with the nose expounds his esthetics. For one thing, it is (he holds) his own business as much as his preferences in music, and for another, he is convinced that the average human can distinguish nothing weaker than the stench of bilge water and so is beneath explanation. Yet he is one of a not inconsiderable minority whose sensitiveness adds to their appreciation of day by day life, though frequently enough it exacts payment through the same faculty. Now and then one of the tribe becomes known: James Joyce and, before him, Frank Norris, who in his novels made use of the sense of smell as well as of the other senses, and habitually described the characteristic odors of places and things and people.

To the public, however, a nose seems an aberration. Odors are not polite; the more civilization has eliminated them the more it has agreed to ignore them, and even when a poet uses his sense of smell the average reader, unable to olfactize the words, passes over the lines blankly, as he does some reference to a flower he does not know.

This, however, does not mean that odors do not exist, nor that they lack significance or occasional beauty. The town dweller, having forgotten even the scent of hay or loam, may pretend if he wishes (as he puffs at a cigar) that the sense of smell is somehow exclusively the property of the animal, or at the best the caveman, but that is the townsman's loss. This much even a novice can assert. No one apologizes for the casual recognitions of the eye—for delight in the brilliance of a greengrocer's stand, or for seeing a Hals in a passing face or a Goya in a crone on a street corner, and when the keenness is transferred from eye to nose, there are rewards of sheer beauty, as in the redolence of a quince, and rewards of raciness or picturesqueness, as with the distinctive odor of a street or a quarter or a city.

No one who has given the matter two sniffs could mistake the dry, space-sweeping smell of Salt Lake City for the dark odor of Manhattan. Dun Chicago, with her smoke and river and lake, does not smell like fusty New Orleans with her silt and magnolias. Philadelphia has the conscious memory of scrapple. What New Yorker possessed of a nose could rest, returning from such travels, till he had stood at last on some damp, El-shadowed pavement and closed his eyes and said, "Yes, I am really home at last: it smells right."

The New York odor is at its best in Summer. When cold crisps the air, single odors hang sharp and take on undue emphasis: that of a steaming horse at the curb or the hot swirl from a candy shop. But in the humid Summer these blend and lose themselves in the pervading smell which oozes from the town itself.

What is it? The answer is hard to put in words: odors are like music, contained within themselves; there is not much that can be said about them. Besides, the language is deficient in recognizable comparisons: it has refrained from dealing with such questions.

The New York odor, however, is at its indefinable utmost when there is dampness. Then it defies an army of cigarette smokers, and not even the petrol gas, lying stagnant in narrow streets, can smother it. There is age in it, but few flowers; the dust of old houses, old wood, tiny crumblings of brick and brownstone. There is the memory of mud in it, no matter how clean the streets be swept. Ships and horses, the ailanthus. Metal too, and perhaps echoes from the great districts given over to trades: coffee, wool, lumber—essences drawn out by heat and compactness, yet in themselves too faint to show a trace in an analysis. Doubtless there is rubber too, from tires, but the typical New York odor of today is much what it was twenty-five years ago, though there are fewer trees. Chewing gum, excavations, garbage and Spring lilacs on the sidewalks; acres of trees and alleys like Turkish baths—all go into it.

"Those who scorn the nose may doubt, yet it was of just such intangible nothings that the most celebrated odor of all was compounded. That used to be found in San Francisco's Chinatown, years back. The fleetest of tourists could never forget it. Strange cookery, the drugs in apothecary shops where they kept pickled snakes in the windows; clothes, bodies, packed and airless dwellings, the seepage from rooms frugally kept hermetic so that no bit of old opium aroma might be lost—all this and more made the smell of Chinatown. It was thirty years in the making, and then the San Francisco fire swept it away. The newer generation cut off its pigtail and opened the window, and the new Chinatown has never been the same.

"The loft buildings," says the man with a nose, "have cut into New York's smellable area. They have little aroma even when they are filled with spices. Most likely by the time all Manhattan is covered with them there won't be any New York odor left at all. But I'll be dead by then. You find the town's typical smell most markedly where the buildings are old; to some degree in such streets as those south of the foot of Eighth Avenue, especially in the fog, when the towboats are hooting. It seems to come out strongest, however, where the houses are taller than they are there. The Thirties and Forties and the more cluttered avenues have it. North of Central Park there is little of it; Washington Heights might almost be in another town.

"It was of just such intangible nothings that the most celebrated odor of all was compounded."

"There are neighborhood odors, though. I do not mean just the tenement fetor, and not entirely the odors that are due to commodities, nor the smells, mostly of food, which are characteristic of different nationalities. Anybody knows when he is in the produce district or the tobacco or coffee districts. Lumber yards are as unmistakable as hospitals. But, aside from them, if you give the matter any attention, you can tell by your nose whether you are in Whitehall Street or Columbus Avenue, for instance. The vegetable mold of Inwood is not the blandness of Central Park. Fifth Avenue, where there is perfume enough, is higher keyed than Lexington Avenue; it is shriller. I dare say the idea could easily be carried to extremes, but if you keep your nose open you find all sorts of little distinctions and possibly in time you could become so adept that without the help of your eye you could get out of a taxi and say positively, 'This is Brooklyn Bridge at the rush hour.' Anyhow, I can tell you this much right now; the bridge at the rush hour does not smell at all like the Eighties off Madison Avenue—though, to tell the truth, I might mistake it for Fourteenth Street.

"Much the same thing is true of cities. There are towns of a type that resemble each other: lake cities of similar size when there is no specialized line of manufacture to flavor them; they are rather inspired. Or river cities. Louisville is a good deal like Cincinnati; these have a thicker smell than you find along the Great Lakes but it is a type smell, mixed with soft coal. The prevailing odor in up-State towns is thinner and flatter. Go into the hot interior of California, where they have no rain in Summer, and the odor is somewhat bitter; even when it rains cats and dogs in the Winter time you still have the suggestion of Summer's acrid baking."

Those towns which give themselves over almost entirely to making one article of manufacture take on the odor of their specialty's processes just as a blacksmith absorbs the odor of his smithy. It is said there is a characteristic smell to the towns of Lancashire and that it is due to the size used in dressing yarn, while Sheffield with its steel has another sort of smell. Seaport towns have their common store of odors, tar and fish and barnacles, at times sandalwood and teak and other scented cargoes. Then there are farming cities with the reek of cattle and the pungency of grain. But spraddling New York, all towns in one, partakes of all these odors; each in its place, and all of them, from the noxious to the ineffable, contribute to the emanation which is as distinctive of the town as the brownstone front.

Yet for the most part New York is ashamed of admitting that it notices it, or pretends to dislike it. The town, having regulated glue factories by law, pays attention to nothing short of a menagerie or an old-time saloon, or to the occasional suspicion that there is still some of the original air left in the subway. Why this tenderness about the nose, when the equally offended (or pleased) eye and ear are taken for granted? There is a field for exploring psychologists here. Books have been written about those beings in whom musical tones evoke colors: the sound of F sharp, say, causes them to see yellow. Such hypersensitiveness in the kindred sense, however, has no literature. There is no treatise to explain why Schiller (was it Schiller?) could work only under the stimulus of the scent of decaying apples, and must have them in his desk. Only a casual page in Oliver Wendell Holmes on the potency of odors in arousing memories. For how many centuries had man eaten before that eminent authority on flavor, Henry T. Finck, casting aside Kant's dictum that the sense of smell is not worth cultivating, discovered the seat of flavor not in the sense of taste but in the olfactories? There is Dr. Gustav Jaeger, who wrote a book to prove that the nose is the seat of the soul, but he is a minority of one. The time may yet come, however, when he will be honored with monuments as a blazer of the trail.

Meanwhile, the perfume concert is a stale novelty of seasons forgotten long ago and civilization decorously covers its nose like a Moslem woman in her yashmak.

As for the men—"Well," says the man with a nose, "if it's really necessary, you know, one can always light a pipe. But there are compensations."

"That is a green odor."

HUNDRED YEARS OF CHARLES LAMB

OF unusual interest to the bibliophile is the exhibition of the first editions of the works of Charles Lamb now being held at the Grolier Club, 47 East Sixtieth Street. Notations on the pages of many of the books in the handwriting of Charles, and of his sister Mary, add an intimate touch to this loan exhibit, which commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of the publication of the best known works of this author.

Among the manuscripts are four of the Elia Essays—"The Dissertation on Roast Pig," "Dream Children," "Imperfect Sympathies," and "Confessions of a Drunkard," besides poems and shorter pieces. Letters to his many friends include the one in which he explains the derivation of his pen-name, Elia. Elia, it appears from other references, was a light-hearted foreigner employed at Old South Sea House in London when Lamb was a clerk there, and by his gayety attracted the gentle, retiring essayist.

An entertaining feature is the display of the now excessively rare little children's books which Lamb was not above contributing to the Godwins's Juvenile Library—"The King and Queen of Hearts" and "Prince Dorus," with their gay-colored wrappers and brilliant plates, so loved by their young readers that almost all the copies have been thumbed to pieces, and his joint work with Mary Lamb in "Poetry for Children," "Mrs. Leicester's School" and, of course, the "Tales From Shakespeare," written especially for girls, "because boys are generally permitted the use of their fathers' libraries at a much earlier age than girls."

It is on the flyleaf of the little volume of "The King and Queen of Hearts" that appear the words in Lamb's handwriting, "I, being the author, beg Mr. Johnny Wordsworth's acceptance and opinion."

Six volumes from Lamb's own library, with his autographs and annotations, are a portion of the collection purchased by the New York firm of Bartlett & Welford, predecessors to the present house of Scribner. When the transaction became known in England, one of Lamb's friends wrote: "I have been told that his books have been sold to the Yankees. Oh, pity! Oh, shame!"

THE ANCIENT SPORT OF LEAGUE BAITING

What the Senators in 1825 Did to President John Quincy Adams's Pet Project for "International Co-operation"

With the renewal in Washington of the debate over "foreign entanglements" the historic parallel set forth in the following article has a special interest.

By R. DANA SKINNER

LEAGUE baiting was as popular in the United States Senate a century ago as it is today. Apparently there is something in the League of Nations idea that spurs oratory into vehement outbursts.

History pictures for us a Senate squirming with eagerness to embarrass the caustic and reserved John Quincy Adams, and joyfully acclaiming a report stating that the Foreign Relations Committee had bestowed upon the President's pet project for international co-operation "all the consideration demanded by its novelty, delicacy and high importance to the character of future destinies of the United States." And we hear the Senators insistently asking: "What cogent reasons now exist for adopting this new and untried measure so much in conflict with the whole course of policy uniformly and happily pursued by the United States, * * * avoiding all entangling connections with any other nation whatsoever?"

The situation in 1825 did not quite parallel that of 1919. Instead of Wilson, the Virginian, in the White House, there was Adams, the New Englander. Instead of Lodge of New England as Chairman of Foreign Relations, there was Macon, a Southerner. But American idealism and American politics fought it out in Adams's day very much as in Wilson's.

John Quincy Adams, who had done much to create the Monroe Doctrine, had been elected President by a slender margin. The older political parties were in transition, and Adams found himself with many opponents, to whose bitterness his own difficult personality contributed. The Monroe Doctrine had definitely committed the United States to a defense of the newly gained independence of the South American republics; but in the minds of Adams and the Latin-American States themselves, the Monroe Doctrine had not gone far enough.

A proposal was made, at the initiative of the Latin Americans, to assemble at Panama a congress of all the American republics, with the idea of settling many disturbed questions in international law, and, above all (to quote the representative of Colombia), "the manner in which all colonization of European powers on the American Continent shall be resisted and their interference in the present contest between Spain and her former colonies prevented."

According to Mr. Canas, who represented Central America, his Government "as early as the year 1821 was sensible of the importance to the independent nations of this continent of a general congress of their representatives, which might consider upon and adopt the best plan for defending the States of the New World from foreign aggression." President Adams and his Secretary of State, Henry Clay, took up this suggestion with enthusiasm.

In transmitting the invitation of the South American republics to Congress and requesting from the Senate confirmation of an American delegation to the Panama congress, Mr. Adams wrote that "an agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard by its own means against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders, may be found advisable." To Adams this was merely the logical completion of the idea contained in the Monroe Doctrine itself. But the Irreconcilables in the Senate thought otherwise!

The way in which the Foreign Relations Committee set about to stir up a debate that should delay the sending of our representatives until all the value of their mission was nullified might serve as a campaign textbook for the Irreconcilables of today.

After reporting the loving care bestowed upon the President's message, the committee said: "One great question will be whether in the existing state of things it is wise or expedient that the United States should be represented at a congress of American nations by agents endowed with indefinite powers to accomplish indefinite objects."

As to opposing colonization in America by any European powers, the committee stated that either this meant nothing but ordinary national resistance, which was not sufficient excuse for a congress, or it meant common alliance, which was imprudent.

But it was toward the suggestion that America should assist in forming a continental system that the committee directed its most pregnant text. "No effect," we read, "yet produced by the continental system of Europe is of a character to invite the States of this continent to take that system as a model or example fit for their imitation." If the United States were to join on this "questionable" voyage, "the dissimilitude existing between themselves and their associates in interest, character, language, religion, manners, customs, habits, laws and almost every other particular, and the rivalship these discrepancies must surely produce among them, would generate discords which, if they did not destroy all hope of its successful termination, would make even success itself the ultimate cause of new and powerful conflicts between themselves."

Mr. Macon, the Chairman, said: "If the United States permit themselves to be associated with these nations in any general congress assembled for the discussion of common plans in any way affecting European interests, they will by such an act not only deprive themselves of the ability they now possess of rendering useful assistance to the other American States, but also produce other effects prejudicial to their own interests."

The committee thereupon submitted a resolution to the Senate that it was not expedient at that time for the United States to send any Ministers to the Congress of Nations assembled at Panama.

Mr. Macon's report gave the belligerent Senators the cue they sought. Mr. Randolph of Virginia, who spoke for more than ten hours in all, was, like certain of his successors a hundred years later, much perturbed at the idea of having American representatives associate with representatives of mixed color. "Let the American people," he cried, "and especially part of the American people—that portion of them who reside south of the Ohio, south of the Mason and Dixon Line—know what are the deputies whom hereafter we are likely to receive in return from them in character and color through our Congress—that is what I want to say!"

Mr. Hayne of South Carolina based his particular animus on the idea that the Congress at Panama should make effectual the declaration of President Monroe respecting the ulterior designs of foreign powers. The subjects to be discussed he said, "are all either dangerous or inexpedient or unnecessary. I do positively deny that Mr. Monroe ever pledged this nation to go to war or to make treaties to prevent the interference of any European nation in the present contest. Mr. Monroe's declaration was intended to produce a moral effect abroad, for he designed it for the atmosphere of Europe, and therefore it is couched in such terms that, while it does not commit us to any overt acts, it leaves foreign nations under the impression of what we might do if the event alluded to should ever happen."

Concerning the project of building up an American system, he added: "In plain terms, we are called upon to form a Holy Alliance on this side of the water or a counterpoise to the Holy Alliance on the other side of it."

The chief support of the project came from New England, Mr. Robbins of Rhode Island valiantly defending it, as later Daniel Webster in the House gave it eloquent approval. "What one prerogative of sovereignty has this Congress?" asked Mr. Robbins. "Can it raise arms? No, it cannot. Can they equip fleets? No, they cannot. Can they command either the one or the other? No, they cannot. Can they levy and collect taxes? No, they cannot. Can they regulate the relations of these nations with foreign powers? No, they cannot. Can they regulate any subject whatever of their internal policy? Not any. Can they coin money and regulate the currency? No! Pray, how could such a council compromised our internal relations?"

Unfortunately for the opponents of the Panama Congress, the international banker had not yet become a bogy. Indeed, Mr. Robbins declared quite frankly that "all the merchants of our country, so far as I am informed, intelligent of their interests and of the means that favor them, and attracted by this opening and promising field for their enterprises, are warmly and eagerly desirous of the adoption of this measure." The fact that not one of the opposition Senators seized upon this statement may be taken as showing that, in one respect at least, common sense had a large hold upon people in those days.

It was reserved for Mr. Van Buren of New York to supply for the Irreconcilables of his day and ours the most complete and cogent "isolation" text. Mr. Van Buren viewed with alarm "the fixed determination on the part of the Executive to form with the South American States a dangerous political connection. Would it be wise in us," he asked, "to change our established policy upon the subject of political connections with various States? Washington's policy," he told the Senate, "of avoiding entangling alliances had been dictated by the experience of embarrassments resulting from treaty and alliance with France. I am against all alliances, against all armed confederacies or confederacies of any sort. The local situation of the States in question does not alter the principle but only bears upon the expediency of the measure. Wherein consists the similarity between our condition and theirs except that we are both in this hemisphere, that at this time most of them have republican forms of government, but with powers very different from ours? We are unlike in all other things."

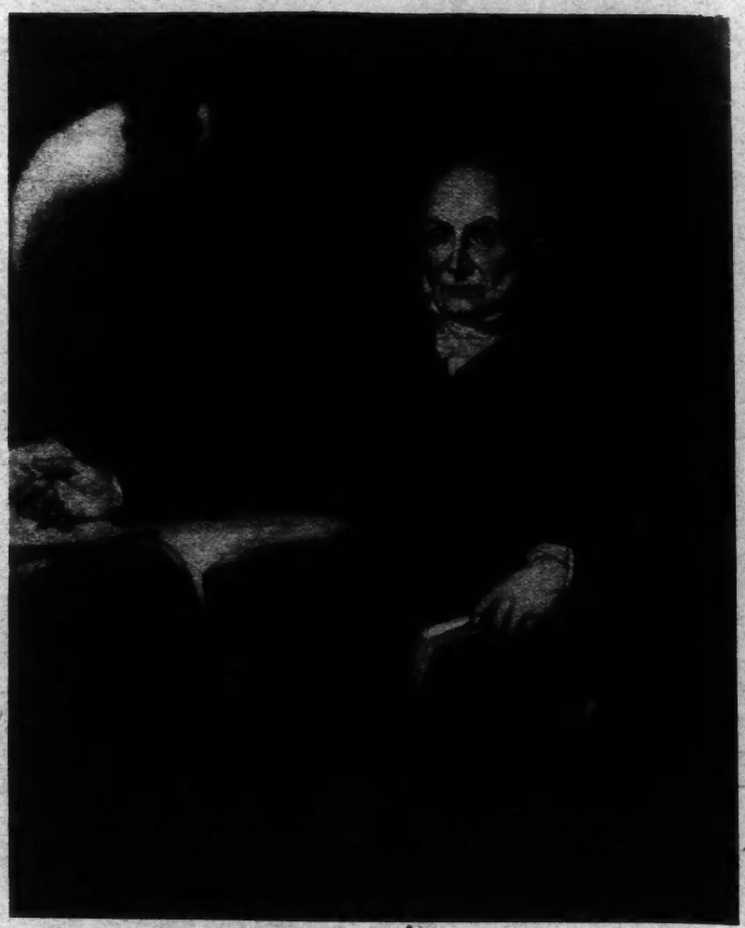
As in modern times, the personal opposition to the President and his Cabinet showed through at frequent intervals. "My life for it," exclaimed Mr. Holmes of Maine, "this is no scheme of the President. He is a cool, deliberate, calculating, penetrating, discriminating, reasoning sort of politician. It is a toy yielded to the importunity of the Secretary of State. He (Clay) will so manage it that if there is to be any glory it is to be his inheritance; if any disgrace, it is to be entailed on the President."

Mr. Berrien of Georgia contributed a further excellent text: "The measure," he said, "under the guise of a just sensibility to the interests of the Spanish-American republics, proposes to change the whole system of our foreign relations by the mere exercise of the appointing power—to involve the interests of this Union in a foreign association composed of States with whom we have no natural connection and over whose councils we can exercise no efficient control."

Another difference between the conflict of 1825-26 and that of our own time was the final defeat of the Irreconcilables by a margin of five votes and the ultimate confirmation of the President's appointments to the Panama Congress. But this was a difference in form only, since the delay of several months had been sufficient completely to neutralize any good effect our presence might have exerted. Our representatives arrived too late, and this first attempt to establish among the republics of the New World a basis of co-operation through justice and common counsel failed.

It remained for political observers outside of the United States to grasp the full significance of the opportunity we had rejected. Chateaubriand, writing in the Journal des Débats, said: "The most important feature in foreign policy of the Anglo-Americans is the sending of an Ambassador to the Congress of Panama, a resolution which, followed by a prudent choice of the person to be sent, may consolidate the liberty of a whole hemisphere. It is for the eldest daughter of American liberty to be the guide of her younger sisters and to gain over them the empire of persuasion and friendship; let her show herself frank, disinterested, great and generous. The noble post of being at the head of a new world is certainly well worth the sacrifice of a few dollars in duties and a few bales of cotton!"

The ideal of the "empire of persuasion and friendship," whether it is to be exercised only over the republics of this hemisphere or throughout our small world, seems destined to struggle against an ominous fate. It is an opportunity obvious to all but ourselves, and destined to stir up opposition at home unparalleled in bitterness and personal acrimony. To those who are still fighting for a more enlightened and constructive foreign policy the recollection of the league-killing policy of the Senate in 1825 may contain this encouragement, that the names of those who fought for larger principles (Adams, Monroe and Clay) have endured in commanding aspect, while the names of Mason, Randolph and Hayne are lost except to experts in genealogy. Of Mr. Van Buren, who later became President, the historian is yet to appear who can throw about his Presidency any glamour of constructive statesmanship.



John Quincy Adams.

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SEVEN CENTURIES OF CHRISTMAS PICTURES

The Nativity in Art From St. Francis and Giotto to Burne-Jones

"Birth of Jesus." By Sandro Botticelli (1447-1510).

By H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

IT is little known in the world that the first Christmas celebration was held in a grotto. Indeed, exactly 700 years ago tomorrow, the 24th of December, it occurred to Francis of Assisi, artist among saints, poet, builder of nests for doves and lover of all God's creatures, to reconstitute the scene in the stable at Bethlehem as it has since been displayed in every church of Roman Catholic faith at Christmas down to this day.

All chroniclers of the life of St. Francis, ancient and modern, from Thomas of Celano and St. Bonaventure to Paul Sabatier and Jörgensen, are agreed as to the year on which he held his celebration, namely, 1223, three years before his death. For the enactment of the scene the saint chose a grotto near Greccio, a village in the Abruzzi Mountains of Italy, and here, assisted by the lord of the district, one John of Vellita, who was a great patron of the holy brotherhoods, he placed a straw-filled manger and led into it an ox and an ass. At midnight peasants and monks from the neighboring hermitages came with torches and tapers, and Thomas di Celano, who was among the worshipers, relates how the kneeling brothers distinctly saw a smiling babe appear in the arms of the saint and stroke his face just as, during the consecration, he bent over the manger which served him for altar.

The report of this miracle soon spread over the land, and a convent still extant was built on its site to commemorate it, while Giotto pictured it in one of his paintings at Assisi.

And so it comes about that this twice-blessed night saw the birth not only of the greatest of Christian festivities, but also of the greatest of Christian art.

From the earliest times, it is true, artists have pictured the Nativity, but they had done so conventionally, remotely and coldly. Giotto, inspired by St. Francis and his rustic ceremony, was the first to give the scene a familiar and natural setting. Thenceforward it became a favorite subject with painters, and thus the grotto of Greccio may be said to be the source whence sprang the countless masterpieces representing the Nativity and the Adoration of the Shepherds and the Kings, by Tuscan, Umbrian, Venetian and Lombard painters, who showed it in surroundings taken from their native country, and in their train by the masters of Flanders, France, Germany and Spain.

When Giotto, who was the pioneer of humanized, that is, Christian and European art—as St. Francis was the pioneer of humanized Christianity—when Giotto undertook, in 1304, to paint the life of Christ and of the Virgin Mary in the Arena Chapel of Padua, he began by entirely throwing off the Byzantine mannerism, and, looking into himself and around himself, borrowed his inspiration direct from nature. Until then artists had, in their adherence to the Byzantine tradition, kept Jesus aloof from that humanity He had come down among in order to redeem.

Giotto's Nativities, while still betraying touches of Orientalism, and not as yet realizing the moving grace and infinite sweetness of those painted nigh a century later by Fra Angelico, already testify to an understanding of life which met with the most vivifying echo in his successors. His well-known Allegories of St. Francis show how he was penetrated with the Franciscan teaching. While the holy brother's love of nature, embracing, as it did, the birds, the fishes, the grasshoppers, "our sisters, the flowers" and human creation as the symbol of the "living word of God," had humanized religion by bringing it within reach of man, so, Giotto, by his love of life and its natural representation, had humanized the divine and brought heaven nearer earth and God nearer man than, perhaps, since the happy days of the Garden of Eden.

So if, as Rénan said, St. Francis may be called the father of Italian (otherwise Christian and European) art, Giotto may in his turn well be styled the St. Francis of that art.

No symbol, indeed, was more fitted to the Franciscan ideal than the humble stable chosen by the King of Kings for His entry into the world. The image of the frail Infant, lying naked on the straw in the manger, in a grotto open to the four winds of a December night, mercifully warmed by the breath of an ox and an ass, not only afforded a great lesson in humility but, also, such marvelous opportunities for artistic presentment that it is not surprising painters seized upon it and that it provided them with one of their favorite topics for several centuries to come.

Among the many Nativities painted at the beginning of the fifteenth century those by Giovanni da Fiesole,

"The Nativity." By Fra Angelico (1387-1453).

better known as Fra Angelico, come nearest the Franciscan ideal. His Nativities are painted with such profundity of thought and such elevation of feeling that it would seem impossible for any one of whatever creed not to be moved by them. For not only the great mystery of divinity but the great mystery of humanity is set forth therein, that mystery no less imponderable because ever with us, the mystery of life which no science will ever fathom and before which the mother will kneel again and again with clasped hands in wonder that she has been its elected instrument.

Although the work of a holy brother also, the charming little Madonna in the Nativity by Fra Filippo Lippi at Berlin has none of the grandeur and gravity of Angelico's. She is pensive enough, and her features are sweetly innocent; but hers is a somewhat puerile innocence, for Fra Filippo has not so much humanized as puerilized the Nativity, albeit exquisitely and preciously. He shows the Mother and Child in a magically illuminated wood at nighttime. Mary, robed in a mantle of celestial blue, considers her Babe while He sucks his forefinger with melancholy foreboding of the fate awaiting Him.

In this first half of the fifteenth century, when the whole world joined in the celebration of Christmas, and

"Adoration of the Magi." Tapestry by Burne-Jones in the Chapel of Exeter College, Oxford.

it seemed Jesus had come back to earth again and the angels were once more singing the good tidings, art reached its supremest attainments and produced the most beautiful, the most spiritual of all its Nativities.

Little by little the scene gathered in scope. New actors were added to it. The angels who guided the shepherds to Bethlehem stay there to voice a hymn of praise. One of the arms on a strip of her cloak and the shepherds explain to Joseph how they heard the good news. The delicate, luminous harmony in which this work is bathed, with its mauves, blues and grays, is extremely fine; the gestures and the drawing of the figures reveal careful observation; yet, mystically considered, this Nativity does not approach the one painted some years later by another

"The Nativity." By Hans Memling (1430-1492).

"The Nativity." By the So-Called Maitre de Moulins, French, Fifteenth Century.

purest and freshest of the Nativities painted at this time is that by Piero della Francesca now at the National Gallery in London. Beneath the torn roof of the stable a chorus of angels sings "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," while the kneeling Mother shyly and lovingly contemplates the Infant Jesus lying with outstretched

Florentine, the great Sandro Botticelli.

Never has joyfulness been expressed with more power and spirit. Here a truly celestial blissfulness fills the whole composition, plainly the fruit of the great wave of religious belief which overtoook Botticelli toward the end of his life, when he came under the influence of Savonarola. It is the mystery itself which the master has striven to render by applying to it all the enthusiasm of his mind, all the resources of his art. The angels, the humans, even the rocks bow down before the Child Jesus in one simultaneous gesture of worship. Burne-Jones was to remember the symbolic effect of this particular rhythm in his own beautiful Nativity, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The order of Franciscan monks having made of Christmas a great popular festivity, every church, every town, every village in the land celebrated it according to its means, here lavishly, there modestly, but the time was to come when the churches became too small, and the ceremony spread out into the street, acquiring pomp and splendor with the approach of the Renaissance. The dramatis personae multiplied. The shepherds were followed by the kings, and these by an evergrowing retinue of escorts. Pictures by Pisanello, Benozzo Gozzoli, Gentile de Fabrino represent the pageant as they saw it in the streets of Florence and Milan, for in those days the Festivity of the Magi (Twelfth Night) was celebrated all over Europe, but especially in Italy, by processions and great rejoicings.

In Milan during the fourteenth century the kings were impersonated by the Dominican Brothers, who, attired in magnificent robes of brocade and cloth of gold, would appear to arrive from their mysterious homes, and, followed by their suite and a whole menagerie of camels, monkeys and other exotic beasts, would pay a visit to their royal cousin Herod, then prostrate themselves before the King of Kings—the Infant Jesus in His stable—presenting Him with their symbolic gifts, after which the angel would appear and they would take their departure by another way in order to avoid passing before Herod. A chronicle of the times relates how more than 200 horsemen escorted the kings on a procession which took place at Florence in 1454.

Piero, Lorenzo and Cosimo de Medici were fond of personifying the kings, and liked their favorite artists to depict them in the act of worshiping the Child Christ. Indeed, most of the paintings of the Nativity or Adoration of the Magi include portrayals of contemporary notables—patricians, statesmen, artists, bankers and so forth. For we have now reached an age far removed from the humble ritual held in the grotto of Greccio, and St. Francis would scarcely have approved of a splendor and tumult little propitious to the effusions of genuinely moved hearts.

At the end of the fifteenth century, in a picture by the charming Lorenzo di Credi, a disciple of Leonardo's, we find the ox and the ass squeezing their pensive muzzles through the columns of a deserted palace. In the sixteenth century Rubens the Magnificent even disdains to include these humble witnesses in his picture, where the God-Child is seen reclining on a classic vase between two classic columns, while He thrusts His small fists among the rich gems handed to Him by one of the Wise Men, and a sumptuously garbed crowd presses forward and athletic slaves approach laden with gifts without special symbolic meaning, for the days of mysticism are well over and trust in the goods the future may bring is no hindrance to enjoyment in those of the present.

Almost contemporaneous with Fra Angelico's are the exquisitely spiritual Nativities by Roger Van der Weyden, the great Flemish painter. Slightly later Memling of Bruges pictured the scene in a Belgian dwelling whose sweet simplicity could not have failed to gratify the monk of Assisi.

The German Renascence painters, Dürer and his school, have also left Nativities which are full of charm and quaintness, nor have the Hollanders, from Geertgen Saint Jans, their senior, to Rembrandt, been amiss in treating the subject. As to the artists of France, one may say that the scene has since all time appealed to their fancy. The illuminators of the mid-thirteenth century, the carvers of the Cathedral of Chartres, where a Nativity cut in the stone of the rood-screen is considered one of the masterpieces of sculpture, and one of the few French primitives whose work has come down to us, the Master of Moulins, of the end of the fifteenth century, have depicted the scene with impressive simplicity and true piety.

But, as we have seen, proportionately as religious feeling transgresses the Franciscan ideal, the power of religious expression in art decreases. In this respect the end of the sixteenth century marks the decadence. Luini's Nativity, while graceful and well composed, is suavely conventional, while that by Correggio, at Dresden, religious only in its appellation, is symptomatic of a sensuous and theatrical era in art.

Nevertheless, here and there since some particularly inspired artist has approached the sense of the Mystery and given a convincing image of it. Such is the case of the great seventeenth century Spanish painter Ribera, whose "Adoration of the Shepherds," in the Louvre, is a masterpiece, and still nearer our time the English pre-Raphaelite painter, Burne-Jones, whose "Adoration of the Magi," carried out in tapestry, magnificently adorns the Chapel of Exeter College, Oxford.

"Adoration of the Kings." By Rubens (1577-1640). In the Prado Museum.

TAKING STOCK OF MENTAL TELEPATHY

Modern Scientific Investigations Into the Evidence of Thought Transference.

The author of this article is Hodgson Research Fellow in Psychology, Harvard University, and lecturer in the Department of Psychology at Columbia University.

By GARDNER MURPHY, Ph. D.

A WOMAN started suddenly from her sleep, with the sensation that a hard object had struck her mouth and torn her upper lip. Immediately she put her handkerchief to her face to stop the flow of blood. A few moments later, as her mind became collected, she realized that it was wildly improbable that anything could have struck her at that time. She removed her handkerchief and found to her surprise that there was no blood upon it and there was no injury to her lip. The experience seemed odd, but without significance. This was at 7 o'clock.

At 9:30 her husband came in from an early morning cruise in his boat upon the neighboring lake. They sat down to breakfast together, but he seemed quite uneasy and kept trying to hide his mouth. She insisted, however, on learning what was the matter. Finally she extorted from him the fact that the tiller of the boat had been forcibly flung against his mouth, badly cutting his upper lip and that the blood had not yet ceased flowing. She asked at what time this had taken place and he replied he thought it was about 7.

A young man to whom experiences of this general type had been common decided one evening to put it to an experimental test. He was away from home, but knew that his wife was in the house. As he thought of her he seemed to see her standing on the staircase. Mentally he followed her up the stairs and flung his arms about her. As soon as he came home she said, "O, Ned, what a strange experience! A few minutes ago I heard you running up the stairs behind me and you put your arms around me."

These are two among hundreds of the cases ordinarily classified as "telepathy" or "thought transference," collected by the Societies for Psychical Research in England and America in the last forty years. Some similar evidence has come to us from France and Germany. A French physician, for example, tells of a determination to impress a thought upon a young woman whom he was hypnotizing. He cast about in his mind for a thought sufficiently uncommon and absurd so that its transference would not seem to be a mere coincidence. He gave a mental order, standing behind his subject and not even opening his lips. The order was, "Pour a few drops of eau-de-cologne into that glass of water on the mantelpiece and bring the glass here." The subject protested, saying that the physician was trying to impose an absurd order upon her; the physician said he would compromise and that she need merely tell him what the order had been. She replied that it was to pour a few drops of eau-de-cologne into a glass of water and bring it to him.

The reader will grant that these cases and their type fall a little short of that convincing quality that we need to establish such a strange phenomenon as the transference of a thought from one mind to another without the use of the senses. One French case will serve as a type of something better—an attempt to get a really striking and detailed thought transferred, and genuine success in doing so. An experiment in telepathy was planned for 8:30 one evening. The man who was to send the impression was playing a hard game of chess in the early part of the evening, and attempting to concentrate upon it, though he sat in a café amidst boisterous guests, and with some one strumming on a piano in the next room.

In the room where he sat were green hangings, and just to his left was a roast capon with bread sauce—being consumed by three patrons of the restaurant. At 8:25 he glanced at his watch and suddenly remembered that the experiment was set for 8:30. He rushed off to a quiet room and concentrated upon a meaningless diagram. Hundreds of miles away sat a woman with a pencil in her hand, who attempted through automatic writing to get an impression of what was being "sent" by the man. This is what she wrote: "Roast capon, bread sauce, green hangings, three men, much talk, somebody strumming"; and to complete the tale a net-like arrangement of criss-crossing lines—which did quite well for a chessboard.

Now such evidence is scattered, but it is exceedingly voluminous and it must be taken as a whole and not "picked off" as if each case alone had to bear on its own shoulders all the onus of seeming to jar with our present knowledge of nature. In fact, if there are enough of such cases—and students of the subject say there are tens of thousands well authenticated—it would seem almost as if a revision of our "laws of nature" might be permissible. So, at least, thinks the great physiologist, Charles Richet of the University of Paris, among whose many recent statements on the subject the speech made at Edinburgh last July is a type. The following extract is from the account given in The Scotsman for July 25, 1923:

Professor Richet said that although he appeared to discard classic physiology he knew how to remain within its limits. What indeed was classic physiology if it was not experiment? • • • When the immortal Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood by incontrovertible experiments, he destroyed the classic physiology of Galen, Hippocrates and of Aristotle and provoked for twenty-five years the indignation of the professors. • • •

What he was going to expound to them was very revolutionary, and he would expose himself to vigorous and innumerable objections. • • • The proposition which he was there to defend and prove by experimental method was this—that there were, for the knowledge of reality, other channels than the sensory and normal channels. • • • He was not alone in his defense of this theory, and it was above all among English men of learning that he found his forerunners and defenders. • • • After reciting numerous instances of unexplained cognition, Professor Richet said he hoped there would be no more doubt in their minds, in spite of the novelty of his conclusions, that other ways were open to our consciousness than the normal ways of our senses. • • •

He knew too well the wisdom of the physiologists to believe that they would refuse to admit it. They would forget their theories and bow to the facts; for the facts were there, many and inexorable. • • • When it was objected regarding these precise experiments, these careful observations, that they were contrary to the common perception, he felt he had the right to smile. These phenomena accorded marvelously with the astonishing ideas which the new physics brought them. He could not hear, standing in that room, any music. • • • But if they took the receiver of a wireless telegraphic apparatus, everybody might at once hear a concert which was proceeding miles away. It sufficed to get a receiver to prove that there were such vibrations. So with the mysterious ways of consciousness. They are there, although they have not yet reached us. It required a sensitive to prove their reality. Here was a field open for their investigations.

At the International Congress of Psychical Research, held this past September at Warsaw, some of the most definite evidence ever offered for the existence of mental telepathy was presented by Professor H. J. F. Brugmans of the Department of Psychology, Groningen University, Holland. In his laboratory two rooms have been used for this purpose, one directly above the other. In the floor of the upper room is a hole two feet square, filled with a sheet of plate glass. In the lower room stands a large wooden cage, covered on top and sides with heavy black cloth, within which sits the man to whom "thought" is to be transmitted. Through a small hole in the cloth, on a level with his waist, he reaches his right hand and forearm and rests his fingers on a wooden frame which bears numbers from 1 to 48. He sees, of course, neither the frame nor anything else outside the cage.

In the room above stands the experimenter, who draws at random a number between 1 and 48 and concentrates upon it, as he looks down through the glass and watches the hand which reaches out from the cage in the lower room. He wills that the hand should move to the square corresponding to the number which he has drawn in the room above. The man in the cage moves his hand to and fro until he is sure he has the right number, i. e., that his hand is in the position where the other man wants it to be. Then, in order to avoid all confusion, he taps twice on that square. There is, of course, one chance in forty-eight of getting the right number, if we rely on coincidence alone. As a matter of fact, there were over fifty successes in a series of a little over 150 experiments—figures which defy any attempt at an explanation on the basis of coincidence. To imagine mere quackery in the case of a man of Professor Brugmans's position is sufficiently ludicrous, but it is the easiest escape for those of us to whom telepathy may seem impossible and unthinkable.

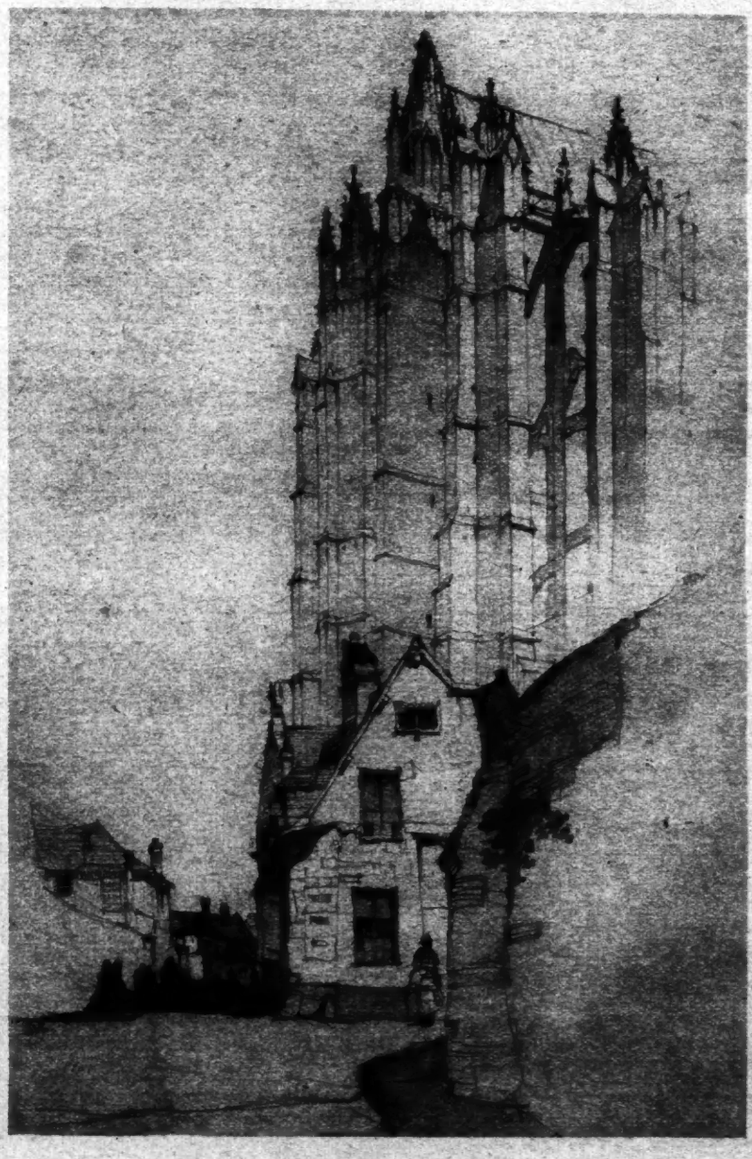
In Paris I saw this Summer another and equally renowned student of telepathy—one who combines, as Brugmans does, imaginative genius and a love of patient accuracy—René Warcollier, a chemical engineer, who finds time in his evenings and week-ends to conduct the work of a "Committee for Telepathic Studies." Among his group of twenty-five persons who act as subjects for telepathic experiments he has found five who consistently get positive results at long distances. He himself seems to have the "gift of telepathy" in well-developed form, receiving mental impressions of diagrams upon which distant friends are concentrating. These range all the way from simple spirals, triangles, &c., to complicated pictures of objects seen in daily life, but their success runs hundreds of times ahead of what chance alone would produce. But Warcollier realizes that he has only made a beginning—that he and Brugmans know as much about telepathy as men in the sixteenth century knew about electricity. And he and his group are in the work to stay.

But we need not go so far away for evidence of telepathy or instances of its experimental investigation. At Harvard and Columbia Universities last Winter we found, among seventy-five subjects, four who could consistently get results over long distances, under varying conditions, and could continue to do so until the laws of probability made the coincidence explanation look very forlorn. We chose these subjects in the first place, of course, because of experiences of apparent "telepathic" nature which they had already had. One of them, for example, a brilliant student at Columbia and one of the best men in my course in psychology, described the following experience: As he fell asleep on Saturday evening he determined to send a mental command to a distant friend, telling her that at 9 the next morning she should meet him at a certain crossroads two miles outside the city in which they lived. As he concentrated on the idea he fell asleep. The next morning he went to the crossroads, and there in the pouring rain at 9 o'clock stood his friend. "I don't know why I came this wretched morning to this miserable place," she said; "and I wanted to go to church, too; but I had a dream last night in which you told me I must meet you here at this time." Neither the time nor the place had any particular association for either him or her. He had, in fact, chosen them on the ground that he could thus eliminate the easiest, normal way of explaining the coincidence.

But it is one thing to tell such stories and another to produce the results under experimental conditions. And he certainly did produce the results; while he used various methods and over various distances, he did succeed both in transmitting and in receiving impressions with three other persons. His results, though decidedly good, were no better than three women who worked along similar lines at the same time,

(Continued on Page 15.)

BUTTRESSES OF BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL



Drawn by Samuel Chamberlain.

THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS

A Chinese Example of Bitter-End Prohibition That Did Not Eventually Prohibit

PROHIBITION is an old resident in this vale of tears. When the earth was young and the morning stars sang together, Prohibition was already a lusty youth rejoicing in his strength and setting forth in the world of men in search of conquests. Prohibition's beard is almost as long as Father Time's.

An ancient chronicle lies before us, and we read from its mildewed page these strangely familiar words:

The Act of Prohibition was received with open mutterings from the people and silent though deeply rooted opposition in high places. As time went on, the law was broken more and more frequently. Large quantities of forbidden goods were secreted in hidden places. Soon the matter became a public scandal, for it was found that even high officials in the Government had contraband in their possession and kept it in daily use. The Government, in its efforts to enforce the law, appointed a large corps of inspectors, enduing them with extraordinary powers of search and seizure. At last no home was safe from intrusion, and punishments became more severe. * * *

It sounds almost as if the writer of that ancient chronicle had stolen a march on posterity by setting down on parchment the record of our own times. Yet the events that he describes took place between the years 213 and 206 B. C.

It was in China where they happened, and it was not liquor but literature, not booze but books, that prohibition endeavored to suppress. It wasn't wets that defied the law; it was wise 'uns. They risked punishment in order that they might drink—from the Fount of Knowledge.

The story of the "Burning of the Books" may be found in any reliable encyclopedia. The Volsteadian villain in the piece is one Ts'in Shi-huang-ti, known to history as "the First Emperor." Prohibition, ranging the world in quest of triumphs, found him a willing tool.

Before Ts'in's advent on the stage of world events, in the year 221 B. C., China was in the hands of feudal princes. They had run the country on the principle of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost, which was fine for the authors of that day. For feudalism, with its gay hazards and dark uncertainties, breeds chivalry and heroism and conduces to romance. Thrillers had flourished. Poets and minstrels had vied with one another in hymning the exploits of their patrons. But philosophers had won the greatest vogue of any of the literati of that time, for they offered comforting theories regarding the joys of the hereafter that would recompense the common people for the miseries of their harried existence.

Then out of the murk and the confusion of baronial conflict emerged the war lord Ts'in. Always a doughty fighter, Ts'in managed, after some years of bloody skirmishing, to crack the morale of the other feudal leaders, one by one, until, having routed the last of his rivals, he found himself in a position to start something new in Chinese history.

He began by having himself proclaimed the first Emperor, and none was so bold as to dispute his proud title. It had been even easier to start something new than he had expected; and thinking it over, Ts'in decided that it would be rather neat to go the limit and start everything new. Now that he had made China an empire, he would help China to a fresh beginning in every department of life. There should be new laws, new customs, new education and—yes, even new literature.

Of course, the first move to make in rearing a new structure is to tear down the old. It looked like a large order to Ts'in to tear down the old literature; but, having just then been inaugurated after the biggest landslide in Chinese political history, he felt his oats and was not appalled at the size of the task. He gave the order that the reading matter of his people should be destroyed to the last book. It was not meet that any vestige of the old ideas should remain to hamper the new administration.

Forth went the historic edict that was to bring about the celebrated "Burning of the Books." Nothing was to be spared, no matter how dearly cherished. Poetry, history, fiction, philosophy, religious revelations, all were to suffer one gigantic holocaust like unto a championship bonfire after the football season. All the books in China were included in the ban, save only a few dealing with medicine, divination and agriculture. And any person refusing to deliver up his library to destruction, or having books in his possession, was to undergo imprisonment, disgrace and ruin.

Wild was the outburst that followed the edict. Passionate were the protests of worthy and high-placed citizens against what they declared to be an outrage and a sacrilege. It was perfectly proper, they said, that the masses should be deprived of their cheap reading—their comic sheets and dime novels and Zippy Love Story Magazines, as it were. That sort of thing was bad for the masses, anyway. But surely the intelligensia, the cognoscenti, might be allowed to retain a five-foot shelf of well-aged best sellers for home consumption. Did not the intellectual classes know how to take literature or to leave it alone? Surely they could be trusted not to go reading around the streets, making public spectacles of themselves and giving the administration a black eye.

But to prayers and threats the Emperor was indifferent. When broken-hearted scholars pointed out to him that the works of Confucius were the glory of China and declared them to be unique and irreplaceable, his Majesty replied that the high gods, having blessed the land with one Confucius, would doubtless be able to supply another on call. When students of the law cried out that legal tomes would have to be placed on the exempt list, else there would be no authorities to consult, the obdurate Ts'in answered that he was tired of seeing law cases decided by ancient precedent, that China was to have a brand-new set of legal precedents, and that the lawyers who wished to study law should go to the courts and there see it practiced from scratch, so to speak.

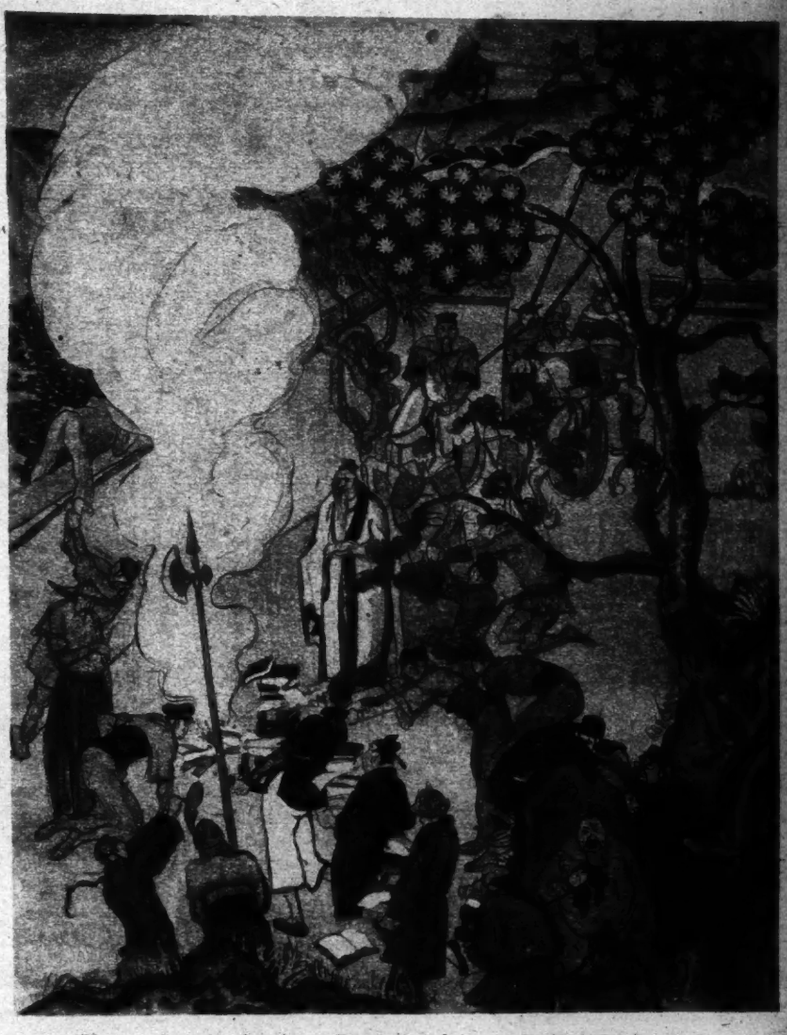
Pretty ladies with painted faces and beaded lashes begged for their love lyrics and their fashion scrolls. Ts'in turned them away comfortless.

Every day tons of books were burned in the public squares, while the reading public stood aghast, watching the bright thoughts of China's Best Minds go up in smoke and wondering that the heavens did not fall.

But soon the adroit among the population were busy devising ways and means of beating Ts'in's edict. Something had to be done, they said, to preserve at least a modicum of China's literary wealth against the longed-for day when an inspired smallpox germ should lay the cruel censor low. Before a year every man of means had stocked his cellar with volumes cunningly hidden away behind false walls ingeniously constructed; and the chap with the best cellar was the most popular man in his election district.

Poorer fanciers of literature secreted their beloved stock of reading matter in holes in the backyard, above which they planted Chinese lilies and beds of rice as a blind. Others wrapped their books in oilcloth and lowered them into the cool depths of wells and cisterns.

One day Ts'in was stunned when a delegation of humble citizens called upon him at the royal palace to inform him that his highest court officials were the most flagrant violators of the law, and that every one of his imperial advisers had a library and lent it around to the neighbors. Prohibition of books, they complained, was a rich man's law and should be repealed.



"He gave the order that the reading matter of the people should be destroyed to the last book."

Enraged was Emperor Ts'in. He discharged his prohibition enforcement corps and appointed men in their stead who were not in politics. He tacked the death penalty upon the original Prohibition act, and he beheaded eighty-nine college professors, school teachers and members of local boards of education in a single week. He took a hand himself thereafter in the examination of books, and boasted that he sampled 120 pounds of literature a day, in addition to performing his stated imperial duties. Naturally these drastic measures broke the backbone of the rebellion, although violations continued to keep the headsman busy.

Ts'in was gathered to his fathers in the year 206. Statistics showed that 460 scholars of noble lineage had lost their heads in his reign for the sake of their precious libraries, to say nothing of many thousands of commoners too unimportant to be counted. The Emperor Han, succeeding to the throne and desiring to be popular, took note of the low visibility of Chinese literature and rescinded his predecessor's edict.

As if by magic, thousands of copies of valuable works appeared, dragged from their hiding places by the heirs of those constant readers who had died for possessing them. And the heirs sold these books for such large sums as to be accused of profiteering.

Nor was that the worst result of the Burning of the Books. Forgers promptly got busy making bogus copies of the precious productions of poets, philosophers and historians, and plied their nefarious trade so briskly that to this day no man knows whether his copy of Confucius is a genuine first edition or not.

Such is the story of the Burning of the Books in the ancient chronicle. Like many other Oriental tales, it has no moral.

LORD SHAUGHNESSY'S CHANCE

OBITUARIES of Lord Shaughnessy, Chairman of the Board of the Canadian Pacific Railway, contain this item:

"In 1882, when eating a meal in a restaurant, he attracted the attention of Sir William Van Horne, then collecting a staff for the infant Canadian Pacific Railway, and was engaged as general purchasing agent."

This may be correct, but it differs widely from the more picturesque account of the first acquaintance of the two men given to me years ago by the late peer's former chief. According to that versatile but veracious chronicler, Sir William (then Mr. Van Horne) had occasion one day to call on the Vice President of an American railway in the West, and while waiting a few minutes for him to be disengaged he overheard a voice in the next room "cussing out" a subordinate for some dereliction of duty.

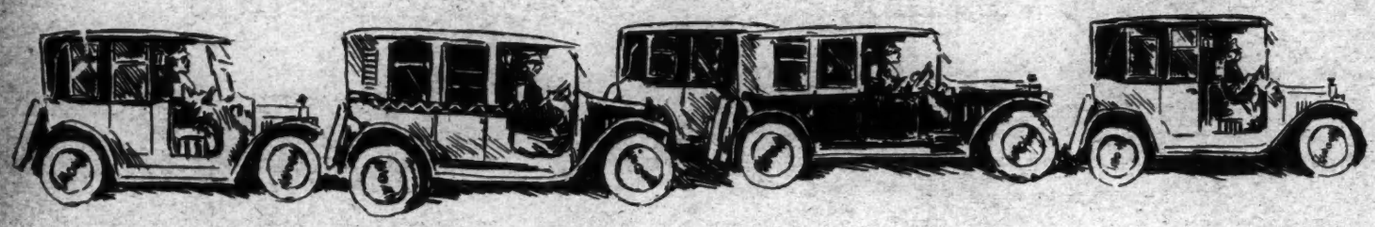
The way it was done sounded good to him, and he went to the door and listened in till it was finished. The company's purchasing agent was doing the talking, and it was a highly artistic, albeit sulphurous, performance. He inquired as to the man's name and position, and made a mental note with a view to future contingencies.

Shortly afterward Van Horne was called to Canada to build the Canadian Pacific Railway—an unprecedented achievement in railroad construction. One of his first and most urgent needs was a purchasing agent, and there was none at hand. Naturally, his mind reverted to the young American cusser-out, and promptly he wrote to his Vice Presidential friend asking him to release the man and send him to Canada.

A fortnight passed without action or reply, and then Sir William learned that his invitation had never been delivered—and that the man's salary had been doubled. One might well have regarded the incident as closed; but that was not Sir William's way. No sooner had he learned how matters stood than he telegraphed the purchasing agent direct. The message ran: "Salary doubled again. Come on." And the man came. And so it was that Thomas George Shaughnessy migrated northward to fame, fortune and a peerage.

Some citizens of the Land of the Free go to Canada to get a rest. Others go to avoid arrest. Van Horne and Shaughnessy went there neither to rest nor to evade the Sheriff, and strenuous indeed were their careers. The former was always a bear for work, and the latter was a man after his own heart. Sir William made the newcomer his understudy and advanced him whenever he himself was promoted. When the chief became Vice President of the C. P. R., his right-hand man was made General Manager. When Van Horne became President, Shaughnessy became Vice President. When the former became Chairman, the latter was elected President, and he succeeded his friend in the chairmanship, and continued to live and serve his adopted country's great railway system when the latter, full of years and honors, was gathered to his fathers.

JOSEPH B. GILDER.



NOBODY LOVES THE POOR TAXI DRIVER

One of the 16,000 Pilots of the Yellow Perils, and the Others, Says Anway His Children Don't Hate Him

By BERTRAM REINITZ

IT wouldn't look nice for a taxicab driver to sob his heart out on the public's shoulder, so he tries to hide the fact that his delicate sensibilities are as frayed as the buttonholes of last year's Spring coat.

He feels sad. All sixteen thousand of him do. In fact, he has just about concluded that providing trackless transportation for New York is an ungrateful job, and all a man who goes in for it can expect is the joy that comes to those who love their work, and an average of forty dollars a week.

He says that he knows that the public ranks him several rungs below porch climbers and embezzlers in the social ladder. It hurts him to think that even a soft-hearted jury of his peers, whether composed of motorists or of pedestrians, would gleefully recommend a minimum of life imprisonment on any charge, from walking on the grass in Central Park down.

The only time he has friends, he maintains, is on blowy, rainy nights. Then he is as welcome as the eldest son who gallops in with the mortgage money toward the end of Act III.

But that affected affection doesn't fool him at all, he avers. He isn't even taken in by the protestations of undying friendship vouchsafed him by sufferers from nicoholic amnesia, whose addresses he pieces together from gutturals no layman could understand.

He points out that although his business ethics are consistently impugned, his honesty is underwritten by no less an agency that New York City itself. His meter is inspected regularly by the Department of Licenses—a better fair-price guarantee for the ultimate consumer than is offered by many callings that are more popular.

He doesn't apologize for being a taxicab driver. He insists that it isn't his fault that his papa didn't send him to college or buy him a large department store or a railroad to give him a start.

As a matter of fact, one automotive Arab shyly confessed that his three children didn't hold his occupation against him at all. They banged on the window vociferously when they saw him coming up the street, he said, and they showed in other ways, too, that they didn't share the general public's conception of a taxicab driver. He said he spent his few off hours inducing vegetables and flowers to grow in the garden, which was about as fertile as a cement walk.

His was a tough business, he maintained, with more enemies than a saxophonist in a large apartment house. He enumerated a few, giving precedence to zero weather, traffic cops, flat tires, steamer trunks, and the man whose smallest is a ten-dollar bill.

He said that competition was so keen that when any one signaled for a cab on a busy thoroughfare, there was a rush that made the charge of the Light Brigade seem like a retreat. He advised the bright young man, ambitious to make his way in the world, against trying to do it with a taxicab. Success was confined invariably to those who rode inside.

If the young man just wanted to learn about people, however, and invest that knowledge in a better paying business, he couldn't select a more enlightening clinic than the pilot seat of a taxi. But since this psychological research paid only indirect dividends, it did not mean much to the cabby with four persons and five rooms to maintain and two or three concurrent installments to meet.

He painfully gulped his grief as he discussed the passing of the good old days—good old nights, that is—less than a decade ago, when five thousand taxicabs thrived where thirteen thousand struggle now. His sorrow was touching as he mourned the loss of the plain and gilded cafés. They had accentuated the need for some kind of transportation that would eliminate all walking except an assisted passage across the sidewalk to the curb.

He predicted dire days for the fare foragers when the blotter of prohibition dries up the remaining wet spots in the city. He said that the only time a taxi chauffeur will make expenses then will be during a subway strike.

"It's a hard business."

"It's a hard business," he said, reflectively. "In fact, it's more of a fight than a business. About the hardest things to sell are rides, especially when you can't offer them at a price. That twenty-mile subway journey for a nickel is rough competition for a taxicab. It's when things generally aren't so good that we feel it most.

"Riding in a taxi is the last thing taken on in the way of a luxury, and the first thing passed up when the old pay envelopé starts losing its healthy look.

"Until a few years ago, as I recall it, riding in a cab was something done by the average person only when getting married, or, possibly, on New Year's Day, when four or five fellows chipped in and hired one to go calling for the afternoon. Most of the taxi riding was done by salesmen entertaining buyers and by young men who wanted to tell young ladies that they loved them. Of course, the people born with taxi fare in their hands, the people who use their shoes chiefly to have them shined, have always been customers.

"During the war and right after it, though, men and women who had never done much automobile riding, outside of the annual ride on the big buses to the outing of their Assembly district club at College Point, began stepping up to the curb and whistling for private service.

"They were doing things they always wanted to do, and dictating direction all by themselves was one of these. Riveters, cutters, carpenters, pressers, cloth spongers and examiners—in fact just about everybody except school teachers and bookkeepers leaned back on the cushions and said 'Home, James!'

"It was just after the war that the news leaked out that taxicab owners and drivers were eating meat two meals a day seven days a week, and that some of them were sending their children to high school. All kinds of cars, of all ages and shapes, were pulled apart and put together as taxicabs. In some of the old bollers, the rear seat was so high that passengers got dizzy looking out of the window. The hood seemed to be two floors lower than the driver's seat.

"But people wanted to ride, and an automobile's age and asthma meant nothing to them. They got to like the idea of having a taxicab wait for them while they spent a lot of money in one of those restaurants with jewelry store prices.

"Then the bust came, and peace was more hell to these people than war had been. They found that taxi traveling was something they could give up without its showing on them. Birds who had carried their change in a purse before the war put it back and ducked into a doorway whenever they saw a cab.

"Running close to the sidewalk and calling 'Taxi, taxi' to young couples in the evenings of the big money days had got us all the trade we could handle. But now they seem as much interested in hiring a cab as they do renting a steamboat. If he is willing to loosen up, the girl usually says that it would be better to use the money to buy something for the dining room.

"There wasn't much to the change question when everybody was working overtime. On a 60-cent charge a man would give you a dollar bill and wouldn't even wait for thanks for the change. Now they stand and figure out 10 per cent. of the charge, the way they do with waiters, only more so. If you're lacking a dime in what they think is coming to them they are willing to take a seat on the running-board and wait till you fish it out.

"I bet that the opticians get a lot of business from men who strain their eyes watching the meter. Some people won't ride in your cab if the little light over the clock isn't burning.

"The talk about stick-ups and murders by taxicab drivers a year or so ago didn't help the good will of this trade. Many persons still feel that they are going into a robber's cave when they get into a taxicab. Women, especially, sit on the edge of the seat and look as if they were ready to jump if the driver should do nothing more threatening than turn around.

"The public likes to think that we take up burglary and assault for recreation, and that our only exercise is swinging a piece of lead pipe. As a matter of fact, more than three-quarters of the taxi drivers are respectable married men, most of these with families. And they don't beat their wives any more than do salesmen or bankers.

"The measles are more popular with private car owners than we are. If one-quarter of the things wished on us in a single day happened we'd be sleping on a slab in the morgue long before noon. We are accused of trying to save two seconds at the risk of three lives. It is probably true that we do try fancy driving and short stopping, but these are tricks of our trade. Our brakes are relined as soon as they show any signs of weakening. And driving twelve hours a day makes us pretty good at it. We can slip through spaces which the amateur couldn't make without losing his mudguards. We have to save seconds, because when you add them up it puts you a fare or two ahead.

"We know how to handle our cars, and we'd be passing up profits if we didn't take advantage of our knowledge. The Sunday afternoon driver is far harder on the insurance companies than the worst taxi driver that a cop ever cursed.

"People who wouldn't think of doing anything else dishonest think that it is a good joke to put something over on the taxi driver. I've had passengers who looked as if they wouldn't lie, even in business, tell me that a flat rate of $3 would easily cover a certain haul, because they had ridden there for less on the clock. Four or five dollars usually would hardly meet the charge for the distance, and the otherwise honest passenger has a good time thinking of how he has robbed a robber.

"We don't hesitate to jump in when we're needed in an emergency, and we do it without working on the clock or at a flat rate. During a fire over in Brooklyn recently I made eight trips, bringing coffee, food and clothing to firemen. About thirty other taxicabs did the same thing. We didn't get paid for it, either. I worked all night and had to keep going the next day because my family needs the jack. I may have been a bit sleepy driving the next afternoon, and I nearly hit a big private car driven by a fat man who looked as if he'd never done any harder work than buy expensive things.

"'You dirty grafter,' he yelled at me, 'why don't you watch where you are going?' Everybody around here seemed to agree with him.

"There are some drivers who try to get away with extra tariff, but there isn't any overcharging by the men who understand that making enemies for taxicabs doesn't help the business. It's hard to find a line in which some of those in it don't attempt to pad their bills a bit."

The taximan said that he didn't want his children to drive taxicabs, but his oldest boy had insisted on getting a foot-power automobile for his last birthday. "The kid earned more than the cost of the thing in a couple of weeks," said he, "by selling rides to the neighbors' children."

"His three children didn't hold his occupation against him."

LADIES OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

The Type Has Very Slightly Changed Since This First of American Women's Magazines

By M. B. LEVICK

A LINE in an obituary notice of today opens the door on a vista of almost a century: "She was at one time editor of Godey's Lady's Book."

Godey's, for which grandma as a child waited as eagerly as the modern urchin awaits the colored cut-out. Godey's, whose files are a monument to sartorial generations: poke bonnet, hoop skirt, bustle, deeper mysteries that man knoweth not. Godey's Lady's Book, first (by succession) of American magazines for women, the delight of a period when women were females (though not bipeds). An institution in the age when there was a touch of daring in such a song as this, piped in high treble voices (they piped those days):

And the ladies all declared,
Whether widow, wife or maid,
That he was such a nice young man.

Turn the old pages, with their acrid smell of decaying ink and paper. Here is quaintness and charm to silence the scoffing with which generation regards generation. Clear muslin evening dresses and Paisley shawls shown in fashion plates each colored by hand with water colors; belles like illustrations from first editions of Washington Irving. They walk daintily on tiny feet and in the diminishment of time they are reduced to doll-like figures. Theirs was a more personal world; there were fewer machines, there was less complexity, there was not even Gramercy Park. The modern ear listens for the clatter of contrast.

This is so ancient! The woman of 1924 is used to different fare in the magazines that ask her subscription. But is she? Pause here and there in the flipping of leaves. Fiction? Fashions? Recipes? Verse? Household hints? All this is here—though few advertisements. Ah, yes, one says; but these are staples since Eve took to clothes. Where are the valiant articles on burning issues, where the heart-to-heart chats between the editor and his readers, where the service, where the inspiration? It would be a different world today if grandma had had these.

Yes? Why, look: here, in the 1850s—a shopping bureau, as complete as any of today, except for its lack of slogan, "service." And twenty years before that, along with the modes from across the Atlantic, a real issue—the rights of married women. Recipes for happiness, of a religious turn, that with a change of terminology would do today. Problems: "Is Genius Desirable?" Patterns; a column of medical advice; warnings of fake subscription agents.

And none other than Pollyanna herself! Little sister of Peter Pan, springing eternal and as fresh in the cotton prints of 1837 as in the current issues of now. It is 1837, a panic year. The country's financial system has gone to smithereens. Failures; despair; subscriptions cannot be collected. Yet Pollyanna, then as now. Listen:

"It is a pleasant reflection that, though the affairs of men are enveloped in gloom, and many are sinking amid the ruins of the commercial storm which is sweeping over our land, yet the world of nature is putting forth its beauty, opening in the freshness of renovated life to gladden our hearts and turn them from the artificial streams of pleasure we have been so laboriously and vainly endeavoring to embellish, to the pure, clear fountain. * * * The silver and the gold may vanish and a universal failure in all worldly expectations occur, but one promise is sure—while the earth continues, Summer and Winter, seed time and harvest, *shall not fail!*

Here in Godey's, back to the beginning in 1830, are the little blue robin's eggs from which great wingless auks have been hatched. They are all here, a reproof to vaunting modernity which sees a new order and biological changes in a sleeve of a different cut. Grandma, too, has been found out for all her muttering of the world's decay; what she wanted to read is much what her descendants want to read, even to the snappy ending. The size of the page is different, but the age of pep in fiction has no more action to the square inch than this, all in one concluding paragraph, published in the year Victoria ascended the throne:

"Within they beheld to their utter astonishment the lifeless body of Mrs. O'Blank, suspended by the neck. * * * The sight overcame the young lady and she shrieked and fainted in the arms of the gentleman. Being partially restored, she was taken to her chamber, where she remained until led by her friend to the hymeneal altar. The following day they embarked for Europe, but unfortunately struck upon Cape Hatteras, where both found a watery grave."

It is not cut according to the pattern of today, but the material is much the same. The story, "The Two Funerals," by Mrs. Fairlie, is weepy but in moral content and in the contrast between humble worth and the society beauty, it is worthy of such moderns as Ibáñez and Harold Bell Wright.

Again, the rights of married women: "The barbarous custom of wresting from a woman whatever she possesses." That, too, was in 1837; a bill had been introduced in the New York Assembly giving a woman control of what property she holds at the time of her marriage.

Godey's approval of "the sensible and just men in the Legislature of New York" (in 1837) was more than a casual editorial. The magazine was feminist from the start; it mentioned bloomers without a blush — the bloomered heroine of one story marries the clergyman hero — and with its early history there are linked the names of women who asserted themselves before woman's rights became an issue: Lydia Howard Sigourney and Sarah Josepha Buell Hale. The death notice that recalls Godey's to mind today is that of Dr. Eleanor M. Hiestand Moore, who came much later, but still was a pioneer suffrage worker.

Godey himself was Louis A. Godey of Philadelphia; his name appeared on the list of the editors from 1830 until he turned the property over to a stock company in 1877, the year before his death. He had other interests, including a Philadelphia daily. Sarah Hale, who is said to have suggested Thanksgiving Day as a national holiday, became editor of the Boston Ladies' Magazine in 1828, and Godey engaged her when he absorbed that in his own monthly in 1830.

He had a policy: once again 1830 is up to date. "One of the efficient causes to accelerate the work of moral improvement," he wrote, "will, we believe, be found in the cultivated female intellect and in the influence which knowledge must give to the moral nature of woman."

To carry out this policy he called in Mrs. Hale, who could write a cook book, a complete dictionary of poetical quotations, or such a compendium as "Woman's Record, or Sketches of All Distinguished Women from the Creation to 1854." She was born in 1788, burst into fame in 1823 with "The Genius of Oblivion," and survived Mrs. Sigourney by fourteen years.

Mrs. Sigourney, born in 1791, died in 1865, was no less versatile than Mrs. Hale. Temperance tracts, boys' books, letters to young ladies and histories of Marcus Aurelius and other worthies fell from her pen to the extent of forty-six published works and 2,000 contributions to 300 periodicals.

The frivolities of fashion were only a part of the magazine. These women were of a temperament to realize the value of an exposure, such as that of the lowest of human creatures (to quote their own opinion), the men who advertise for wives. Godey's had what is probably the first exposure of matrimonial bureaus, which were flourishing even before there were postage stamps. Hannah More was revered, and Godey's grabbed the serial rights to Charlotte Cushman's journal eight years before the actress marched into the Hall of Fame on the arm of Daniel Boone. Godey's of the '30s presented with equal relish a recipe for mock oysters of corn and a suggestion for an American national song, "The Flag of Liberty," with the music. Such an event as the admission of Michigan into the Union was celebrated by Mrs. Sigourney herself in verses typical of the period, beginnig:

"Come in, little sister, so healthful and fair,
Come, take in our father's best parlor a share."

She could write verses like that for every issue, and usually did.

Current literature had its proper blurbs. When Joseph C. Neal wrote 'Charcoal Sketches; or, Night Scenes in the Metropolis," Godey's said: "We have perused most of the sketches by Mr. Neal and can safely say that they are superior to the productions of the far-famed Boz, creator of 'The Pickwick Papers.'" Time did not agree, but, then, Neal was a contributor, and possibly the female editors gave him the benefit of the doubt. Bless them for that.

In each number Mrs. Hale and other experts put their feet on the hassock and told the fair lady subscribers how to be happy, and the magazine prospered. Before the end of the '30s it claimed 10,000 subscribers.

There were difficulties, especially about the mails. In more than one heart-to-heart talk Godey asks his readers to send cash and to prepay their letters. "Supposing," he says, "our 10,000 subscribers should, individually, send us a remittance (what a supposition!) postage unpaid, at 50 cents a letter, which is double postage for a distance of 400 miles or upward, the loss to us would be $5,000 and to each subscriber only 50 cents." At those rates Godey answered no letters unless cash was enclosed, and if the postage wasn't prepaid he let them lie in the Post Office. There is a lightning-flash picture of the 1837 panic in his petition to subscribers to send "Northern money if you can," or, lacking that, money of the State nearest Pennsylvania as available.

Yet he was able to publish a notice asking contributors to draw on the publisher "for the amounts of their several favors," or direct how the money might be sent them. Acceptances and rejections were posted in the magazine then, as in the now familiar column of "New Books Received." Editors had a heart, however: the unlucky aspirants were notified not by name but by title.

Before Godey's was ten years old it was publishing forty-eight pages a month, containing 50,000 words, with a bit of music, a colored steel engraving as frontispiece, besides wood cuts in the body of the book—such things as embroidery patterns which the present generation can compare only to the scroll work of our childhood's fancy penmen. Another ten years or so and prosperity is evident. There are more plates, and they are smoother. The fashion plates of earlier years, sought nowadays to frame or make lampshades of, are becoming polished and elegant. The shopping department is in full swing, shipping pins and pianos and advising the customer and the world thus: "G. L. M.—The Talma and chemisettes were forwarded by Kindly's express on the 8th."

There are plenty of wood cuts in the magazine itself by now, blue and sepia prints showing designs for antimacassars and watch pockets; garments disclosing fashion's indebtedness to Eugénie as well as to Victoria, to Kossuth and Jenny Lind. There are drawing courses, "Blue Bird" waltzes, the wonders of astronomy, charades in three acts, cottage furniture, chemistry for youth and plans for dairy houses and piggeries.

House plans appear before long: specially designed villas, like imitation mosques, with wood lace on every corner. The fashion plates folded twice, have grown big enough by 1860 to show five hoop skirts

(Continued on Page 14)

Fashions for the Family. (October, 1837.)

Styles of Fifty Years Ago. (July, 1874.)

THE WORLD OF ART:

Ninth Exhibition of Contemporary American Paintings at the Corcoran Gallery

"The Mate." By Charles W. Hawthorne.

In the Ninth Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Awarded the Second William A. Clark Prize of $1,500. (Accompanied by the Corcoran Silver Medal.)

AGAIN the Corcoran Gallery has stripped its walls of the permanent collections in order to make room for its special biennial exhibition of American paintings, a large exhibition this year and varied within the conservative bounding line of the gallery's tradition. It is not intended for a showing of one season's work and many of the paintings have been seen in other cities, a number wearing the laurels won in previous exhibitions. Here, for example, is the "Expulsion," by Eugene Francis Savage, lent by the City Art Museum at St. Louis, whither it went after taking the Thomas B. Clark Prize and Saltus Medal at last year's Academy. It is interesting to see it again in gallery surroundings and to confirm an impression that it is less authentic even as decoration from this year's "Resurrection," which also is present in the smaller version.

It is not worth while, however, to rehearse the canvases already discussed in these columns when so many offer fresh opportunity for a word of comment. The prize winners especially are without sin and deserving of pecuniary and official reward. Probably the question of size never comes into the corporate mind of a jury, yet one cannot but wonder if a little picture ever would take a big prize of money with a gold medal attached. Maurice Prendergast's "Landscape With Figures" is not a very large picture, measured by inches, and it gets at least as far as the third William A. Clark Prize and the Corcoran Bronze Medal. There is an element of surprise, humiliating enough, in the idea of its getting any award at all, so original and noble is the art and so outside the usual range of jury choice. The figures in spontaneous individual attitudes, their faces practically featureless, suggest Daumier. The rich material substance, the sense of mass and character expressed in the simplified outline; the heaviness of this expressive contour line, and above all the saturation in human emotion, bring the picture into the circle of the French cartoonist who with such an easy stride surpassed his toiling contemporaries. Daumier never evolved a situation more entertainingly ironic than is supplied by his posthumous fame and position in the history of art. In some respects Prendergast is the more gifted painter, has a subtler humor, a finer sense of pattern, uses a more difficult method. Of course in Prendergast there is no hint of either conscious or unconscious imitation and at first glance he and Daumier might seem as far apart as the French provinces and provincial New York City. His gayety and blond color, his thickly padded impaste and pure dry surfaces, his urban women and children of a class as often as possible avoided by Daumier, are all against recognition of the relation and likeness between the two, but it is there incontestably in the grand manner which only those born to it can wear convincingly.

The fourth Clark Prize and an honorable mention are won by John Noble's "Provincetown in Winter," a strikingly masculine interpretation of a theme upon which lighter craft have consistently foundered. An orange moon rises in a dull green sky over a sullen green sea. A pier darts out in a straight line toward the horizon. The moonlight falls solemnly upon the water. The paint is put on with a knife in ridged strokes and the contrasting smoothness and rugosity of these help the general effect of the picture away from sweetness toward natural force.

Charles Hawthorne takes the second Clarke Prize and Corcoran Silver Medal with "The Mate," upon which his reputation may stand as on a rock. Compare it with the "Fisherman's Daughter" or the "Yellow Rose" in the adjoining galleries. An artist who finds it fatally difficult to withstand temptation to make mystery, in "The Mate" Hawthorne is free to plow into character as directly as possible. This weather-beaten old man no doubt has rather more of mysticism in his mental attitude than the little girls in their anaemic trances, but he has nothing to say about it. Nor does he encourage others to make a painter's story of it. A finely drawn head, an edgy technique, a simple palette of reds, browns, yellows. Altogether a dignified picture.

The family group by George Bellows, to which the first prize and gold metal are given, is hardly less fortunate in color than in design. Essentially a black-and-white scheme, the occasional notes of red and green are vibrant. Again, a picture with which a reputation safely could be trusted without further support. The groups and single figures that have preceded it have worn in nearly every case a look of preparation and experiment. Somewhere a cog has slipped and a thing happened—generally to the color—impairing the unity of the impression. Nothing has happened here. Everything looks intended, secure, reasoned. A splendid piece of intelligent architecture with beauty of logic and craftsmanship.

Leaving the prize winners, the rest of the exhibition presents itself as an uncharted sea of tendencies. The question of comparing the younger moderns with painters of the older schools fails to come up, as there are none of the younger moderns present.

If we except John Carroll, who fits as easily into the one classification as into the other. In fact, as the case is with more than one of the "emancipated" young men, he seems to have found his individuality in the no-man's land where factions can meet amicably. There is certainly nothing to disturb the most conventional taste in his "Spanish Dancer," whose Spain conceivably is limited to her resplendent costume, but who is painted quite superbly. There are the Carroll blue shadows on the face, and the chest is mottled somewhat brutally; the formidable elaboration of the patterns on dress and shawl is carried through with skill and daring to a result for which a familiarity with current fiction has prepared many of us. Current fiction tells us that the authors are more interested in patterns and decoration generally than in the interior life of human beings. The psychologically inclined struggle toward illustration of a complex, or play, clumsily enough, with an inhibition, but they display their first liveliness of interest when the problem becomes one of upholstery. Many a charming scheme for doing over a whole apartment may be had for two dollars and the surtax of reading a dull romance.

Something of the same passion for things and the arrangement of things appears in any general exhibition of pictures. It is impossible to get past the costume of John Carroll's Spanish dancer, nor in all probability did he particularly care that we should get past it. The personality thus swathed in splendor hardly would repay the effort. It is not to the point that Velasquez could dominate any degree of splendor with a cool reading of personality or that Whistler painting a Princess of the Land of Porcelain could be marvelous with costume and yet keep the head as the principal interest of his gorgeous composition. What is to the point is the absence of the Ben Adhem spirit from contemporary American painting. It becomes, if not easy, at least habitual to do that thing best in your work which you are most interested in doing. Just now we are not, as a rule, most interested in people. The multitude of things possessed is crowding us.

Taking it as it is, however, and consequently as we are forced to take it, there is ever so much amusement to be got from our cleverness with draperies and bibelots. We almost never treat them as the honest Belgian Stevens did. We pretend to be somewhat deep about them, to read in them signs and portents.

In one of our novels an umbrella rack of unpleasant design comes near to wrecking the life of the young man obliged to spend his impressionable years in its vicinity. Abram Poole comes near to wrecking his pretty "Ninon" by his intrusion of artificial flowers on the black background. Yet you can see that without this sampler device his style declines in distinction. "Ninon" without the laborious flowers would be rather an inexpensive little performance. His other canvas, a portrait less artificial in manner, is carried through without convincingness. But you feel that he would carry through a period room to the last syllable of recorded furniture. George Bellows has a different way with his famous haircloth sofa. When it enters a picture it makes itself at home whatever the environment.

Orland Campbell's "Beatrice in Autumn," with its extraordinary competency and cleverness, its purely modern knack of putting Autumn under obligations to Beatrice for so charmingly dressing the part, is another plea for the significance of character in appointments and furnishings, a very persuasive plea.

Yet there is the other side, and no one in the present exhibition so ably supports it as Mr. Sargent, once upon a time considered a devotée of costume in portraiture. Consider his "Girl in White Muslin Dress," her long little face, the bleak setting of her pleasant eyes, her red parted lips, could they have made quite so deep an impression had more been made of the white muslin dress ruffling about the slim young throat? The casualness with which everything is treated except the characteristic features of the well-defined individuality does make for right proportion—even the Sargentesque scramble of brushwork in the background has its special value in this result.

In an exhibition of this size and range it is unnecessary to annoy yourself with anything that happens to miss your mood. There is something for almost any mood in spite of the absence of such powerful modulators as McFee and Dickinson and Dasburg and Demuth.

There is Rockwell Kent, if you have an idea of getting away not only from costume and furnishings but from the human various itself. His "Sunlit Valley," his "Deer Season" are primeval adventure. He stands upon a peak in Darien and we stand with him sharing his wild surmise. No one else of all who have sought the thrill of the unfamiliar in wild

"Provincetown in Winter." By John Noble.

In the Ninth Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings, Corcoran Gallery of Art.

Awarded the Fourth William A. Clark Prize of $500. (Accompanied by the Corcoran Honorable Mention Certificate.)

lands has brought back with him the rapture of discovery and found the way to communicate it to others.

Maurice Sterne's "Feast in Bali" is more of a traveler's tale, notwithstanding the attempted simplification of form. It makes an excellent story of type and place, however. Arthur Davies in "Against Darkness" enters a region of fantasy which he has made peculiarly his own and in which he has erected his prison tower of ivory. The people of his imagination invariably are beautiful natural people upon whom he has laid a compulsion to be strange. It is in their favor that they are self-conscious about it. You feel in their presence that they would be quite glorious playfellows if they were not so busy always at rehearsal. But it is good to have him here. Good to have any one with an ideal and such beauty of craftsmanship and such sincerity of purpose.

The exhibition is rather notable for the skillful craftsmanship displayed, yet nothing puts us quite so rudely where we belong in this matter as the little "Portrait of a Lady," by Mary Cassatt, a plain plump lady, ingly well with its quaint effect of having been carved in gold, an effect far more true to nature than the nature lover would willingly believe.

To realize that you must either add something to nature or take something away in order to get your emotion, compare the "Deer Season," by Rockwell Kent, with the "Alaskan Moose," by Carl Rungius. The moose is a wonderful animal, photographically described yet with life in the description and a veracity to make the ordinary huntsman howl with delight. But the "Deer Season" is another matter—a ringing quality in the light, air tingling with invitation to action, and the deer simplified to a mere symbol of swift movement, a gallop as mad as that of Peer Gynt, the purest essence of the excitement of being alive in the season of deer. In the same way on a minor scale Margery Phillips gives the spirit and atmosphere of the Alleghanies largely through the introduction of a couple of little white horses severely simplified, echoing the white clouds above, idyllic beasts.

There are few portraits and none to make an unusually strong impression. Ralph Taylor's "The Sculptor" is unhackneyed, two figures against a white ground with the tools and accessories of a sculptor's studio. Ralph Clarkson's "Edward E. Ayer," lent by the Newberry Library of Chicago, is a fine mingling of dignity and liveliness, Leypold Seyffert's portrait of the late John G. Johnson is a shouting likeness, Jean McLane's "Portrait of a Girl" has the papery quality of her recent work, which one did not sufficiently resent until seeing the beautiful early picture at the Grand Central Galleries.

Marion Boyd Allen's portrait of Anna Vaughan Hyatt is innocent of any attempt at aggrandizement, a fresh, pleasant thing; Charles Hopkinson's "Portrait of Secretary Charles Evans Hughes" has a little the look of trying to be more commonplace than it is; it is far from commonplace, but not far enough from official. Wayman Adams, with his "Uncle Randolph Jones," says all that could be said of that ancient type of Southern negro hackman in the days when horses were. I. H. Caliga's "Bavarian Schoolmaster" is of the race of Leibl and Duveneck.

Albert Delmont Smith's portrait of Childe Hassam is the gayest of interpretations, blue of eye, pink of cheek, green of scarf, made to go in a "Hassam Room," without doubt, and cleverly adapted to the sitter's characteristic palette. Augustus Vincent Tack's portrait of Elihu Root is lent from the Phillips Memorial Gallery. Judge Charles P. Wickham lends his portrait by Charles C. Curran, and Burtis Baker's portrait of Theodore M. Dillaway is lent by the owner. Marie Danforth Page paints an engaging version of "Ching-toen Chen," confessing in the remote eyes and unrevealing smile how little a distance the Western mind has been able to penetrate into the Oriental temperament.

There are landscapes, but not in abundance. Gifford Beal is represented by his powerful "Cliffs at Montauk." Alexis Many uses a cruel red in his "Back Country, Arizona"; Gardner Symons sends his "Swift-Running River," Charles A. Platt is represented by "The Mountain" and "A Garden in Snow," the latter a perfect bit of delicate architecture with a straying ornament of twig and vine. Childe Hassam's "Spring: The Dogwood Tree" is a chant to the loveliest season, with the most beautiful of blossoming trees for its goddess. Little, naked children swing and laugh under the branches, and from behind them peer the windows of the house. All companions and companionable, yet not quite of this world. John Folinsbee's "Midwinter" is as true to the dank season as Hassam to the blithe.

Leon Kroll's "The Mountain," Ernest Lawson's "Late Afternoon," Elmer Schofield's "Sunlit Cove," Daniel Garber's "Sycamores," Edward Redfield's "Spring Blossoms" and "The Mill in Winter," Willard Metcalf's "The Breath of Spring," John F. Carlson's "Sombre Uplands," W. S. Robinson's "June" are good examples of well-known talents, and there are others not less representative. Alan Tucker's "Baker's Island: Mt. Desert" gives an individual significance to the vast impersonal world of natural phenomena, interrogates it for the movement of life long since discovered by the Orientals, and communicates to the spectator the vital thrill without using the Eastern idiom: decidedly a triumph.

We are at a critical moment in landscape art, that field in which we long have been supposed to be preeminent. If, taking us by and large, we are not quite so much interested in human character as formerly, neither are we quite so much interested in landscape character. Both have been for the moment overwhelmed by the decorative spirit. Just now, however, we seem to be in possession of our confusing but seldom necessarily conflicting influences, and ready for the blending of these in unity again. It was a Chinese critic who said "Study both the real and the unreal, choose one or the other with discretion, and the picture will naturally be art." It was the ancient Chinese artist who strove to get at the inner character of a scene, who lived with it long, thought deeply about it, painted it in reverence for essential truth and never forgot to make it a decoration. That is what we are coming to in our breezy Western way. It will not be an occult science with us. Nor will it be materialism. It will be a response to the aesthetic need in man, which we now recognize as a fundamental instinct no less essential to his life than the instinct of hunger for sustaining food.

Into our decorations also we are putting more of that active hidden life that burrows along under the externals, fairly well protected from the blind eyes of the world at large; that is another step toward the unity of the outer and inner realities. We have talked with many words upon every available occasion of Prendergast's magnificent mastery of this problem. A good reason for going on with further talk.

The Corcoran prize-givers in their moment of vision acknowledged this mastery in one of Mr. Prendergast's later works. To see from what it was evolved, consult the Duncan Phillips collections and the gay Italian scene painted many years ago when inclusion was more of a temptation. In the presence of this picture what ordinary mortal would subtract a single line, a spot of living color? The parasols stream up and down the place, moving ranks of zinnias in full bloom, the stately staircase, the fine and strong detail—what is there to leave out? Yet when you turn from this picture to the mature work of the artist's recent years, there can be no doubt. Not only are the later things greater as decoration, more austerely composed, freer from irrelevant delights, they also are greater as human documents, more of life has gone into them, and it is life that throbs with greater force. Fresh and sweet and playful, the power of their movement easily may be missed in a casual first seeing.

There are other decorations, less classic in feeling, that also illustrate clearly the possible kinship of life and decoration. D. Putnam Brinley has a delicious panel that fairly capers with childish glee over the business of being funnily true to life and art in the same breath. He calls it "Alterations." A house, of course, and the owners, and Labor on the throne, and anxiety over plans and indifference to anxiety, and decorative ladders and saw horses and a dog or two and smiling workmen—a William Morris dream in twentieth century American all done with a fillip of humor and a tact in spacing and patterning that is unusual now, with promises something like a following when the public begins to show appreciation.

"Landscape With Figures." By Maurice B. Prendergast.

Ninth Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings, Corcoran Gallery of Art.

Awarded the Third William A. Clark Prize of $1,000. (Accompanied by the Corcoran Bronze Medal.)

"Lady With a Tray." By Giovanni Troccoli.

Ninth Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings. Corcoran Gallery of Art.

a green dress—no costume about it, merely a blur of queer colored paint that turns out to spell green; not very much paint and what there is cracked and splashed and scraped within an inch of its life as pigment—all working together to an effect of extreme authority, solidity, a vital pulse, the power to live. Probably we all could do it, but we don't.

Of course there are quite a number of Indians. What is the Society for the Improved Red Man around the corner? Whatever it is the improved red man is with us in the exhibition.

In Walter Ufer's "Luncheon at Lone Locust" an Indian neatly and haughtily is acting as waiter to a party of men and women and children eating in some sort of rough shelter and apparently disliking it very much. The mountains are seen in the distance and sunlight floods the scene. It takes its place as a salient illustration and a vivid piece of painting. Ernest Blumenschein's "The Gift" is here also, back from the Fort Worth Museum of Art which gobbled it up last year. "Taos Mountain," by Victor Higgins, lunges like a gray elephant, its ridge keenly defined by sabre cuts of blue, no figures and better without them, an impressive landscape. Ufer's "Sleep" is here also and Blumenschein's "Superstition." The present work of the latter is a great advance and should have been represented.

Catharine Carter Critcher makes portraits of her Indians and makes them as compact of observation that the likeness goes undoubted. The head of "Light Lightning" apparently is not of the "improved" type. Old Joey B. himself was not more "devilish sly." "Hay Time: Taos," by Oscar Berninghaus, looks exceed-

"Ching-toen Chen." By Marie Danforth Page.

Ninth Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings, Corcoran Gallery of Art.

IN BETHLEHEM TOWN TODAY

(Continued from Page 1)

Argentine. Having emigrated as peasants in fezzes and skirts, they began with an arm basket and a five-peso credit, out of which they created bank accounts and fine stores; and after absences of some ten years' duration they returned to Bethlehem in hats and trousers, and their old neighbors who came in fezzes and skirts to borrow money from them addressed them as "effendi." The very name of the town indicates its reputation. Its native name, Beit Lahm, is good Arabic for "house of bread."

But their principal occupation used to be the manufacture of souvenirs and articles of religious interest out of olive wood and Red Sea mother-of-pearl. In the old days every other house in the town lived on Russian pilgrims and tourists. Fifty different sorts of rosaries, made of fifty different sorts of vegetables and mineral beads, were made at Bethlehem.

Mother-of-pearl was imported in the raw shell by caravans from the Hejaz, and the men of Bethlehem, seated cross-legged on their stone floors before low wooden benches, white with mother-of-pearl dust, carved it by hand with a meticulous nicety, made possible only by Palestinian patience, into exquisite bas-reliefs of such biblical subjects as the Birth, the Agony, the Last Supper and the Crucifixion. The largest and finest of these pieces required from six months to a year for completion and commanded prices which, after an hour's coffee and cigarettes, might have been bargained down to $200. The smaller pieces were done into curios, crosses and cruicifixes. For 500 years Bethlehem and mother-of-pearl have been synonyms, but the old days have gone. There are no longer any Russian pilgrims in the country, and in this Winter of 1923-24 the tourist traffic is just beginning to trickle back.

On the surface, the broad warmth, the white glare and the poppy colors of Bethlehem are much the same today as they were in the old days. You may see them at their best in the market place which lies between the white stone Government building and the fortress wall of the Church of the Holy Nativity, when the unveiled women of Bethlehem are busy at their morning's marketing. Their embroidered waists and their tall peaked headdresses of white and green—the same headdress that the returning Crusaders brought back to their ladies of the Middle Ages—make the women of Bethlehem recognizable anywhere in Palestine.

Little groups squat on the flagstone pavements of the market place with their skins of sour milk, their sheets of bread and their panniers of fat lambs' tails beside them. Goats and fat-tailed sheep, herded together by Bedouin shepherds, lie along the edges of the spacious scene. In the shade cast by the lofty wall of the church camels lie chewing the cud, their legs folded beneath them like the blades of a jack-knife, their bells breaking into a heavy tinkle as they gulp. Bedouin women, with tattooed faces walk noiselessly about on naked feet, holding their handkerchiefs to their mouths. Donkeys and milch goats patter through the crowd. A Bedouin sheik with a walking stick digs his fingers thoughtfully into the haunches of a sheep and passes on with the flap of slippers. An effendi in European dress, with an umbrella in one hand and a chaplet of beads in the other, passes with a bearded orthodox papa.

On the surface the Bethlehem scene today possesses much in common with the old days, but beneath the surface the stresses and strains of these last ten years have made themselves felt even in the Christian communities which worship within the stark walls of the old church on the market place. Of the 7,000 Christians in the town, 3,000 belong to the Orthodox community, about an equal number to the Roman Catholic community and the rest to the Armenian community. No community in Palestine has been so hard hit by the events of the last ten years as the Orthodox community. Its income from Russian pilgrims in the old days has stopped. Its revenue from its landed endowments in Old Russia, most of them now within the frontiers of Rumania, has been cut off. Forced to sell some of its landed holdings in Palestine to meet its expenses, it has been embarrassed from another quarter by the nationalist disruption which has split so many Orthodox sees since the war.

The Roman Catholic festival of Christmas has been observed for centuries at Bethlehem on the eve of Dec. 25, the Orthodox Nativity Day on Jan. 7 and the Armenian Baptism Day on Jan. 19.

Of the splendor of the chapels within it, the stark exterior of the Church of the Holy Nativity gives no hint. Its fortress wall is severe and medievally military. It is an instant reminder of the Crusaders' tales. It was built to stand sieges and its single doorway is so small that one has to stoop to enter it.

Twenty centuries ago, its site was a bare limestone hill overlooking the wilderness of the Dead Sea, with a grove, a number of caves and an ancient inn whence the caravans left for Egypt. When Christianity was adopted at Constantinople in 326, the Empress Helene identified a cave on its eastern slope as the site of the Birth, and her son Constantine had the grove cut down and the cave enclosed a basilica which, restored, added to and surrounded by Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Armenian monasteries, is the modern Church of the Holy Nativity. The site soon attracted pilgrims. Other traditional sites grew up around it. By 600, the churches and monasteries which clustered about it began to be known throughout a rapidly expanding Christendom.

Their fame increased until 1099 when the Arabs, enraged at the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, destroyed them all. In 1244, the Kharazmian invasion from Turkestan devastated the churches and monasteries which the Crusaders had restored. In 1480, the again restored fortifications and monasteries were again pulled down. Thereafter Bethlehem lost its prestige until the last two or three centuries, when it has gradually recovered under Ottoman rule. Today, in 1923, the Church of the Holy Nativity (its ecclesiastical name is the Church of St. Mary) is a vast fortress of churches, monasteries and schools which traces its lineage direct from Constantine's basilica of 330. Archaeologists say that it is the oldest type of Christian architecture.

The small outer door of the church ushers one into the nave, which is as stark and forbidding as the exterior of the vast building. Its double rows of lofty yellow columns and its lofty roof are the gifts of long-forgotten kings and emperors.

From the nave one enters the Roman Catholic Church, which glitters with hanging lamps and with the quaint brilliance of sacred pictures. It is here on Christmas Eve that the Catholic community observes its Christmas. In the old days the church used to be filled all week with a curious festival crowd of devotees, with vergers selling candles and rosaries, and with strolling staring curiosity-seekers under the guidance of their dragomans. But the old days have gone and amid the universal flux of modern Palestine only the sacred buildings of the country and their fixed festivals remain unmoved and immovable.

The Catholic service begins at 10:30 o'clock on Christmas Eve and lasts until 2:30 o'clock in the morning. The gorgeous drill, display and repetitions, the marching and countermarching of acolytes gleaming in purple and gold and floating in snowy vestments, the changing of the Bishop's robes, slippers, gloves and caps, the unending intonation of four readers droning the four Gospels for two hours in Latin—the accumulated ritual of fifteen centuries makes up this marvelous Christmas service. At midnight an organ lullaby preludes the sudden folding back of a curtain above the altar revealing a manger-cradle containing the symbolic doll, at the sight of which organ and choir burst into a magnificent Gloria in Excelsis. Thereafter the stately procession of priests and acolytes, chanting and swinging censers, moves continually back and forth through the aisles and up to the High Altar, the audience sinking to its knees as the Bishop advances with the symbolic doll in cambric and lace nestled in his arms.

Some twenty feet below the floor level of the vast church is a chain of caves, whose walls are the living limestone, and whose connection is made by winding subterranean passageways hewn out of the living rock and barely big enough to stoop through. These caves include the Abode and Tomb of St. Jerome, the Chapel of St. Catherine of Alexandria, the Chapel of the Innocents who were slaughtered by Herod, and the Empress Helena's Cave, now called the Chapel of the Nativity and revered as the Holy of Hollies of the ancient Church.

One finds the Chapel of the Nativity at the foot of narrow, rock-hewn steps, to be descended with due attention to one's lighted candle and to the slipperiness of the worn steps. It is dimly lit with hanging lamps, whose smoke has blackened its low stone roof with the accumulated soot of centuries. Its floor is incased in worn marble and its walls are hung with unlit lamps, figures of saints and woven silk hangings of silver, blue and dark red—the gifts of penitent Emperors. A first glance reveals a life-sized statue standing dimly against the dark hangings; opposite, a gilded railing, fronting the lace-covered manger; nearer, the altar on which the wise men laid their frankincense and myrrh, and, close at hand, two figures kneeling silently before the Star, where millions of Russian pilgrims once knelt with dropping tears. The little place is filled with the speaking silence of centuries of sorrow.

A second glance, after one's eyes have adjusted themselves to the dimness, reveals the fact that it is not a statue standing dimly against the dark hangings. It is a British soldier, standing where a Turkish soldier once stood, and the gleam against the hangings beside him is the gleam of the bayonet fixed in his service rifle. Of the two figures kneeling before the Star, one is a British officer on leave, who at the moment is whispering to the dragoman beside him the amount of time exposure at which he proposes to set his kodak. Before the two of them burn the six lamps of the Orthodox, the five lamps of the Armenians and the four lamps of the Romans, which have burned for centuries above the Star. In the dull light they shed the Star itself appears exactly as it appeared in 1847, when the proposal to add a second star, bearing the arms of France, helped to bring about the Crimean War. It is a silver star, let into the marble pavement and partially encircled by the words:

"1717 Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."

"The Nativity," Chartres Cathedral, Thirteenth Century Sculpture.

The First Christmas

By MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

We lived where wild Judea's plains look down
On little Bethlehem, King David's town;
Our red-roofed house perched on the hillside steep—
My father was a shepherd of the sheep.
Leaving his flocks, one night in haste he came
To where we slept, calling us boys by name.
"Rouse you and dress, Joseph and John!" said he.
"Strange things are happening which you must see."
So, half awake, and shivering with the cold,
(Joseph was only five, I, seven years old)
We girt our sheepskin garments warm and tight;
And with our good sire fared into the night—
Rubbing our eyes where deep sleep lingered still—
Grumbling, because the evening air was chill,
When suddenly, we saw a wondrous Star
Which bathed the sky with glory, near and far!
It seemed to point, then—beckon us ahead!
And though a child, I thought no more of bed,
But, grasping Joseph's hand, my sire beside,
We followed where the great light seemed to guide.

There came the noisy tramp of many feet,
And, swarming down the narrow, crooked street,
The shepherds from the hills, a boisterous throng
Joined with the crowds and jostled us along—
Eyes on the heavens, feet stumbling as we went,
All wondering what the bright Star's coming meant.
"Over the Inn," cried one, "the vision rests—
Maybe the Hostel shelters honored guests."
(For every year, each to his native town
To render taxes, many a lord came down)—
But, no. The Star its journey stayed instead,
Above a mean and lowly cattle shed!
The door swung wide—we looked within. Behold!
There in a manger straw-lined, bleak and cold,
A dark-haired Woman and her Baby lay,
Pillows and coverlet and bed of hay!
And 'round them mutely wondering, the kine
Stood still—their soft eyes kindly and benigh!

So beautiful and pale and weary she,
Holding her little One for all to see—
A golden halo gleamed ground her face,
Like candles flickering in a windless place.
We looked at her with worshipful surprise—
So happy was her smile, so glad her eyes.
Nobody moved—nobody made a sound,
Till whispered father;
"This is holy ground!
Kneel, friends, and thank Jehovah God, that we
Have lived this long-expected hour to see!"
And while we knelt before the Baby there,
A burst of music filled the midnight air.
"Glory to God!" 'twas wonderfully sweet—
Voices of angels singing in the street!
. . . . . .
The long walk home, my good sire tenderly
Carried us both—but, never word said he,
Until, within our dwelling once again,
He spoke—my mother listening. And then,
"Emanuel is born!" she murmured low.
"Truly my heart believes that this is so!"

Heavy our eyes for sleep—my mother led
Us to the upper chamber, back to bed.
She kissed and tucked us in, and gravely smiled—
I thought about the little new-born Child,
And, very drowsily, kept wondering why
That Baby and His mother had to lie
Outdoors within a wind-swept barn that night,
While I was warm and snug. It wasn't right—
And made me sorry. Still, I could not keep
Awake for long, and soon was fast asleep,
But in my tangled dreams the whole night long,
I saw the Star and heard the angels' song!

TRANSFIGURATION OF ST. JOHN'S

The Choir of the Cathedral With the Present Dome Is Shown on the Left.

On the Right Is the Choir as It Will Look With the Dome Removed and the High Clerestory Windows Uncovered.

By GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

FOR a dozen years and more a massive gray stone pile on Morningside Heights has been a familiar sight to New York.

People have about ceased to inquire when the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will be completed, and are taking the gaunt unfinished dome over the crossing (that is, the point of intersection of the long and short arms of the cruciform cathedral) as a matter of course, to remain as it is.

To those who have passed frequently up and down Amsterdam Avenue on the western front of the cathedral close, this statement applies. But one who has skirted around to the rear of the cathedral on Morningside Drive, from time to time, must have noticed that the exterior of the choir and of the Seven Chapels of Tongues radiating out from the main structure in all directions has gradually attained a finished appearance in sharp contrast with the crude outlines of the structure seen from the front. The fact remains that the cathedral, to the average observer, is just about as it was in 1911. Work on the structure has been much interrupted; recently it has been discontinued temporarily. Soon it will begin again.

But if the changes in the cathedral have apparently been very few, the changes in the plans for the cathedral have been many. The present structure of St. John the Divine, when it arrives at the state of grandeur envisioned for it by its founders, will have suffered a great transformation.

The story of the cathedral goes back to 1872, when the idea was conceived and proposed by the late Bishop Horatio Potter; the charter was granted by the State Legislature the following year. Actual work on the cathedral, however, did not begin until 1891, when Henry Codman Potter had succeeded his uncle as Bishop. The cornerstone was laid in December, 1892, and work went forward until 1899, when the first service was held in the almost completed crypt under the choir.

The architects first selected by the Board of Trustees of the cathedral from a great number who submitted plans were Heins & La Farge. Their plan called for a cathedral of romanesque architecture, one of the outstanding features of which was to be rounded Roman arches set upon massive pillars. In 1907, however, Mr. Heins died, and there being a provision in the original contract that if either member of the firm died the existing contract was to terminate, the board selected new architects, Cram & Ferguson, whose plan was for a French Gothic cathedral. Hence much of the work done since the selection of new architects has been looking toward a blending and melting together of what had already been done in one style with what is yet to be done in another.

At present, to enter the cathedral one mounts a series of temporary steps which begin about fifty feet inside the cathedral close and lead to a platform which represents the foundation of the nave. The unoccupied space toward the street is where the west front will stand, flanked north and south by two massive square towers, heavily buttressed. The north and south portals respectively will occupy the bases of these towers. Above a large central recessed portal will be a rose window, flanked by the mullioned Gothic windows of the towers.

Above the rose window in turn a gallery of niches to contain statues will extend entirely across the façade, after the manner of the Gallery of Kings in Rheims Cathedral. The belfries of the two towers, each surmounted by pointed turrets at the four corners, will top the west front, while between the two and somewhat lower the gable of the nave will be visible from the street.

The nave at present consists only of the foundation, a great expanse of concrete floor, overgrown with grass. Bases from which will rise sixteen heavy piers may be seen on both sides of the nave, which is fifty-six feet wide, exclusive of the two thirty-four-foot aisles. At the far end of the nave, 225 feet away, is the choir and crossing, the completed parts of the cathedral.

The first impression of the rounded dome of the crossing from the west end of the nave foundation is as of the bald head of some giant thrust suddenly up over the edge of an abyss. The massiveness of the arches, which curve up on the north, south and west of the crossing; the unbelievable sweep of the flying buttresses, which rise to join to the piers at the back of the crossing; the stark, bare grandeur and apparent lastingness of the whole, all make for an impressiveness even in the structure's present uncompleted state.

From the top of the temporary steps ascending from Amsterdam Avenue one may, if he have a good imagination, conjure up a fair idea of what the cathedral will look like, nave and all, when, having come safely through its trials and tribulations, it is completed. One will be standing then just under the rose window at the west front, facing the crossing. The temporary walls which fill in the great arches (unsightly, to say the least, for all that they contain some pleasing lancets), will have been torn away, and the north and south transepts will each have been carried out to complete the "crossbeam" of the cruciform plan. The nave, carried out in a manner similar to the transepts for a distance of 225 feet, will connect with the west front as already described. The choir, which occupies the apse, or short upper end of the cruciform plan, above the transept immediately behind the crossing as you face it, is completed and in constant use. So much for the exterior appearance of the cathedral in its present state.

The interior of St. John's, beautiful as it is in its detail, has been called a "hodge-podge" of architectural discords. How harmony is to be brought out of these discords is best understood by accompanying the Dean, the Very Rev. Howard C. Robbins, to a place above the apse, high up, where not a hundred persons of the thousands who have visited the cathedral have ever been. From this coign of vantage one gets the key to the whole business of clearing up these discordant elements.

First the Dean led the writer across a temporary wooden bridge, up a flight of steps into the ambulatory and into the crossing. Facing the choir and the high altar, with its white statuettes and unlighted candles, surmounted by a rounded Byzantine semi-dome, the morning sun, streaming in through the multi-colored glass windows, seemed suddenly blocked off by the eight ponderous round granite columns which stand in a purposeless semicircle around the chancel.

"You see?" inquired the Dean. "Now, come around back of the chancel." And he led the way back through the iron gates of the ambulatory and summoned the verger. We stood at the base of a great granite column, like a mighty redwood tree from California. Looking up, it seems that they slope off toward their capitals much more rapidly than they really do.

When the verger arrived, he unlocked a small hidden door somewhere in the rear of the sanctuary and, inquiring whether or not our hearts were in good condition, led the way up a small spiral flight of stairs, giving as they ascended regular glimpses of the half-lit choir and sanctuary through mullioned windows.

Up past the level of the top of the

(Continued on Page 15)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine as the Architects Intend It to Look.

A PARIS CABARET IN A DUNGEON

The Innocent Employment of the Oubliette of the Petit Chatelet—and Some Other French Oubliettes

By GENEVIEVE BECQ

FAR from the lights and noise of the Grande Boulevards, in a squalid quarter of Paris that was old in the Middle Ages, is a low red door, feebly lighted by a lantern, dangling on a rusty chain. It is hidden in a court down a dark and narrow lane, from whose shadows the wanderer half expects to see some leather-booted creature of Balzac emerge on his way to an assassination. All around are little, silent houses, huddled together like nervous old women.

Behind this door, if you have the curiosity to push it open, you may find medieval Paris dragged from its coffin and shaking its creaking bones in an accommodating dance to amuse the youth of today. Walk across the small coffee-room, deserted save for a cat drowsing placidly on the counter and a solitary sailor sleeping with his arms across the table; descend a winding staircase, knock at an iron door, and there is opened before you the Cabaret des Oubliettes Rouges—once a part of the bloody prison of the Petit Chatelet and now a Latin Quarter drinking haunt.

No more grimly ironic name was ever given a place of murder than the word "oubliette," and no more romantic name was ever given a place in which one may forget his cares in wine.

The evening's gayeties were in full swing the night that my companion and I first visited the place. I took a step forward as the door opened, and felt the floor give way. With a thrill of foolish terror, I remembered the traps of the Middle Ages, but realized almost as quickly that I was standing securely enough on a harmless wooden platform which still rocked slightly—a device to put the entering guest in the proper mood for the evening. There was an outburst of laughter, and amid a noisy greeting we walked to our table behind a boy who wore the dress of a feudal page. We ordered beer unromantically and looked around.

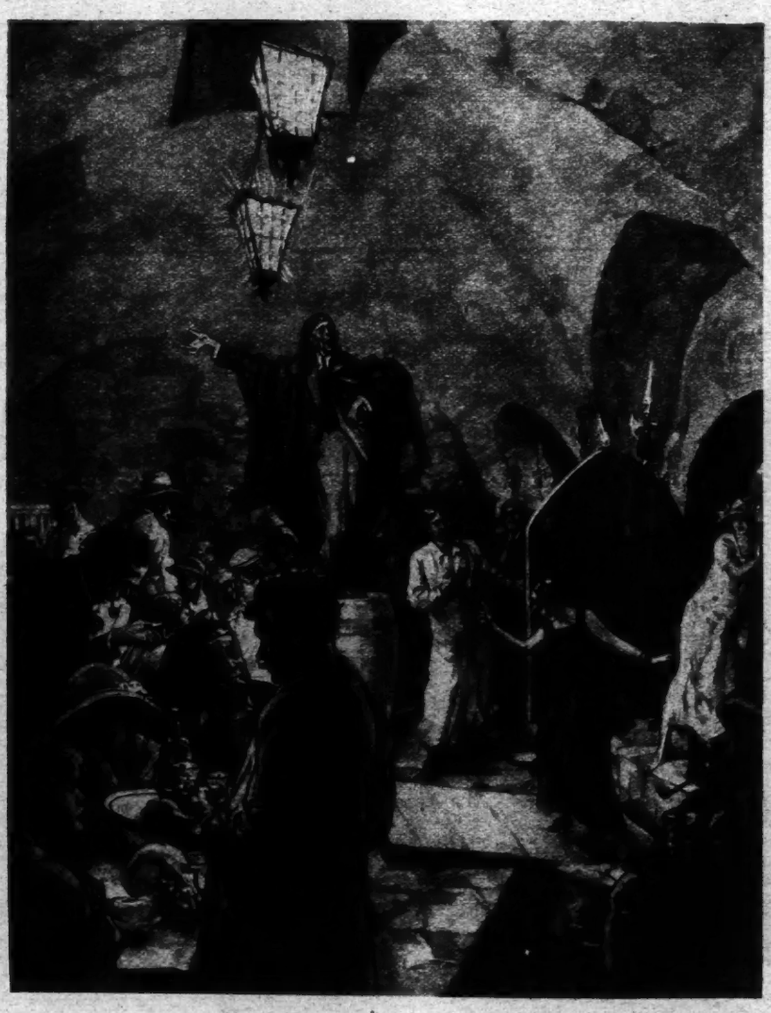
We were in a large cellar lighted by lanterns suspended from the vaulted ceiling. The stone walls were bare, and so was the uneven floor. Rows of red wooden tables faced an empty space forming a stage, on which players were acting a rowdy Middle Age farce such as used to be played centuries ago on the famous Pont Neuf close by. The uncertain light of the lanterns rendered the cave-like room as mysterious as a Rembrandt picture and called out of the shadows strange and unexpected details—the gleam of sharp axes hanging on the walls; the glossy whiteness of a skull in a deep corner; a rusty key behind a glass case.

In the middle of the vault a lantern revealed an open trap door. Behind us were iron bars through which cells could be dimly perceived, while at the back of the stage a red curtain made a vivid background for the players. On the wall were inscriptions in French, scratched, so we were told, centuries ago by victims awaiting death: "I shall die cursing the King." "I am to be hanged." "Down with Marat!"

Despite the gloominess of the setting, the whole place was full of color and gayety. The waiters, like the actors, were dressed in bright feudal costumes. Young voices, shrill laughter, snatches of popular songs, the clattering of glasses transformed this old prison into a lively and informal club. While the gay old farce went on, the auditors threw in their comments, loudly expressed and underlaid with a cynicism which would have delighted Villon. If that immortal rascal could have seen this assembly, he would have fancied himself back among his old cronies; and even the surroundings would have been familiar, if the tale is true that he often made forced visits to this very place when the prison of the Petit Chatelet claimed him.

My companion, a librarian with a passion for the antiquities of Paris, was in a talkative mood and caused the lively scene to become silhouetted against such a gloomy background of history that in spite of the laughter around us it seemed peopled with ghosts.

The inscriptions on the wall are authentic, my friend told me, and the cellar is classed by the Government among historic buildings. Its most romantic period was in the Middle Ages, when it led to the fortress prison of Petit Chatelet, and lay beneath the convent of the Monks of the Order of St. Dominique. The monks, who were, so to speak, the policemen of those times, used it in the most cunning way. Close to the Sorbonne quarter, the prison of the Petit Chatelet was reserved for students and noblemen. They were not easy people to get hold of and often had ardent followers, which made strategy necessary. The monks, therefore, would summon them under some pretext or other and receive them in one of the convent rooms just above the cellar. At a certain moment, a trap door (the very one we could see gaping overhead), opened under their feet, and they fell into the cell, where, dazed and injured, they were easily disarmed.



A Seventh Century Oubliette as a Modern Cabaret: Underground Paris.

From The London Illustrated News.

The rocking platform at the entrance, which now thrills unsuspecting guests, gave the monks still another safeguard. If friends of the prisoners tried to deliver them, and if, forcing the convent door, they got as far as the cellar, they stepped upon a trap, of which the present wooden platform is a harmless imitation, and were thrown into the depths of a lower oubliette, whose opening can be seen in another and smaller cave into which my old friend took me. It is a threatening round hole, five feet deep, and leads to fourteen narrow cells. Even the reassuring sight of a glass of beer, forgotten on the narrow ledge, could not rob it of its grimness.

The evil history of the place did not cease when the prison of the Petit Chatelet was demolished in 1762. During the Revolution the dismal hole was an ideal trap for aristocrats, and even afterward it was still fateful. The Carbonari used it as their hiding place. Later on, vice and crime took possession of it, until the scandalous nature of the debaucheries there caused the police, in 1880, to close it and fill it with earth.

Research has lately brought the Cabaret des Oubliettes Rouges to the attention of archaeologists. This cellar in olden times—as far back, in fact, as the sixth century—was part of an underground passage built by the Romans, leading from the fortress of the Petit Chatelet to the open country. The fortress of the Petit Chatelet, at the entrance of the Petit Pont, defended the little island of the city. In Gallo-Roman times that fortress was often attacked, and the Franks frequently escaped through the underground passage from pursuing invaders, especially from the Normans.

In recent months the proprietor, with the help of students, has done some excavating and found at the back of the cabaret two cells separated by heavy iron bars, which are supposed to have been used by fugitives as a last stronghold. In the part of the subterranean passage nearest the fortress two Gallo-Roman sarcophagi were discovered. One of them contained the skeleton of a man more than seven feet tall, perhaps a Gallic chief. The other contained the bones of a woman and a child, linked together with a gold chain. A score of massive gold ornaments were found also—among them a serpent-shaped bracelet, a tiara resembling a papal crown, and strange earrings in the form of a big ear. They are now in the possession of the Government.

Oubliettes have a peculiar fascination in history. They are part of its romance, and so many dark happenings have been attributed to their depths that one is disappointed to learn that the deep wells pointed out to shuddering visitors in many historical castles as the graves of unhappy prisoners were very likely used for no more dreadful purposes than to keep the wine cool for the knight's table. There are enough authentic oubliettes, however, to provide all the thrills one could wish.

The castles of Chinon, Pierrefonds and Blois possess real oubliettes. That of Pierrefonds is a low-vaulted room, with a trap in the ceiling directly above a huge hole in the middle of the floor, around which is only a narrow wooden platform where the prisoner, crouching in the dark, must have been in deadly fear of the bottomless pit open at his feet. The prisoners who were to be dealt with more quickly were thrown directly into the pit through the trap door in the ceiling.

Oubliettes were much more than prisons. They were places of torture. Spikes planted at the bottom waited to impale the unhappy victims; sharp daggers set in the wall tore them as they fell. The oubliettes of the Bastile were full of vermin and dead rats, and prisoners died there in less than a fortnight. One remembers the irony of the fate of Hugues Aubriot, Prevost of Paris, who built the Bastile for Charles V., and was himself imprisoned for impiety in the very oubliette he had constructed. The "In Pace" of the convents, such as these in the Convent of the Capucins, discovered at the time of the Revolution, were still worse. They were cells dug in the thick walls, and the unhappy man thrown there to die, after a funeral service had been said over him, was kept alive with food in order to prolong his agony.

Nothing official was ever known about the victims of oubliettes, for they kept their secrets well. But in years after there were appalling discoveries. There was the finding, in the Chateu of Bagneaux, which had belonged to Richelieu, of a sealed well in which were forty bodies, evidently those of noblemen, still clothed in furs and jewels. The story goes that when Richelieu wished to get rid of an enemy quietly, he sent for him, received him with courtesy as an honored guest, and led him down a narrow flight of stairs. Half way down a trap, opened by a secret device known only to the Cardinal, swallowed up the visitor.

LADIES OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

(Continued from Page 9)

abreast: that is what it means (as Godey's itself points out) to have 150,000 subscribers at $3 a year. Marion Harland is writing her latest for the magazine; and there are fashion notes direct from Canal Street, New York.

The policy is still feminist, and John Steinbeck Wilson, M. D., editor of the medical column, "boldly and unhesitatingly" declares himself on the side of women physicians, with whom the Pennsylvania State Medical Society refused its members the privilege of consultation.

There is decay in the prosperity of the sixties, however, and by the time the bustle has displaced the hoop skirt it is evident. There is no new technique to make avail of the new methods of printing and illustration. The lithographs of 1877 are imitations of the hand-colored engravings of 1837.

Another decade and the memory of charm is gone: the lithographs now are red and black, as bold as the adventuress in a melodrama. Godey's of the eighties has bulk, an ample quantity; editorially it sticks to its last; no new manner has been evolved. Moreover, Godey himself is gone. A new name is on the title page.

Turn over ten years more and it is near the end. Big sleeves shown on coated paper in the new half tone process, just coming in. But Godey's now is like any one of half a hundred magazines of the day, and new periodicals are taking the hints of Godey's other years. Even the name is half gone: it has become Godey's Magazine. A little more and it is swallowed up.

Old volumes in a row, filled with muslin, lace mitts, fascinators and mantillas, the flounces of the fifties and the tight bodices of the eighties, all smothered at last under the multiple capes of the nineties. Here is a ballet of the seasons, of figures as diverse as the changes of style can make them, and it is a quarter of a century since the last tripped across the stage. Yet, look close: from poke bonnet to picture hat the faces are strangely alike—a face one sees today under new headgear. And what these girls of the past read is pretty much what the girls of now read. The age has brought quantity and new illustrations; beyond that, Godey would be at home today.

THE BEST SIMILES FOR 1923

The best similes for 1923 have been selected by Frank J. Wilstach, author of "A Dictionary of Similes," published by Little, Brown & Co. It is Mr. Wilstach's annual contribution to lexicography and includes the following:

Your eyes are like loot from a cathedral.—Eleanor Hollowell Abbott.

Fleeting as a ferryboat shoe shine.—Franklin P. Adams.

He felt like the symptoms on a medicine bottle.—George Ade.

Verse * * * as liquid and persuasive as drifting in a gondola.—Conrad Aiken.

So thin that she could fall through a flute and never strike a note.—Anon.

Homely as Mrs. Devil.—Anon.

Dumb as the man who thought a football coach has four wheels.—Anon.

Unlike as a yacht and a coal barge.—Anon.

Infinitesimal as a defeated candidate's opinion of himself after election.—Anon.

Acrimonious as post-mortems of the bridge table.—Anon.

About as neat as a coal-heaver's nails.—Anon.

He ran for third base like a wholesale bootlegger pursued by revenuers.—Anon.

About as much privacy as a statue in the park.—Anon.

Some men are like the Einstein theory—nobody at home understands them.—Anon.

Noisy as iron waves splashing and dashing on an iron ocean.—Anon.

Her mind is like a sundial: it records only pleasantness.—Anon.

Different as Piers Plowman and Mr. Pickwick.—Anon.

Absurd as a Hottentot marooned on an iceberg.—Anon.

Her hair is like an exploded can of tomato soup.—Anon.

Distressing as an amateur cocktail.—Anon.

Difficult as to put a blister on a porcupine.—Anon.

No more privacy than a Broadway waffle cook.—Anon.

Littered with débris as a picnic train.—Gertrude Atherton.

Lonely as a bachelor looking at Niagara Falls in June.—Arthur Bear.

Harmless as filtered water.—Thomas Beer.

Scattered like storm-lashed birds.—John Bojer.

His heart knocked like a Ford car trying to climb the roof of a Methodist church.—Gelett Burgess.

Vainly as one strikes at water with a sword.—Witter Bynner.

Freckles, like rust spots.—Willa Cather.

Woman is like a gun. Her range is limited. But in the home she hits a man like ten thousands of brick.—G. K. Chesterton.

Locked teeth, like the tight edges of a sprung trap.—Irvin S. Cobb

The face of the world looks as though it had shaved itself with a broken beer bottle while standing on a barrel in a cyclone—Benjamin De Casseres.

She looked like a fire in a pawnshop, fair covered with diamonds an' watches chains.—F. P. Dunne.

His voice was like a buzzsaw striking a rusty nail.—Arthur Folwell.

Her head poised like a parachute.—Zona Gale.

Bounded like a rate exchange when some one has trodden on the tail of a Foreign Minister.—Philip Guedella.

Felt as out of place as an Elk at Oxford.—Percy Hammond.

Apparent to the naked eye as the Woolworth Building.—Robert Cortes Halliday.

More money than the telephone company's got wrong numbers.—Sam Hellman.

Eyes slits, like wise, smiling old buttonholes.—Fanny Hurst.

Face like a three-parts deflated football.—A. S. M. Hutchison.

About as much chance as a quart of whisky on an Indian reservation.—Peter B. Kyne.

Slowly pronouncing and delivering the words like a man pitching quoits.—D. H. Lawrence.

Pathetic as an octogenarian messenger boy.—Charlotte Le Beau.

Durable as a pig's nose.—Warren Lewis.

Laughter, like love, is an expression of man's vehement revolt against reason.—William J. Locke.

Discouraged as a frog catcher in the Desert of Sahara.—Don Marquis.

Women are just like elephants t' me. I like t' look at 'em, but I wouldn't want one.—Abe Martin.

Needful as the sun.—George Moore.

Sacramental, like the sweeping of a hearth.—Christopher Morley.

One star, serene and still, hangs like an altar light.—Maurice Morris.

Beautiful as one red rose in a garden of lilies.—Robert Nichols.

Out of date as yesterday's shave.—George Jean Nathan.

Hospitable as a hungry shark to a swimming missionary.—Frederick O'Brien.

Firpo was as open as an umbrella.—Neal O'Hara.

Drab as the annual parade of the Columbia University professors making their New Year's call on Nicholas Murray Butler.—Frank Ward O'Malley.

The gray marsh clouds are tangled like angleworms in a pail.—Elliott H. Paul.

About as easy to do up an elephant in a shawl strap.—Channing Pollock.

A husband, like unto religion and medicine, must be taken with blind faith.—Helen Rowland.

Wistful as a letter lying unclaimed.—Sara Saper.

Irrelevant as discordant notes of far-off birds.—Evelyn Scott.

Menacing as metal.—Vance Thompson.

Happy as a traffic policeman with flat feet.—Charles Hanson Towne.

He never could get over a feeling that to discover a woman excited about an intellectual thing was like coming on her bathing.—Rebecca West.

About as thrilling as a lesson in swimming would be to a middle-aged goldfish.—H. C. Witwer.

TRANSFIGURATION OF ST. JOHN'S

(Continued from Page 13)

choir stalls, of the high altar, of the Romanesque arches which curve over just beneath the organ; up beyond the organ itself, beyond the base of the great stained-glass windows; up, until looking suddenly from one of the little windows on the staircase, we found ourselves on a level with the capitals. Walking out on a small iron-railed balcony, we were able to look down into the choir and sanctuary. The curved Gustavino dome in the apse rests upon those gigantic granite columns too light a thing to be so massively supported.

The Dean explained that this was a peculiarity of earlier architects' construction, and added that the whole dome was going to be torn out.

"But if the dome is to be torn away," it was suggested, "there will be even the less use of the columns?"

"Ah, that's just the point," the Dean answered. "There is method in this seeming madness. Come, we can see better from the top."

A further upstair trip of about thirty-five feet brought us out on another series of small iron-railed balconies, invisible from the ground floor, which afford a perspective of the whole choir and back of the sanctuary. One looks, from this point, down on to the top of the great pillars. Just in front, as you stand on the balcony, the Gustavino semi-dome curves up over the chancel, and you see it from the outside. But one discovers how great an unoccupied space there is above and beyond the dome. The masonry ribs that support the roof beneath the angel Gabriel, who blows his horn forever out over Morningside Drive, are far above.

"Practically no one," the Dean explained, "dreams that there is this great roomy space up here; it is shut off entirely from the seating space by the dome. As you saw from downstairs, the crossing is an open space of such great dimensions that it seems much out of proportion to the cramped, drawn-in effect that one gets on seeing the dome and big pillars here back of the sanctuary. This lack of proportion, as things now exist, will be heightened when the Gothic nave is completed clear to the street and the tall spire rises over the crossing.

"However, this Romanesque semi-dome actually conceals the clerestory walls, window openings and primary roof construction of a French Gothic apse. By the simple process of removing the semi-dome the whole design of the apse will be brought into harmony with the proposed construction of the nave. The rounded Roman arches between the pillars will become stilted Gothic arches which will serve to let in more light from the stained glass windows behind.

"But the important point concerning the final treatment of the apse is the fact that the columns will then be seen to have something to support commensurate with their great size. The massive character and great height of the construction above their capitals now concealed by the semi-dome will then appear. The tops of the capitals are sixty feet above the sanctuary floor. And from the top of the capitals to the roof line there is a space of fifty feet of clerestory wall which rests directly on the columns. And in these now concealed clerestory walls—as you can see from here—there are window openings for another series of stained glass windows above those already there, each twenty-three feet high and eight feet wide. Since the topmost point at which light enters an edifice determines its apparent height, when these new windows are opened up the true height and beauty of the choir will become visible. By making these alterations, we believe the whole cathodral plan will be brought into harmony."

Another matter which has presented a difficult problem to the architects is the type and number of spires which shall surmount the cathedral, rising over the great central mass or crossing. The original plans of Heins & La Farge called for one great square central spire; but it was soon discovered that such a spire would be impracticable. Cram & Ferguson's first plan involved two spires, rising from either side of a low box tower over the crossing. Much dissatisfaction, however, was expressed with this plan, not only by the trustees but by the public as well.

The result has been that the architects have in principle gone back to the earliest cathedral plan—that which provides a single spire. But instead of a great square tower, topped by a tall spire, the present architects have solved the question of a Gothic lantern by making it polygonal in shape, instead of square, resembling that of Ely Cathedral. Going a step further, there will be, according to Mr. Cram, "standing on the upper lantern * * * a fleche or spirelet like that of Bourges Cathedral, but only one-half the width at its base of the diameter of the fully developed spire proposed by the first architects, and quite as high."

MENTAL TELEPATHY

(Continued from Page 6)

sometimes in different rooms in the same apartment and sometimes in different buildings, transmitting to each other pictures and diagrams of every conceivable variety.

During part of these experiments, for example, the person who was to send the impression had a set of fifty colored reproductions of famous pictures lying before her on a table. These she would shuffle and from them one would be drawn, upon which she would concentrate her attention. At the other end of the apartment (thirty feet away, with a closed door between) sat the other person, with a similar stock of the same fifty pictures. She would wait for a precise mental impression and when this became distinct would select the picture that most closely agreed with her mental impression. On the principles of chance, success in such experiments would be one in fifty. Actual success has been running about ten times as good as this. These experiments, though encouraging, must be continued for months before we shall dare make any categorical statements.

Again, at Harvard, three weeks ago, we ran across two young men who had had great success in transmitting "ideas" to one another, although never systematically carries out under experimental conditions. They have gone to work now in earnest, transmitting numbers and diagrams, and this they are doing with reasonable success.

At present we have only these six really promising subjects for telepathic experiments. These are, of course, far too few. Some of the best historical work in telepathy has been interrupted or even brought to a standstill by lack of individuals who possess the power in such form as to permit of its continued and systematic study. Although we have been relatively favored, we have only these six.

Even with the best of subjects, results are apt to fluctuate wildly—we do not know which of *X* thousand and one physicial and mental factors may be responsible. The influence of age, sex, temperament, education; the advantage or disadvantage of practice; the effect of food, health, fatigue and the general condition of glands, blood and musculature—all these are unknown, and, though it does seem that strong emotion and active concentration have something to do with success, we know practically nothing about how these factors work. Here are a thousand fascinating problems to work upon, which one day must yield to patient inquiry.

But the co-operation of many people is the one absolute and imperative need. With anything so variable, uncertain and capricious, experimental procedure is necessarily slow and arduous. The problems are so complex that many varieties of evidence are needed to clear up such a variety of questions. The primary need is the help of persons who have had experiences which seem to be telepathic. Dr. Coover's elaborate work at Stanford University has surely demonstrated that telepathy is not to be found as a "garden product," which everybody can cultivate with equal success; it is hard to find. Some believe, of course, that it will never be found. But there seems to be evidence; there seems to be here a whole new world of fascinating problems. And the long series of European reports, culminating in the modern experimental work of Brugmans and Warcollier, together with our own recent experiences, make it seem a worthy and important field for investigation—one the understanding of which will be of immense interest and value.

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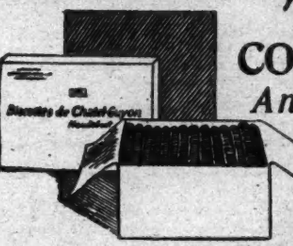

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How soft foods, *hastily eaten*, cause your toothbrush to "show pink"

RESEARCHES prove that we, as a nation, give more attention to our teeth than any other people in the world.

And yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that our dental profession is acknowledged to be far and away the superior of any other, the advance of oral hygiene is discouragingly slow.

General tooth health is not increasing. Troubles of the *gingiva* (gum structure) seem to be on the rise.

And the fact of the matter is, not that our care is wasted, or the efforts of our dentists useless (quite the contrary), but rather that, under the conditions of modern life, keeping the teeth and gums healthy is a harder job than it has ever been before.

Lack of stimulation is what breaks down gums

Undoubtedly, the lack of hard physical work, and the racking nervous tension of modern life, are partially to blame, but the greatest foe to the health of your teeth and your gums is the food that you eat. For it does not stimulate the gums.

How Ipana protects the health of your gums

THIS modern food of ours may be delicious, but it's soft. It does not give the brisk exercise that rough, coarse food once gave. It does not stir your gums to health. Probably you eat it hastily. That, too, cheats the gums of exercise, of stimulation. Gums become soft and pampered. The toothbrush begins to "show pink." And then follows that train of tooth troubles showing such an alarming rate of increase today—those troubles whose source is a weakened gum structure, and whose course, if unchecked, leads straight from gingivitis to pyorrhea.

Pyorrhea is a disease of civilization

Researches show that 93 percent of our school children have dental defects of some kind. Yet, among the savage Igorot tribes of the Philippines, utter strangers to toothbrush or dentifrice, 68 percent were found to have perfect teeth. *The food they eat and the way they eat it* is, according to the prominent pyorrhea specialist who made the research, the reason for the perfection of the savages' teeth.

Ordinary methods of cleaning do not make healthy gums

The trouble with most dentifrices is that they ignore the health of the gums. And it is now beyond question that, for the preservation of our teeth, something radically different from the old policy of scour and polish is necessary.

Recognizing the great need for fighting soft and bleeding gums, thousands of dentists now use and prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many practitioners have written us that in especially stubborn cases of bleeding gums, they prescribe a thorough daily massage of the gums with Ipana *after* the regular brushing with Ipana.

How Ipana helps to build sound gum tissue

For strengthening soft gums and healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziratol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Throughout the country ziratol is used by dentists, after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and congested gums their normal tonicity. Indeed, Ipana, in the relatively short time that it has been before the profession, has proved itself to be the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush.

Send for a trial tube free

From the sample you can judge, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine, free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable power to clean safely and thoroughly, but you can judge too, its delightful flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
40 Rector Street
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica